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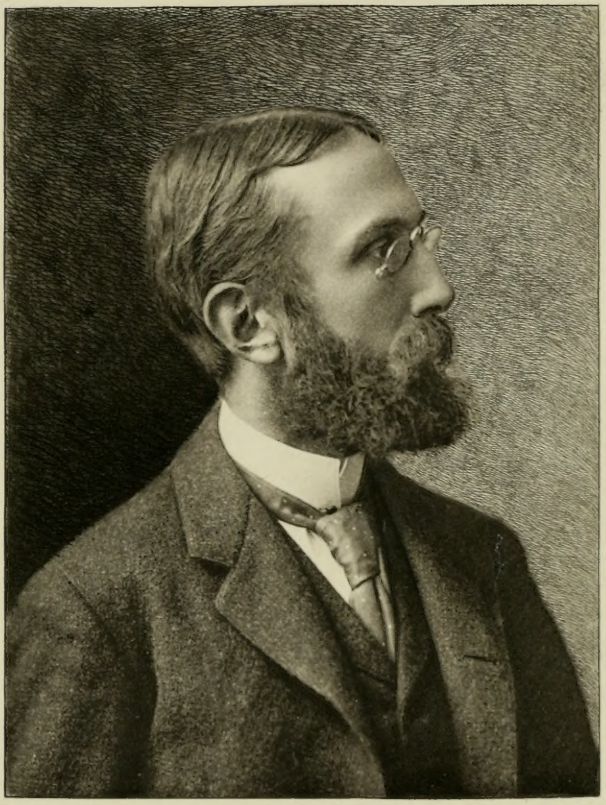

Æt. 33

Charles Eliot.

CHARLES ELIOT

Landscape Architect

A LOVER OF NATURE
AND OF HIS KIND
WHO TRAINED HIMSELF FOR A NEW PROFESSION
PRACTISED IT HAPPILY
AND THROUGH IT WROUGHT MUCH GOOD

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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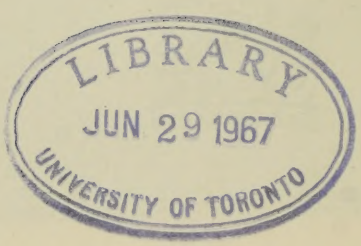

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FOR THE DEAR SON
WHO DIED IN HIS BRIGHT PRIME
FROM THE FATHER

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CHARLES ELIOT

LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

CHARLES ELIOT

CHAPTER I

INHERITANCES

He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.
It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise! [1]

LONGFELLOW.

CHARLES ELIOT was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on the 1st of November, 1859. His father was Charles William Eliot, at that time Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Chemistry in Harvard College; his mother was Ellen Derby (Peabody) Eliot, daughter of Ephraim Peabody, minister of King's Chapel, Boston (1845–1856), and Mary Jane (Derby) Peabody. His father came from a line of Boston Eliots who for several generations had been serviceable and influential people, and on the maternal side from a line of Lymans who in three successive generations had lived at Northampton, Mass., York, Maine, and Waltham, Mass., and had been useful and successful in life. On his mother's side, his grandfather Peabody (Bowdoin College, A. B., 1827), son of a blacksmith at Wilton, N. H., was a man of keen insight, lofty character, and much poetic feeling; while his grandmother was a Salem Derby, at a time when that family had acquired in world-wide commerce a wealth considerable in those days, — the first quarter of the XIXth century. His father and mother, and all four of his grandparents, were carefully educated persons; and among his progenitors were several men who had been rich in their generation, able to support considerable establishments, and to give their children every accessible advantage.

[1] The quotations at the heads of chapters are taken from Charles's commonplace books, or from poems he knew by heart.

It is altogether probable that Charles Eliot's tastes for out-of-door nature and art were in part inherited, for some of his ancestors manifested in their day dispositions and likings to which his were akin. Among the Trustees of the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, a public-spirited body established in 1792, appear his great-grandfather Theodore Lyman, his great-uncle George W. Lyman, and his great-great-grandfather Elias Hasket Derby; while among the earliest members of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, which was founded in 1829, appear E. Hersey Derby, of Salem, his grandmother Peabody's uncle, and John Derby, her father, Theodore Lyman, his great-uncle, and Samuel Atkins Eliot, his grandfather. Theodore Lyman of Waltham created one of the handsomest country-seats in New England; E. Hersey Derby introduced and tried various breeds of cattle, sheep, and swine, and different kinds of crops, hedges, trees, and shrubs from foreign parts on his beautiful estate at Salem,[1] and Samuel A. Eliot was one of the first citizens of Boston to build a house at the seaside (Nahant) for summer occupation. In 1825 this same Eliot, Charles's grandfather, planted the greater part of what has since been known in Cambridge as the Norton Woods. Samuel A. Eliot's sister Catherine having married Professor Andrews Norton, her father provided a handsome residence for the newly married pair, and her brother Samuel, who had just returned from a European tour, was allowed to improve both the house and the grounds. More than thirty years afterwards he himself passed a summer with his family in this sister's house, and wrote as follows to her about the result of his efforts: "Being here has reminded me of the part I had in making it a fit residence for you; and the vision of the old house fronting the wrong way, and with its awkward, bare, comfortless look, has come up to me strongly several times since I have been here; and I find it hard to recollect how it used to look, without the trees of the avenue and circle, which are now so beautiful, and with a garden full of apple-trees (of which I see some still remain), and without the pines which make so capital a screen on the north and west. My visions of improvement have been largely fulfilled." When in after years Charles was invited

[1] Mr. Derby's house was a very hospitable one. There descended to the next generation a tablecloth of his which was eight yards long. His collection of books on rural architecture descended to his grandnephew, Robert S. Peabody, architect.

to write accounts of some of the finest American country-seats for the weekly publication called "Garden and Forest," it turned out that of the six places in different parts of the country which he described, one had been created and another occupied by his kindred.

His training in drawing and sketching began early. His grandmother Peabody had all her life been in the habit of using her pencil, and her two daughters and one of her sons inherited, or imitated, this habit. Charles's mother and her sister Anna used both pencil and brush for pleasure; and they and their mother set Charles drawing and painting at a tender age.

"Charley is making us a little visit just now. Mamma [grandmother Peabody] devotes herself [to him]. They paint from the same picture pattern, and write letters at the same time." . . . (From a note by aunt Anna H. Peabody.)

His childhood was different from that of most American children, in that he had spent nearly three years in Europe before he was ten years old. From the middle of 1863 to the middle of 1865 his father and mother and their two little boys were in Europe for the professional improvement of his father; and the family were again in Europe from June, 1867, to June, 1868, on account of the ill-health of his mother. During these two periods Charles saw many of the most interesting cities, and much of the most beautiful scenery in Europe. He spent the greater part of one summer in Switzerland, and of another in rural England; and he played in Regent's Park, St. James Park, and Hyde Park, London, on the Champs Elysées in Paris, in the Boboli Gardens at Florence, along the Philosopher's Path at Heidelberg, on the Pincian Hill at Rome, and the Hautes Plantes at Pau. The whole family enjoyed visiting collections of animals; so that the boys became acquainted with the principal zoölogical gardens in Europe, and found in them stores of delight. In all this foreign residence and travel Charles showed a good sense of locality, a decided fondness for maps, and great enjoyment of scenery. His mother had the keenest enjoyment in travel, and Charles from childhood felt the same pleasurable excitement in change of scene, and in the sight of natural beauty. In 1855, at the age of nineteen, Ellen Derby Peabody spent a week at Niagara Falls in company with some older friends, and this is the way in which she described her enjoyment of it: "I am so happy, and am enjoying it so very, very much that I cannot help writing on and on to tell you about it. I don't believe anybody ever enjoyed

anything more in the world." Thirty-one years afterwards her son Charles, at the age of twenty-seven, wrote thus to his father from Florence, — he had been spending a month along the Riviera: "I have never been quite so happy as I have been this past month. I have been simply revelling in the beauty of this fair land. I think my inadequate journal must have in it some signs of my great pleasure; and now that I am come to the city of all others where are works of man which partake of the loveliness of nature, — my heart is more than full and I am extravagantly happy."

His mother's delight in beautiful scenery found expression in her letters whenever she was away from home. Thus, in June, 1858, when she was just twenty-two, she paid a visit with her sister Anna to some friends of her father and mother, who lived at Irvington on the Hudson; and this is her description of the place: "We arrived at this beautiful place just in time to be welcomed by a most glorious sunset. The river and the hills were all lighted up with glowing colors, and the birds were singing their loudest. It is a very pretty stone house with piazzas and pointed windows, and vines climbing all about it, and trees all around, and a garden filled with roses, and certainly as beautiful views of the river in every direction as one could well wish for. It stands very high, but it is nestled in among the trees so cosily, and if ever there was a happy family, it certainly is here. . . . Such a morning as we waked up to! I would not undertake to describe to you all the beauties we saw from our window. Such an air, and such a sky! The white sails glancing in the fresh new light, the river lying so still and calm, and the Palisades lighted up far down the shore with morning sunshine!" (From a letter written by Ellen Derby Peabody to Charles W. Eliot, to whom she had become engaged two months before.)

In March, 1869, his mother died at the age of thirty-three, and soon after his father was chosen President of Harvard University. In September, 1869, Charles returned to Cambridge with his father and younger brother, and the President's House on Quincy Street was thereafter his home until 1891. From June, 1867, to September, 1869, grandmother Peabody and aunt Anna had made one household with the Eliots, and exercised a strong and precious influence on the two little boys. The summer of 1868 was spent in Brookline, that of 1869 at Chestnut Hill, and that of 1870 on Pond Street, Jamaica Plain. Wherever the family lived, Charles roamed the country roundabout, and learnt it by heart.

CHAPTER II

GENERAL EDUCATION

> Many gardeners assume that before beginning their plantings they must dig up everything that Nature has nursed up; whereas experience proves that they would accomplish their ends much sooner and better, if they should try to second Nature by making slight changes here and careful additions there. — HIRSCHFELD.

As soon as the family was again settled in Cambridge, Charles began to go to school regularly, which had hardly been possible before. He began Latin just before he was ten years old, and in general followed the usual course of preparation for admission to Harvard College. The languages, except English, were a trial to him, and for mathematics he had no special aptitude; but he patiently accomplished that amount of work in those subjects which was then considered necessary. History was interesting to him; and from the first, even before he could use a pen himself, he showed an unusual capacity for making a clear and concise statement of facts, or giving an accurate description. Here is a short note which he dictated to his mother for his aunt Anna when he was five years old. The dear aunt had been travelling with the Eliot family in Europe during the summer, and had returned to America. "DEAR AUNT ANNA: I love you very much. Papa tells me to look at all the donkeys' and cows' and horses' tails, and see if they are just alike, or not. We have got a new lamp, and it is tin, and papa tells me all about how it is made. On my birthday morning I found it very hard to have to sit in my chair and eat my breakfast, because I wanted so to get down, and play with my new things. Here is a little kiss for Aunty Anna — ○. I have made a windmill for you like what we have seen in the cars. Good-by, dear Aunty Anna — I think every night about you, and wonder how you are getting along — CHARLEY."

Both Charles and his brother Samuel began early to commit to memory hymns and other short poems; and their parents took pains that the poetry they learnt should be worth remembering. Before Charles was fifteen years of age he

had in his mind a considerable store of excellent verse, which probably affected favorably his own style in writing English, and certainly heightened his appreciation of rhythm, melody, and poetic imagination. In a note which Charles wrote to his aunt Anna in December, 1869, when he was ten years old, he says: "I have just learned 'The Village Blacksmith' and 'The Rain' from Longfellow, and I am going to learn 'How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix' from Browning." They both learnt early Bryant's "To a Water-Fowl" and "Not in the solitude alone may man commune with Heaven;" and these two poems continued to express for Charles through all his life much of his own philosophy and religion. The first entry in the commonplace book which he began when he was seventeen years old, except a sort of dedication taken from Chaucer, is Sir Henry Wotton's hymn, "How happy is he born or taught," which he had learnt when a little boy.

The following "composition," written February 19, 1870, at the school kept by Miss Sarah Harte Page, further illustrates his early tendency to exact observation and description: —

SNOW, ITS USES, AND THE SPORTS IT GIVES US.

Snow is solid water. Some times it falls six inches thick, and then it makes a warm blanket for the earth. It is good for sledding heavy things, like stone, and timber, and great logs out of the woods. The Esquimaux build their houses of it. Boys can make a great many things of it. They can build forts, and make snow-balls. This winter with Sam's help I built a snow-man; but just as it was finished, it tumbled over and broke all to pieces. I like to coast very much; it is good fun to slide so fast over the frozen snow. We also built a fort; it was on the bank of our house, and was higher than my head, and was very thick indeed. It lasted longer than any of the other snow. This last snow we tried to build another fort, but when the rain came it got beaten all down. It was square, and its walls were about a foot and a half thick; it was made of lumps of snow all plastered together. I like to see the snow-plough making paths through the snow. The deeper the snow is the more men must stand on the plough to press it down.

Another composition, written January 21, 1870, shows how early his predilections for history and natural history were declared: —

A COMPOSITION ABOUT THE BOOKS I LIKE TO READ BEST.

I like to read the Child's History of the United States very much; it is in three volumes, the first is about the discovery of America, and how it was settled, the second is about the war of the Revolution, and the third about the Rebellion. It has plans and pictures of the battles, and is very interesting. I also like the Natural History of Animals by Rev. J. G. Wood; it is illustrated, and tells the habits, color, and country where they live, of all the animals in the world, I should think. There are accounts of adventures men have had with wild beasts, and a great many stories. Robinson Crusoe is another book I like — how he was wrecked on a desert island, and fought the savages, and how he did not get home for a great many years. It is very exciting. There is one more book that I like very much, and that is Frothingham's Siege of Boston; it has accounts of the battles of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. I have a great many other books, but the ones I have mentioned I like best.

His school work was occasionally interrupted by headaches and short feverish turns, which incapacitated him for a few hours or days. On this account, and also because of his slightness of form, his father was anxious to limit as much as possible his hours of indoor occupation, and to encourage him in all sorts of out-of-door sports. The two boys had a sagacious and competent pony, that could easily keep up with their father's saddle-horse; and both learned to ride at an early age. In a note to his grandmother Peabody on January 1, 1871, Charles says, "Papa wants me to say that I can ride pretty well. I have got a McClellan saddle; and yesterday the pony jumped a good deal, and I did not fall off. He stopped short, and dodged round a cart."

In the summer of 1870, when the family were living at Jamaica Plain, the boys and their playmates in the neighborhood organized a band called the "Knights of the Woods," to the imaginative sports of which their aunt Anna contributed many suggestions. This society was continued at Quincy Street, Cambridge, where thirteen boys were enlisted,

and equipped with silvered helmets, decorated shields, and wooden swords and spears. Their adventures took place chiefly in the Norton Woods, although their combats extended to the yards and interiors of their fathers' houses. By 1872 another band, called the "Lances of Lancaster," was duly organized, and a pitched battle took place in that year between the "Knights of the Woods" and the "Lances of Lancaster." All the Knights and Lances had names, mainly copied from Scott's novels, which the boys were at that time reading. These bands of knights soon gave place to the Quincy Cricket Club, the Quincy Telegraph Company, the Football Eleven, the Society of Minerals, the Good Fun Club, and the Theatrical Club, in all of which organizations Charles took active part, and of all of which he subsequently (1875) made systematic member-lists which are still preserved.

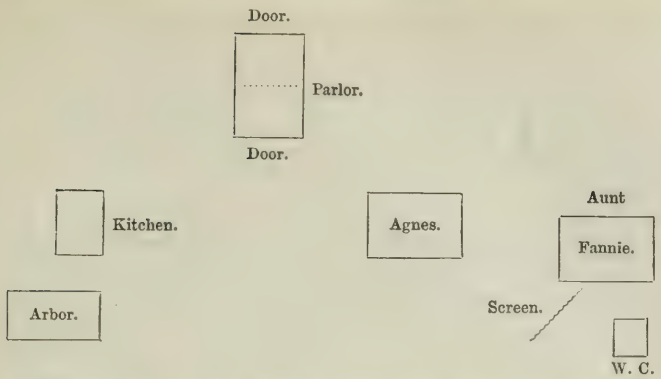
In the spring of 1871, actuated by a desire to get for their families the most thorough possible open-air life during the summer, Charles's father and uncle (Henry Wilder Foote, minister of King's Chapel, Boston) agreed to live together in tents on an island in Frenchman's Bay (Mount Desert) during the larger part of their vacation. Mr. Eliot provided the sloop yacht Jessie, thirty-three feet long, as means of transportation and of pleasure sailing. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Foote and their little daughter, Mr. Eliot and his two boys, a woman nurse and seamstress, and a man cook. The sailor from the yacht gave assistance at the camp. Here is a note from Charles to his grandmother, in which he describes the camp with characteristic precision.

July 22, 1871.

Dear Grandma, — I got your letter this afternoon, and I am sorry you are not any better. Our Camp is on Calf Island which is farther off than Iron-bound. There are four tents. The tent Sam, and Papa, and I have, is the largest, and has a curtain in the middle to separate it, from the Parlor and Dining-room. Aunt Fannie and Uncle Henry have one tent, Agnes and Mary another, and Kelly sleeps in the kitchen. Here is a plan of the way our tents are placed: they are on a peninsula with water all round except to the right, where it broadens into an island. Kelly built the arbor to wash dishes in and eat. We have little beds with rubber pillows and hay mattresses. On the end of the point

Newport Mt. Green Mt.
Bar Harbor.

THE CAMP ON CALF ISLAND, LOOKING SOUTHWESTERLY AT MT. DESERT



is a flag-pole where we have a flag, and salute all the Boats that go by. It is foggy to day and we cannot see Mount Desert at all.

Your affectionate grandson,

CHARLES ELIOT.

The camp described in the above letter was subsequently moved to a more central position on the island.

This way of passing the summer in camping and yachting combined was continued by the family until 1878 inclusive, excepting the summer of 1877. The children began with imaginative sports in the woods on Calf Island and about the puddles the tide left in the gently sloping ledges which formed part of its shores. They sailed their shingle boats on the puddles, and imagined the sailors, cargoes, and harbors, and the lighthouses and day-marks of the coast. They had caches of treasures at various mysterious points on that larger half of the island which was wooded, and with the help of their elders they made various beloved paths to attractive points of view. The island was more than a mile long, had a considerable variety of surface and of shore, and commanded exquisite views to the northeast, the northwest, and the southwest. The children came into close contact with Nature in all her various moods; the rain beat loudly on the tent-flies right over their heads; the wind shook the canvas shelters and threatened to prostrate them, but never did; the oxen — the only other inhabitants of the island — walked about the tents in the early morning, waking some of the sleepers by their loud breathing; the sun beat fiercely on field and tents, but the double roofs were always an ade-

quate protection; and from the kitchen-tent the cook produced in all weathers the elements of simple but delicious repasts. They learnt by experience that in summer at least, health, comfort, and great enjoyment can be secured without elaborate apparatus or many costly possessions, and that the real necessaries of healthy and happy existence in warm weather are few.

In notes to his aunt Anna written about this time Charles mentions some of his reading and other mental occupations at Cambridge. Thus in November, 1871, he says: "We write compositions in German now, and read too. There are eleven children and fourteen or fifteen ladies and gentlemen." This was a school conducted in the so-called natural method by Mr. Theodore Heness. In the same note he says: "I have read the 'Pathfinder' and the 'Spy' lately, and I like them both very much. On Saturday we are going to see 'Guy Mannering' at the Globe. Sam and I have read the story." In the following April, he writes: "We acted our play [Red Ridinghood in German] last Friday at Mr. Houghton's house on Main Street. Willie Putnam was a dog, Sam was a young man just married, George Dunbar was the wolf, and Charlie Cole was a robin. Lulu Parsons was a Grandmother, and Helen Hinckley was Red Ridinghood. Harry Spelman was an old cross farmer, and I was the hunter who killed the wolf. . . . I had to ask Red Ridinghood to give me a kiss."

In the autumn of 1871, when he was only twelve years old, Charles and his playmate George R. Agassiz made a plan of the northwestern portion of the Norton estate, using a compass to get the angles, and a rope marked off in equal parts by knots to measure distances, a knot being the unit of length. On the map so prepared they indicated the different vegetations which occurred in the different parts of the region mapped; so that the map showed the combination of forest and marsh, the forest without marsh, the grassy portions, and the small sandy desert. They then named each district on the map, the boundaries of the districts being marked by red lines. The names of the districts were Violet, Pine, Pond, Barn, Skunk Cabbage, Wild Cherry, and the Desert. This prophetic plan was duly preserved by his aunt Anna, and marked "C. Eliot, twelve years old." At the same age, after his return from the first camping season at Calf Island, he used to amuse himself by laying out plans of imaginary towns, with their roads, water-courses, houses, wharves, and harbors, the towns being always situated by the sea. The slopes of

the sites are always indicated by proper hatching; the harbors are invariably well protected from the sea by islands, points, or promontories, and their approaches are marked by lighthouses and buoys. Three such plans were preserved by his aunt Anna, and on all three of the plans public reservations are indicated. In one sketch this reservation is called "Public Land," in the next "Public Reserve," and in the third "Public Park." These labors were performed entirely spontaneously and in the way of play; but they required a good deal of patience. In the largest of the three plans the sites of over one hundred and forty buildings are indicated, beside wharves and quarries. His spontaneous interest in the subject was strong enough to carry him through a deal of work.

The next year he began to be interested in house-plans, which he took pleasure in drawing with some elaboration and no little ingenuity. In the one plan which has survived, it is interesting to see that he indicated the way in which both the front door and the back door should be approached by the driveway. During his professional life he often had occasion to say that architects seemed to deposit their houses on the ground without considering at all how roads were to be got to the entrances.

In 1871 the small sloop Jessie was for the children the vehicle for half a day's sail only, or for doing errands about the Bay; but in the winter and spring of 1872 Mr. Eliot had built a family cruising sloop 43½ feet long, with a high trunk, and room enough for four adults and two children in the cabin, beside two men forward. Thereafter, the cruises before and after camping became important to the children, and particularly to Charles and Samuel. The Sunshine cruised in successive summers along the shores of New England from Sag Harbor and Fisher's Island on the west to Eastport on the east, going up the principal rivers, and visiting all the bays and harbors, and many of the outlying islands like Shelter Island, Block Island, Nantucket, the Isles of Shoals, Monhegan, and Grand Manan. Parts of the coast were of course visited many times. Thus Charles gradually became acquainted with the whole New England shore. He acquired skill in the use of charts, and of all the other aids to navigation which the government publishes, including the List of Lighthouses, the List of Buoys and other Day-marks, and the admirable Coast Pilot. He also became interested in the history of the coast, and in the adventures of its

early explorers, like Cabot, Verrazano, De Monts, Champlain, Weymouth, and Smith. This interest lasted the year round, and gave direction to some of his spontaneous reading at Cambridge.

In 1873 the camp with additional tents was pitched on the island of Nonamesset, Buzzard's Bay, instead of at Calf Island, in order that the children might learn in the warmer water south of Cape Cod how to swim well. This island adjoins Naushon, and Charles there became familiar with the Elizabeth Islands, and particularly with Naushon, the most beautiful of the group. An acquaintance with these islands was the more desirable because their configuration, soil, climate, and flora are different from those of the coast of Maine. Billy, the pony, and a stout horse and wagon added to the resources of the party, Naushon, unlike Calf Island, being large enough for much delightful riding and driving.

Charles had an inherited interest in Naushon; for through all his mother's childhood the Peabody family had spent a month there every summer as guests of Governor Swain, its then owner; and she had the strongest affection for it. The following note written from Naushon by his mother to her Grandmother Derby about 1850 shows what the charms of the island were for the Peabody children.

My dear Grandma, — We have no time to write at all except Sundays, but then we have nothing to do till eleven o'clock, when Papa reads a sermon. Last Sunday I wrote a good long letter to Eliza, and Anna wrote one to Aunty. We are having a splendid time, riding, walking, swimming, drawing, fishing, and sailing. I have seen twenty-one deer, and Anna has seen seventeen. We generally go to ride on horseback in the evening, and almost always see one or two deer. When we get home, we unharness the horses, and ride them bare-back to the field. We have been to bathe quite often, and the waves have been splendid. Saturday they were so high, they went over Rob's head all the time. Since Cousin Annie Drinker has been here, we have drawn a good deal. We intend to finish our sketches with Cousin Annie at New Bedford. We have a good many baskets of egg-shell which are very pretty. We knock off the top of the egg and bind it with ribbon. We cover the egg-shell with the pith of rushes. Annie and I have kept a daily journal, which will be very pleasant to look over. I have a great deal more to tell you, but I must save it for another note, because the mail

Æt. 31

Ellen Peabody Eliot

is going now to Wood's Hole. Please give my best love to them all.

Your affectionate granddaughter

E. D. PEABODY

Grandma's birthday.

In the summer of 1858 Ellen Derby Peabody and Charles W. Eliot spent a delightful week together at Naushon as guests of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Forbes. Governor Swain, her father Mr. Peabody, and several friends who were intimately associated in Ellen's mind with the lovely island had died, so that sadness was mingled with the joys of this visit. In the following October, a few days before her marriage, Ellen wrote as follows to her betrothed: "Am I not glad I have had that week at Naushon with you? It was a strange kind of pleasure I had. It was more a pleasure of memory, I think, and the sharing with you the pleasures and the feelings of years now gone, than what we really did and enjoyed now." Aunt Anna, who had shared with Ellen every Naushon delight, helped to transmit to Charles an interest in the island. Its hollows full of old wind-clipped beeches, its breezy uplands, its sheltered harbor — the Gutter — and its wide sheep pastures were enjoyed by Charles at fourteen as they had been by his mother and aunt in their happy childhood.

Between the end of January, 1874, and the middle of the following May, Charles made a journey with his grandmother Peabody and his aunt Anna to Florida, and visited also Savannah and Charleston, his father going to England at the same time. This excursion enabled him to observe sub-tropical vegetation, the mild winter climate of the south Atlantic shore, a low-lying country without hills, and rivers and creeks as unlike as possible those of New England. It distinctly enlarged his experience of landscape. He was encouraged and helped to draw, paint, and keep a journal; and he illustrated the journal with photographs, cuts, and pen-and-ink drawings of his own. One effect on his mind is brought out in a letter he wrote his grandmother the following September from Maplewood, in the White Mountains. "Bethlehem, I think, is very beautiful indeed. I have a very pretty view out of my window across a wide valley with distant blue hills in the background. There is a swift little river in the valley which, like all the streams here, have very rocky beds. I like the streams and brooks very much; they

are so swift, and seem so jolly and frisky, — much nicer than the sluggish Southern streams."

In the next spring he took a different kind of journey, which again enlarged his observation of scenery. He described it on a postal card written to his aunt Anna, then become Mrs. Henry W. Bellows. "May 14, 1875. Papa and I are on a journey with Jack in the buggy. We left Cambridge at 3.30 Thursday, and drove through Waltham, Weston, Wayland, and Sudbury, to Maynard, formerly Assabet, where we arrived at 6.45, and put up at the only hotel. This morning, came through Stow, Bolton, between Lancaster and Clinton, to Sterling, where, as the hotel was closed, we had dinner at a Mr. Merriam's at 12. At 1.30 left again, and came on to Princeton, arriving here at 3.15, twenty-four hours from home, forty-three miles, about. We have had splendid weather, and the horse gets on very well. We go home by Leominster, Harvard, and Concord, to get home Monday to tea." That little journey showed him some of the fairest of the New England towns at the apple-blossom season.

By 1875 Charles took up a sport which had an important bearing on his professional career. It was suggested to him by his father, who had got much pleasure from it when a boy himself. In company with two or three other boys, Charles would take the steam-cars or horse-cars to some convenient point of departure within easy reach of Cambridge, and then walk from five to ten miles cross country to another point whence there was railroad communication to Boston or Cambridge. These excursions always took half a day, and sometimes more, and it was part of the fun to take luncheon or supper in the open air on the way. At that time there were no contour maps of the vicinity of Boston; so that, in making plans for walks, Charles had only the guidance of the common maps which showed the roads, water-courses, and railroads, and, in a rough way, the hills. From such maps of the region round Boston Charles would make beforehand a small tracing covering the particular portion which he proposed to explore, and this tracing, which was seldom more than six inches square, he carried in his vest pocket on each walk. On every such map he put a scale, and for his guidance he carried a pocket compass. As Charles made all the preparations for such walks, he was invariably the guide. This sport, which he followed for years, made him familiar with the whole of what is now known as the "Metropolitan District" round Boston, and, moreover, afforded a good

training in discerning the lay of land, picking out the landmarks, and finding a way over or round obstacles. In a note-book for 1878 he made a "partial list of Saturday walks before 1878." There are sixteen walks enumerated, and they stretch from Quincy on the south of Boston to Lynn on the north. No better preparation in youth for some of his most important work as a man could possibly have been devised; but all was done without the least anticipation of his future profession. It was to him just an interesting though laborious play.

There was another kind of research which interested both the boys before they went to college, namely, the identification of the localities mentioned in such books as Frothingham's "Siege of Boston" and Drake's "Historic Mansions of Middlesex." They sought for all the sites and structures mentioned by these authors, which had not been completely obliterated by streets and buildings, and became acquainted with all such relics of Colonial and Revolutionary times in and about Boston.

All this time he was getting on at school with what were then the regular studies for his age. He writes to his aunt Anna in December, 1875: "My school I like moderately; go at 8.30, get out at 1.30; and I am studying Latin, Latin composition, algebra, and Harvard examination papers in arithmetic. I begin Ovid to-morrow. There are some good fellows at school; but I never see them except in school hours. I ride often, but the best fun is the telegraph line which I joined about a month ago, and the drawing class Tuesdays and Fridays." This drawing class was conducted by Mr. Charles H. Moore, afterwards instructor and professor in Harvard College. A year later he speaks of this drawing again: "November 25, 1876. I am having drawing lessons four hours a week from Mr. Moore. The last things I have done are a twig in profile and also the same foreshortened. I have been in to Uncle Bob's [Robert S. Peabody, architect], and he has given me a whole set of plans, elevations, etc., to copy. I trace them on tracing cloth in India ink with bow pens, and color them, and put in all the dimensions, etc." He was at this time seventeen years old. In a note a few weeks earlier than that from which the last quotation was taken, he writes to his aunt Anna: "I am going to Mr. Kendall's school, as I did last year, and at present I am studying the following subjects: Virgil, one hundred lines daily; Ovid, last review, seventy-five lines daily; Cæsar, last review, three paragraphs daily; Greek

grammar or Greek composition, daily; algebra, last review, daily; arithmetic, one examination paper a week; geometry, last review, twice a week; Roman history on Saturday; Botany on Saturday; Latin composition, three times a week. 'Last review' means that I am going over it the last time before the examination for College next spring." He never really enjoyed his school work; but he liked the master, Mr. Joshua Kendall, and he made two valued friends there, — Roland Thaxter and John H. Storer. He was never confident of success in his studies; so that when in June, 1877, he passed the preliminary examinations for admission to Harvard College in seven subjects, it was a great surprise to him. He was diffident and sensitive, and found it difficult to express his feelings, though they burned within. In the next house but one to the President's house on Quincy Street lived the family of Professor Lane, whose children, one son and two daughters, were not far removed from Charles in age. The companionship of these merry and sympathetic children was a real source of happiness to Charles, who was often lonely and tended to be down-hearted.

At this time, there was no feminine influence in his home; his dear aunt Anna was living in New York; grandmother Eliot had died; his Eliot aunts were all married, and no one of them lived in Cambridge; and grandmother Peabody was crippled by rheumatic gout and could never come to Cambridge, though her house in Boston was always open to Charles and Samuel, who went thither at least once a week. Then his father and brother had very different temperaments from his. They were sanguine, confident, content with present action, and little given to contemplation of either the past or the future; Charles was reticent, self-distrustful, speculative, and dissatisfied with his actual work, though faithful and patient in studies which did not interest him or open to him intellectual pleasures.

In July, 1877, his father was engaged to Grace Mellen Hopkinson of Cambridge. Charles heard the news from his father with calmness but without pleasure; and all summer long, though he was yachting on his beloved Sunshine, he was not cheerful, though well in body. When the marriage took place at the end of the following October, and "mother" — as the boys soon called her — came to live in the President's house, Charles was pleasant and interested, but did not at once open his heart to her, and claim her sympathy and affection. It was not till four years later that an intimate and tender relation was established between these

two, a delightful intimacy never afterwards interrupted for a moment.

He rode much on horseback during the year 1877–78, and was active in the "Game Club," which successfully produced in the spring a little play called "Andromeda." With the springtime of 1878 a great delight in natural scenery awoke in him, a conscious love of buds and blossoms, rocks, sky, and sea; and in after years he recalled this spring as an epoch in his reflective life. In June he was admitted to Harvard College, and much to his surprise with only two inconsiderable "conditions," namely, Greek grammar and composition.

At that date the Freshman year in Harvard College was a year of required studies, and these studies were little else than a continuation of his uncongenial school studies. He therefore got little pleasure from his regular work; but he persevered with it, and finished the year clear of all conditions. He did, however, record a thanksgiving that his "classical education" was at last ended. He had a room in the "Yard" and took his meals at Memorial Hall, coming home for Sundays, like students whose families did not live in Cambridge, but yet were not so far away as to make a weekly visit impossible.

His summer yachting was an important element in Charles's education; and in particular the Sunshine gave him good training in writing condensed English. It was the custom to keep a log on board the boat, mentioning the weather, the winds, and the chief events of each day. Charles was always a careful reader and critic of the log. Moreover he acquired the habit of reading all the year round the brief accounts of marine disasters which appeared almost daily in the newspaper taken by the family, accounts which were usually extracts from the logs of the vessels concerned, or were furnished by their masters. As a rule, no words are wasted in log-books. The first time that he kept the log himself was in 1876, when he was nearly seventeen years old. In the following extract from the log of the Sunshine in that summer, the first two days were written by his father, the rest by Charles. The extract will serve to show the mode of life on the yacht, and the interest it had for the two boys and their friends. One or two boy friends and one older guest were generally on board during cruising. On July 25th the yacht was at Boothbay, Maine: —

July 25. Calm. Waiting for J. E. Cabot who did not

arrive. Telegraphing. In P. M. with fresh S. W. ran up Muscongus Sound (visited New Harbor and Round Pond) to Hockamock Channel.

July 26. Still. Variable. Showers. Wind. Ran by Gull and Friendship Islands, and Herring Gut entrance to Rockland. Beat through Muscle Ridge Channel. F. G. Peabody joined. In evening to Rockport.

July 27. With a light breeze, across West Penobscot Bay to Gilkey's Harbor, C. E., R. W. G., and C. W. E. climbing the hill of 700-Acre Island. Thence to Belfast. Thence with a fresh S. E. wind up the Penobscot as far as Bucksport. Mounted the hill by the Seminary in evening.

July 28. Up river to Bangor, a cracking S. E. wind all the way. Anchored off the Kenduskeag at 11 A. M., but later hauled in to the Brewer wharves to avoid tide and steamers. Explored the city of sawmills and enjoyed view from hill back of Seminary.

July 29. R. W. G. took steamer to Boston. A drizzling mist all day. Down river as far as Winterport, stopping at Hampden to visit sawmills and wait for tide. Climbed the Winterport hill in evening to the beautiful Soldiers' Monument.

July 30. Dropped down river with early tide and fanned over to Castine by noon. Walked to the forts in P. M. Sunday School concert at church in evening.

July 31. Rainy and calm all day. Lay at Castine till 3 P. M., then with tide and light air reached Cape Rosier. Found good bottom in Cove, and anchored after a fine sunset. Visited the lone house near by, and talked with intelligent father of seventeen children.

August 1. Cloudless and lovely morning with light northerly air. Ran very slowly across to North Harbor, N. W. side of N. Haven Island. Thence through "Leadbetters Narrows" and "The Reach" to Carver's Harbor, sweeping her through "The Reach" at its narrowest part. Rambled over the quarries, and watched the polishing of granite.

Aug. 2. Early start. Very little wind. Inside Brimstone Island to Isle au Haut. Climbed the highest hill to Coast Survey Beacon, and piled stones to guide future

comers. After dinner, with fine breeze, beat through "Merchant's Row," but wind failed before reaching "Burnt Coat Harbor," and it was another case of sweeps and towing.

Aug. 3. Beat out the narrow E. entrance of "Burnt Coat" with very light air, past Long Island and by Long Ledge Buoy up Somes Sound. Fine run up the Sound. Shopping at Somesville. Beat down the Sound, and being caught by flood tide and calm anchored off Fernald's Point. Mounted Fernald's Hill [Flying Mt.] in evening. Superb view.

Aug. 4. Got under way at about 9 A. M. Light air to Great Head, then more breeze, and took in topsail. Arrived at Bar Harbor at 11.45. In P. M. took aboard Ernest Lovering and Willie Thayer, visited Calf Island and anchored at Point Harbor [Sorrento].

Narragansett Bay.

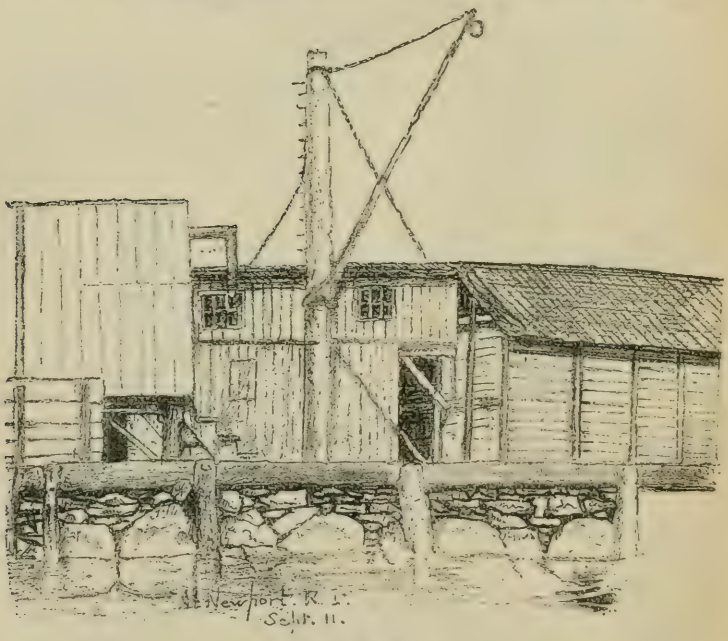
Narragansett Bay.

Off Portsmouth, N. H.

A certain felicity of expression is already apparent, and particularly his choice of simple words that fit.

As the Sunshine was constantly visiting bays, rivers, and harbors previously unknown to all on board, and as it was not her custom to take a pilot, she was directed by the admirable charts and Coast-pilots published by the U. S. Coast

Survey. In the use and application of these guides Charles early became an adept. When the yacht was approaching an unknown passage or entrance, and it was desirable to recognize the guiding features of the land, Charles was quicker than anybody else on board to discern the characteristic hill, headland, promontory, or island from comparison with the contour charts, or with the profiles and descriptions of the Pilot. He soon learned to conceive from the contour lines the aspect of the land represented, as it would appear on his line of approach. This practice cultivated his perception of the main features of scenery, and made easy his subsequent professional use of surveyors' plans and contour maps. In yachting Charles had the habit of sketching objects which interested him, such as lighthouses, wharves, old houses, or outlines of hills. Reproductions of a few of his sketches are placed on this page and page 19.



A Pier at Newport.

The accompanying profile of the Mt. Desert hills, taken from an island lying about nine miles south of the Mt. Desert shore under Sargent Mountain, fairly illustrates the accuracy

The upper profile is a photograph taken from Little Duck Island; the lower is a pencil sketch made by Charles at sixteen from Great Duck Island, looking over and omitting Little Duck. The sketch looks more like the original than the photograph does.

of his boyish work. In another respect this summer mode of life cultivated his natural tendency to an admiring observation of nature. His watchfulness of the weather on the yacht and in camp contributed to the development of his maturer keen enjoyment of the different aspects of the sky.

In 1877 Charles kept the log altogether, and in that year and often thereafter he was the captain on board, giving all orders concerning destination, navigation, and piloting. In September, 1880, he was captain during a cruise from Mt. Desert to Eastport and back to Boston, a cruise during which he encountered fogs, storms, the rushing tides of the Bay of Fundy, and heavy seas, but also enjoyed much fine weather. This cruise lasted about four weeks. The following extract from the log-book will show what the captain's responsibilities and pleasures were. The yacht had been weather-bound for two days at Grand Manan in a northeaster : —

Sept. 12th. Hauled out from the wharf at 6.45 A. M. Mr. Gaskell would take no wharfage money. With a little N. W. air we got under way at 7.30 o'clock bound for Boston. Stood close under Swallowtail, and also followed the shore close under the Six Days Work, and Ashburton and Bishop Heads. When the tide began to flood we were becalmed, and consequently were drifted much up the bay. With some little S. W. airs we stood over to the N. and made the shore of Campobello Island about midway of its length. The air grew thicker and thicker, until about noon the fog-whistles at Quoddy and N. Head began to blow. At last a respectable S. W. arose and we made N. Head at about 2.30 o'clock. Here we tacked and laid the course for Quoddy Head. The tide began to ebb about 4.30, but C. E. was unwilling to try a night outside, and so at 5 P. M. we anchored in Quoddy Roads. After an early supper the cabin party got milk and water ashore at Mr. Wormell's house.

Sept. 13th. At about 7 o'clock got under way with a good S. by W. wind. Sky was pretty clear at this time, but about 8, when we were laying our course alongshore, a very wet fog surrounded us very suddenly. We made the land 2 or 3 times, and C. E. made up his mind to get into Little River if he could find the entrance. We tried to make Little River Head, but on hearing the fog bell at Little River Light we headed for that. Here the fog cleared up somewhat, and

C. E. changed his mind and kept on. At 9.15 breakfasted. Took a long tack outside of Libby Island, which we had abeam at noon, and stood towards Mark Island of Moos-a-bec Reach. The island was not to be seen owing to a fog bank which began to envelop us when we were S. by E. from the Brothers. C. E. gave up trying to make the Reach, and kept off, passing the Brothers at about 1 P. M. The fog was not very thick, and we followed up Roques Island, and anchored in Shorey's Cove at about 2 P. M. Dined. During the rest of the day the fog was thick and the winds very variable. Whist, etc., in the evening, and boat-racing in the P. M. S. A. E. and deW. beat R. T. and C. E., and William and Orrin. (For some information about the E. entrance to Englishman's Bay, see C. E.'s journal.)

Sept. 14th. Much rain last night: very calm this morning. Sky looking very rainy. At 9 there came a little air from S. E., and we got under way with gafftopsail set, and stood down to the first black buoy in Moos-a-bec Reach, around which we turned, and after crossing the Bar with a fair tide, we anchored in Jonesport at 11 o'clock. Got some provisions ashore, and mailed letters. At a quarter to 12 we were off again with a very gentle N. E. wind and in a heavy rain. Passed slowly through the Reach and down to Nash Island Light, which we passed at 3.45 o'clock. Here C. E. gave up getting around Petit Manan and headed for Shipstern Island, the most western land to be seen. Soon Pond Island appeared through the rain, and we ran in past its northern end. The sky now began to look windy, and we took in the topsail. Passed slowly into Pigeon Hill Bay between Currant Island and Big Pea Ledge, and anchored under Pigeon Hill, just N. of Chitman's Point, at 5 P. M. C. E. got milk ashore on the Point. At about 9 P. M. got out the second anchor, the N. E. wind having begun to blow quite furiously.

Sept. 15th. We anchored in $2\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms yesterday afternoon, but at 3 o'clock this morning C. E. found the yacht aground and the wind blowing a gale. The bottom all over the Bay is level and eel-grassy, and it being low tide the ledges around the Big Pea kept off all the sea. About 3 ft. of water was around the yacht at this time. Knowing that

at high tide the riding would be pretty hard, C. E. had the big mooring hoisted out and prepared. At breakfast time (9.30) the yacht was riding pretty easily at 2 anchors, the tide was high, and the wind blowing very hard indeed from N. E. At 1 o'clock the wind went down somewhat, but the heavy rain continued all day. A. Thorndike departed for home via Mill-bridge.

Sept. 16th. A doubtful looking morning. Wind light S. W. Much low cloud driving over our heads towards the N. E. Breakfasted at 7 A. M. and soon after 8 got under way. The tide was nearly high, but still rising, the wind ahead. We beat down Pigeon Hill Bay, paying close attention to the Pilot's description of the dangers, none of which are marked. Took one tack close to Boisbubert Ledge, which was just awash. Stood towards Petit Manan, leaving the Whale, where the sea was combing, to the eastward. Crossed Petit Manan outer bar at about 10.15 o'clock, having a strong ebb tide in our favor. A big rip all along the bar. Fetched Moulton's Rock on the same tack as that on which we crossed the bar, and then stood off shore. When, at 11.10 A. M., Petit Manan bore E. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., we tacked and laid a course outside of Schoodic Island. Passed the island at 11.55, and continuing across the mouth of Frenchman's Bay on the same tack we passed Bunker's Ledge at 1.20. Great fog banks enveloped Mt. Desert, and stretched away down along the mainland to the eastward. Abreast of Sutton Island we ran into this fog region; and thence into S. W. harbor, where we anchored at about 2 o'clock; we had a very wet time of it. S. A. E. went to the P. O., and C. E. to the store. The barometer was now very low, having been falling constantly since the beginning of the last N. E. storm, and C. E. was doubtful about putting to sea again. However, we got up sail again at 3.45, and beat out the Western Way with a good breeze from S. W. by W. Some very dark clouds came over us, and once or twice we got heavy showers of rain. Had to take 2 tacks to weather Bass Harbor Head, and then put into the harbor, where we anchored at 6 P. M. The sky was very handsome during most of the afternoon, with great rolling clouds, and now and then a rift showing the sunlit

blue above. A Fusion celebration took place ashore in the evening.

Besides keeping the log, Charles also kept a journal throughout the summer of 1880, in which he entered many particulars about anchorages, provision-stores, approaches to harbors, geological features, and hospitalities given and received. So he got much practice in good writing during this summer. He had so much to record that his constant effort was to write concisely.

Between seventeen and twenty-one Charles suffered a good deal at times from that mental and moral struggle, that questioning of self and the world, which all thoughtful and reserved boys, who have a good deal in them, have to pass through. They become aware that they are thinking and responsible beings, and find themselves forced to consider questions of conscience, faith, and love, and the meaning of life and death. Sudden floods of emotion overwhelm them, and seasons of uncontrollable doubt, misgiving, and sadness distress them. The struggle is apt to be a lonely one. Nobody will or can answer their deeper questions. "I have trodden the wine-press alone." The struggle in Charles's mind was intensified and prolonged by the nature of his voluntary reading. He read much in Emerson, Carlyle, and Goethe; in Mill, Ruskin, Spencer, Lecky, and Buckle; in Huxley, Tyndall, Wallace, and Darwin; and in Lyell, Le Conte, Geikie, and Lubbock. He preferred poetry and history to fiction; and in all three of these realms of thought he was more open to the sad than to the cheerful aspects of life. He "browsed" in the original texts of Schiller, Lessing, Rousseau, Montaigne, and Victor Hugo, and in translations of Plato, Herodotus, Lucretius, Plutarch, Dante, and Boccaccio. George Eliot had a strong influence on him. He kept a commonplace book for a time while in college, and the headings in this book suggest the seriousness of his meditations. They are: Duty; The Law of Righteousness; Materialism versus Idealism; Belief in Dogma; Maggie Tulliver; The Moral Law; Darwin's Theory of Morals; Art and Morality; Beauty and Goodness; the Pursuit of the Highest; The Beautiful and the Useful; Religion; Measure not with Words the Immeasurable; Will; Virtue and Vice; The Eternal Life of Humanity. In this book he entered extracts from most of the authors above mentioned, and also from James Russell Lowell, John Robert Seeley, George Henry Lewes, Charles Eliot Norton, Edwin Arnold, Arthur Hugh Clough, John Fiske, David Friedrich

Strauss, and William B. Carpenter. It chanced that two of his most intimate friends at this period were young men of a temperament similar to his own; so that his converse with them did not tend to counteract the depressing effects of much of his reading and meditation. At home, on the other hand, the influences about him were wholesome and cheerful, particularly after the summer of 1877; but even there he sometimes felt lonesome or "left out."

In the spring of 1880 his father and mother decided to spend the summer of that year in Europe, and the question arose how Charles and Samuel should pass the vacation. Thereupon Charles organized a party of friends, all of whom were college students, to make use of the Sunshine and the camping outfit at Mt. Desert during the summer. With slight assistance from his father he made the whole plan, and put it into execution himself. He invited twelve persons to become members of a club, and at a second meeting of the persons thus invited, eleven men agreed "to spend at least the number of weeks set against their names at the camp of which Charles Eliot is to be director," two persons agreeing to stay eight weeks, one six, four four, one three, and three two. It was an important element of the plan that each member of the party should do some work in a branch of natural science. There was a "primary assessment of three dollars per week of stay," payable in advance. An additional assessment was levied on each person actually in camp each week. The number in camp at any one time varied from four to eight, the commonest number being six. The assignment of scientific subjects to the members of the club in 1880 included geology, ornithology, marine invertebrates, meteorology, botany, entomology, ichthyology, and photography; and some work was done in every one of these subjects. Charles selected the place of encampment, managed the camp, gave all directions about the use of the yacht, and kept the accounts; and the successful exercise of these functions had a considerable influence on the development of his character. The camp was pitched on July 5th in a beautiful position on the east side of Somes's Sound, a little to the north of the house of Mr. Asa Smallidge, and opposite Flying Mountain and the cliff of Dog Mountain on the western side of the Sound. A clear and abundant brook which descended from Brown's Mountain just north of the camp furnished an excellent supply of water. The Sunshine was moored on the outer edge of the cove just off the camp. This camp was maintained till August 25th, when the party dis-

persed. The geological work of the party was much aided by a short visit in August from Professor Davis of Harvard College. Of the young men who took part in this camp, one turned out to be a landscape architect, one a professor of cryptogamic botany, and one a physician, while two others, who are lawyers by profession, retain keen interest in their respective subjects, and have an ample amateur knowledge of them.

The Champlain Society, as the club was called in honor of Samuel de Champlain who named Mt. Desert, was maintained for several years, and two scientific publications resulted from it, one, an "Outline of the Geology of Mount Desert," by Professor William M. Davis, and the other, a book on the "Flora of Mount Desert, Maine," by Edward L. Rand and John H. Redfield. The Society held occasional meetings in Cambridge during the winters, at which papers were read by various members on their several specialties. In 1881 the camp was pitched again in the same place, and was carried on under Charles's direction during that summer much as before, though it was not continued after the 13th of August. The Society conducted a camp again in the summer of 1882, but not under the direction of Charles Eliot.

This experience in the summers of 1880 and 1881 was very serviceable to Charles. He found that he could plan and perform executive work, exercise authority over a considerable party, some of whom were older than himself, and do business and give orders in a manner which satisfied the interested persons, and led to success in a somewhat complicated undertaking. He saw that his authority was respected, and that the participants all enjoyed the camp and did some serious work. His previous experience on the yacht of course helped him in the camp; but the camp was decidedly the more complex and difficult thing to manage. At the time of the first camp, he had just finished his Junior year in college. It will subsequently appear that the plan of this enterprise resembled in certain respects plans he afterward made for work in connection with the Metropolitan Parks about Boston. He began to exhibit at this time a quality which was of great value to him in his professional life, — he showed that decision, and that persistence in a plan once conceived, which prevent waste of time for subordinates.

In spite, however, of the increase of self-confidence which came to him from these summer camps of 1880 and 1881, he

CAMP CHAMPLAIN. 1880 AND 1881

remembered in after years that when camp broke up in August, 1881, and he joined his father and mother in their new house at Northeast Harbor, he there had days of mingled exaltation and dejection. A flood of thought and feeling, such as he had never experienced before, swept over him. His head was full of memories and dreams, of fearful hopes, dreads, and pains; the beauty and the wonder of God's earthly paradise burst upon him like a holy vision, and the depths of the hell on earth opened at his feet.

The new house at Mt. Desert had resulted from his advice. When his father and mother returned from Europe in late September, 1880, Charles said to them: "If you really wish to build a house at Mt. Desert, you had better examine the coast from our camp-ground on Somes's Sound to Seal Harbor. Somewhere on that line you will find a site that will suit you, — a site with beautiful views of sea and hills, good anchorage, fine rocks and beach, and no flats." The father and mother followed his directions in October, explored the shore he had indicated, — on which at that time not a single summer residence had been built, — and found a site of rare beauty on which the new house was built in the spring and summer of 1881. From that good planting came much subsequent delight to three generations of Charles's kindred and friends, the older, his own, and the younger. From the new house, at the end of that season, Charles sailed away in the Sunshine to return to college work. It happened that his mother stayed on through October at Northeast Harbor; and from Cambridge Charles wrote her letters expressing the strongest affection and gratitude. The following is an extract from one of these delightful letters: —

My dear Mother: This is the second Sunday that we 've been away from you. I met father this morning before church, and said, "Is n't this a wretched business, this leaving mother down East?" and he said it was a total failure, and that he should never do so again. . . . You asked me the other day if I did n't find it interesting to be growing up, and I must say that I do find it so, — very, — and I 'm particularly glad to find one thing, — that I am growing (though only little by little) out of my habit of shrinking from showing my feelings. . . . I 've come to see what a blessed and helpful thing real human sympathy can be, and what a terrible loss it is to live without it. If Mamma had lived, perhaps

I should never have formed this shrinking habit, for I certainly should have continued to go to her with all my joys and troubles. As it is, I know that most people, judging from my conduct, think me indifferent, unenthusiastic; but the fact is that I have felt the enthusiasm, though I have n't shown it. Though I have enjoyed your singing as I have enjoyed nothing else, ever since I first heard you in Phillips Place, it was only the other day that I began to show you this; and now, somehow, it adds greatly to my pleasure in your singing to know that you know that I enjoy it with you. . . . Grandma Peabody wrote to me when you were engaged to father, — "How delightful it will be when a sweet lady takes you into her heart, sympathizes with your pleasures and your cares," — and now I 'm so glad to have found this delight that I can't help telling the sweet lady of it.

His Senior year was somewhat clouded by uncertainty about his profession. His choice of electives, during the three years when election was permitted, was as follows: In the Sophomore year, physical geography under Professor Davis; descriptive chemistry with laboratory work under Professor Jackson; the principles of design under Professor Moore, with much drawing in pencil, ink, sepia, and water colors; and a rapid reading course in German. All these studies he found interesting and good. The required themes and rhetoric he did not enjoy. For his Junior year he chose qualitative analysis under Professor H. B. Hill; Renaissance and Gothic art under Professor Norton; the constitutional history of England and the United States under Professor Macvane; and a second rapid reading course in German. Forensics he liked better than themes; but still required writing was not agreeable to him. In his Senior year he took Professor Norton's course on the history of ancient art; a course with Professor Dunbar on political economy; a course in mineralogy with much laboratory work; and a rapid reading course in French. All his electives he liked well; but he succeeded best in fine arts, science, history, and forensics. He arrived at the end of his Senior year without having any distinct vision of the profession which awaited him, neither he nor his father having perceived his special gifts. Nevertheless, it turned out, after he had settled with joy on his profession, that, if he had known at the beginning of his Sophomore year what his profession was to be, he could

not have selected his studies better than he did with only the guidance of his likings and natural interests. He took during his last three years in college all the courses in fine arts which were open to him; he subsequently found his French and German indispensable for wide reading in the best literature of his profession; his studies in science supplied both training and information appropriate to his calling; and history and political economy were useful to him as culture studies and for their social bearings. In the year of his graduation Charles pasted into one of his scrap-books these two lines from the "Taming of the Shrew:" —

> "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
> In brief, sir, study what you most affect,"

— an admirable bit of educational philosophy. One of his Senior forensics was written on the question: "Is college life so far analogous to that of the world at large that the conditions of success are the same?" It begins as follows: "I want to define, for the purposes of this discussion, the word 'success.' I define success in college to be the attainment of two things, namely, high standing as a scholar, and influence as an example of right living. I define success in the world at large to be the attainment of a sufficient competency, combined with the largest amount of usefulness to one's fellowmen." These two definitions are both different from the common; they combine a direct practical quality with social idealism. He seemed while in college to have no desire whatever for either sociability or popularity. He had a few intimates and a few more acquaintances; but apparently no desire for the society of a large number of his fellows. He was physically incompetent for the competitive athletic sports. He was asked to join both the Hasty Pudding Club and the Pi Eta Society, but declined the invitation to the latter, and did not rectify a misunderstanding about his invitation to the former. Most of his classmates knew him only by sight. He went his way comparatively alone in a crowd, and when he graduated, neither he nor his classmates knew what there was in him.

In the early winter of 1881–82 his digestion was somewhat disturbed, and he had more headache than usual. As a precautionary measure, he and his mother made an enjoyable journey to Canada in December. While he was thus absent his father wrote to him as follows: "I hope you will not feel in haste to get through with your education, your 'infancy,' or period of training. There is no reason why you

should, and I want you to enjoy a sense of ease and calm in that matter. It would suit me excellent well if you should quietly study for an A. M. next year, or should spend a year in study and reading without aiming at a degree at all. If you would like to have two Senior years and take your A. B. in 1883, I should be entirely content. You need not feel that you ought to be earning your living, or doing something in the actual market-place. That will come soon enough. There are fields of knowledge and philosophy which you have hardly set foot in. Take time to view them with a disengaged mind. The sense of being driven or hurried is very disagreeable to you; then arrange your life so that you cannot be driven or hurried. Nothing in the way of college rank or college degree is of consequence enough to cause you the loss of enjoyment in study and of tranquillity of mind. I want you to have an intellectual delight in study for the study's sake. You have had a large mental growth during the past two years, but have not been as happy in it as I would like to have you. For the rest of your infancy — and do not shorten it — seek quiet and cultivate contentment." This letter shows that his father had no vision of the calling which Charles was so soon to enter upon.

During his Senior year the indigestion from which Charles occasionally suffered of course affected his spirits. It caused some palpitation of the heart, and a painful sort of nervousness. Once or twice he came near giving up college work. The struggle was hardest in the spring months, when he longed to be in the open air all the time. By means of short absences from Cambridge and a careful use of some free hours in each day for out-of-door exercise, he got through the year. He made visits at the Thaxter place near Kittery, at Mt. Desert, and at Washington, beside taking the Quebec journey. By these means he managed to keep at work, and near the end of June he passed his examinations successfully, and in due course received the degree of Bachelor of Arts *cum laude*. As soon as his examinations were over, without waiting for Class Day or Commencement, he started for Mt. Desert, putting a horse and light wagon, which were to be transported to the Mt. Desert house, on board the Bangor boat, landing at Bucksport, and driving thence, via Ellsworth, to Northeast Harbor. His comment on this drive, made to his friend Thaxter, is as follows: "A very beautiful road. Woods, big hills, and many lakes and ponds. Everything very fresh and green. Apples in blossom, and corn about four inches up."

So ended his general education. Regarded as undesigned preparation for his profession, his plays, sports, and completely voluntary labors had obviously been quite as important as the systematic work of school and college.

Prudence Island Light, Narragansett Bay.

CHAPTER III

PROFESSIONAL TRAINING — APPRENTICESHIP

> Whatever contributes to better determine or to emphasize natural character is a resource of the art of landscape; whatever destroys, enfeebles, or confuses that character the art forbids. — HIRSCHFELD.

CHARLES'S choice of profession was practically made during the summer of 1882, which he spent at Mt. Desert, partly on shore and partly on the Sunshine. The Champlain Society conducted its summer campaign in a somewhat different manner from that of 1880 and 1881. In those two years they had not succeeded in extending their explorations all over the island. They had skirted its whole shore, and had explored thoroughly the regions within convenient walking distance of the camp. In 1882 they engaged a number of houses in different parts of the island where the members could pass the night or get meals; so that they could conveniently travel on foot all about the island, and cover the whole ground for geological and botanical exploration. Charles was again much interested in the work of the Society; but did not live much at the camp, the new house being close by, and the Sunshine being an appendage of the house. During this summer Charles decided on the first step towards his profession, not without much consultation with his father, but still on his own responsibility, and as a result of his own reflection on the modes of life which were possible and desirable for him. He proceeded by the method of elimination, and rejected one after another of the common professions. Next he decided that there was no form of ordinary business which had the least attraction for him. Having established these comprehensive negative propositions, he asked himself, and his father asked him, what he would best like to do in the world. His uncle Robert S. Peabody was well established in Boston as an architect; and through him Charles had heard something of landscape architecture, because Mr. Peabody was a near neighbor of Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted in Brookline, and from time to time had professional relations with him. The Boston Department of

Parks was already eight years old, and its great services to the public were beginning to be manifest. The occupation of the landscape architect was probably one which not only permitted but required a good deal of open-air life; and its studies and its results seemed to fall in with Charles's natural tastes and desires. Before the end of September he had decided to try to prepare himself for that profession; although as yet he had no very distinct idea of its functions and prospects. This preliminary decision once reached, he and his father both began to perceive how clearly his whole education and experience up to the age of twenty-three pointed to this occupation. On his return from Mt. Desert, he forthwith entered the Bussey Institution, the Department of Agriculture and Horticulture of Harvard University.

In a letter to Roland Thaxter dated October 15th, Charles thus describes his first experience at the Bussey Institution:

I am at the Bussey, and find it very interesting — quite different from college. We are a class of five, with five instructors, — Storer (agricultural chemistry), very interesting; Watson (horticulture), lectures and garden and greenhouse work, also interesting; Slade (applied zoölogy), anatomy of domestic animals, with dissecting, etc., — pretty dry at present, the subject being bones; Faxon (applied botany) has not appeared yet, but will no doubt be interesting; Burgess (applied entomology) does not begin till the second half year; Motley (farm management), a queer old fellow who lectures and takes us on excursions once a week; Dean (topographical surveying), a course given at Cambridge which only three of us take. The practical gardening work is entertaining and tiresome at once, and the same may be said of the surveying. Mr. Storer is a very able lecturer, and ought to have a class of a hundred men at least.

At this time the profession of landscape architecture was hardly recognized in the United States, and there was no regular process of preparing for it. There was no established school for the profession in any American university, and, indeed, not even a single course of instruction which dealt with the art of improving landscape for human use and enjoyment, or with the practical methods of creating and improving gardens, country-seats, and public parks. The

course of instruction at the Bussey Institution did, however, deal both theoretically and practically with several subjects of fundamental importance in the landscape art, and supplied the best preliminary training for the profession which was then accessible; although it offered nothing on the artistic side of large-scale landscape work.

The Bussey Institution is situated on a magnificent estate southwest from Boston proper, and seven miles from the Cambridge site of the University. For greater convenience of access to the Institution, Charles spent the fall and winter of 1882–83 partly at the house of one of his Eliot aunts (Mrs. Charles E. Guild), which was near the Bussey Institution, and partly at his grandmother Peabody's in Boston. Mrs. Guild's house commanded a charming view of the Great Blue Hill, and was close to the beautiful region which afterwards became Franklin Park. The variety of places about Boston in which Charles lived at one time or another was an important element in his preparation for some of his best professional work in after years. During the winter his father had opportunities at the Saturday Club of talking with Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted about the means of preparing a young man for Mr. Olmsted's profession; and Professor Norton, who had formed a good opinion of Charles's capacity, had also opportunities of interesting Mr. Olmsted in him. Finally, on the 22d of April, 1883, his uncle, Robert S. Peabody, introduced him to Mr. Olmsted at Brookline. There resulted from this interview an invitation for Charles to enter Mr. Olmsted's office as an apprentice, an invitation which Charles promptly accepted; for Mr. Olmsted was at the head of his profession, and had had a hand in almost every considerable park-work that had been attempted in the country. He had at the time a large business in landscape designing of many kinds, both public and private. By the 29th of April Charles was established in Mr. Olmsted's office, and on that day he set out with Mr. Olmsted on a short journey of work-inspection. His courses at the Bussey Institution were thus somewhat abruptly interrupted; but he had already got from them much valuable information, and he had assured himself that he wished to be a landscape architect; for he found attractive and interesting all the various knowledges which contributed to the practice of that profession.

Mr. Olmsted was sixty years old, and not very strong in body; so that it was well for him to be accompanied on his frequent journeys by a young man who could relieve him of

all care in travelling, and could make notes and write letters for him. Charles writes on May 13th to his friend Thaxter: "I am to go about with Mr. Olmsted, and am expected to gather the principles and the practice of the profession in the course of this going. I am to be of what service I can, and this, if I am to judge by ten days' experience, will consist chiefly in doing draughtsman's work, making working-drawings from preliminary design-plans, etc. I have already had a little journey with Mr. Olmsted to Newport and Providence, and learned much and enjoyed more. I expect to give two years to this apprentice education, and then hope to study and travel abroad. I have a high idea of what a landscape architect should be, and a high ideal of what his art should be; and you may believe that I was highly excited by this sudden plunge into the midst of things. The world says I am a lucky fellow, and congratulates me on all sides."

Charles kept an interesting record of his various trips with Mr. Olmsted and other persons connected with the firm, a record which shows how very instructive to him were these opportunities of observing work in progress. The work which Mr. Olmsted had in hand at that time was of great variety. Thus, on the first excursion Charles made with Mr. Olmsted, they visited the Town Hall of North Easton, Mass. (by H. H. Richardson), which is set on craggy rocks made apparently higher by removing earth at the base. Broad, easy flights of steps with ample landings, and well fitted to the jutting ledges, lead up to the main door of the hall; a natural growth of deciduous wood flanks the building on the uphill side; while the pockets in the rocks about the building are planted with Honeysuckles, Prostrate Juniper, Yucca, and Sedums. A remarkable soldiers' monument (of the Civil War) stands before the hall at a meeting of three roads. It consists of an irregular pile of large boulders brought together from far and near, and forming a sort of cairn, on the highest point of which is a flagstaff. Every chink in the pile is crammed with peaty soil, and about the foot of the higher rock-walls runs a deep bed of rich earth. Here were planted Kalmias, Andromedas, Rhodoras, Daphnes, wild Roses, and Honeysuckles, the tallest plants in the rear of the bed. From North Easton they went to a Newport estate, which was originally a completely bare field at the end of a point commanding a wide sea-view. Here Charles records that the bare and gentle slope from the house to the shore is to be left entirely unplanted, since any elaborate gardening or planting would be utterly inappropriate. Another estate in Newport in the

older part of the city was to be improved by Mr. Olmsted by removing trees from the old neglected plantations, and developing the principal lawn. A walling-off of a kitchen and stable court was earnestly recommended by Mr. Olmsted. Thence they went to Providence to study a design for grounds about a new suburban mansion set in one corner of what had been a large village lot. Here the gardener was instructed to plant, always irregularly, three or four of the to-be-large trees together, all but one of which were to come out by and by; to mix shrubs with the trees; to use shrubs to break the edges of the plantations; and to see that there were no sharp lines between groups of this and groups of that. All the walls about the estate were to be vine-clad — English Ivy on the shady side of the house and in other sunless corners, Virginia Creeper on the brick walls, and Japanese Ivy on the stone posts. One can easily see how instructive and interesting such days as these were to the receptive disciple.

Shortly after this excursion Charles spent a delightful day with Mr. Olmsted on Cushing's Island in Portland Harbor, Mr. Olmsted having been called on to advise the owners of the island about laying it out as a seashore resort. Mr. Olmsted's advice included the enlargement of the brick hotel; the reservation of a considerable area near it for hotel cottages; the making of play-grounds for common use by all the island people; the laying out of about fifty house-lots on the island, small on the landward and smooth part of the island, larger on the ocean shore where the building sites are finest; the reservation of White Head at one end of the island, and of the southwest point at the other end, these two to be connected by a wide strip down the middle of the island along the highest ridge, whence views can be had in both directions at once. The whole shore was to be common to all the inhabitants. The Spruces on the island being badly blighted, Mr. Olmsted recommended that Pine seed should be sown among the dying Spruces, so as to have a growth to fall back on, when the Spruces should necessarily be removed. To clear away the present forest immediately would not be safe; for the mosses, ferns, and other undergrowth might be lost.

The greater part of Charles's time was of course spent in the office, and his work there consisted in making sketches, enlarging or reducing plans, calculating earth-work, making preliminary studies for laying out grounds, some private, some public, and some belonging to schools and colleges; and finally, often after repeated reconsideration and revision by

the master, in preparing working-drawings, with all their elaborate details of figuring, lettering, and coloring. Before Charles had been six months in the office, he was making sketch-plans and working-drawings in considerable variety, and occasionally freehand drawings to accompany letters which explained designs. He also prepared not infrequently what he called "show maps," that is, maps intended to interest prospective buyers in estates which it was proposed to cut up into house-lots. He acquired considerable skill in both mechanical and freehand drawing; and gradually came to prefer for his own use the least elaborate sort of drawing. A drawing which was clear, easily interpreted, and as accurate as the methods which were to be used in working from it on the ground, always answered his purpose. The preparation of planting-maps was also a part of his work, and, in connection with these designs, he received much instruction from Mr. Olmsted and his assistants, — instruction relating to the kinds of plants which could be advantageously used on the different soils and in the different climates of the United States, and to the best mode of disposing plants in groups. He was taught to distrust specimen planting, — that is, the use of single specimens of plants in an ambitious variety, — and also to be cautious about using plants the hardiness of which had not been demonstrated by the experience of many seasons. While plants of various merits would naturally be used, — as, for example, plants with colored stems, handsome blooms, or foliage remarkably beautiful in spring, summer, or autumn, — preference should always be given to such trees and shrubs as will certainly thrive and come to perfection under the climatic and soil conditions of the places where they are to be put, and the planting should be in masses. The ordering of plants for private places, both in the country and by the seaside, was an instructive part of Charles's practice in the office. He learnt what the most desirable and trustworthy plants were, what appropriate effects could be produced on sites of various kinds, where the plants desired could be most advantageously purchased, and how the satisfaction of proprietors with the planting could be best assured. In making plans for the approaches to private houses, Charles was early initiated into the importance of frankness about the kitchen region. Some proprietors would rather pretend that they had no back door, kitchen garden, or stable; but Mr. Olmsted always advised perfect frankness about the whole service region, the convenience of every household requiring that wagons should be able to stand at the back door, and

stables and kitchen gardens being indispensable adjuncts of every large establishment.

By frequent visits, often with some specific object in view, Charles became familiar with the Arnold Arboretum, — a collection of all the trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants which will thrive in the New England climate, — to which a considerable portion of the Bussey estate had been devoted by an agreement between the University and the City of Boston. Here was a precious opportunity to study the materials available for artificial plantations. It fortunately happened that in the winter of 1884–85 the planting-plans of the Arboretum, which were originally made by Mr. Olmsted, had to be thoroughly revised in view of ultimate extensions of the Arboretum. Charles worked on the new drawings, and it was a great advantage to him that he was thus obliged to study carefully systematic planting in a very large collection, in which not only a great variety of species was to be exhibited, but fine specimens of each species as well.

Sundays and occasional half-holidays Charles contrived to utilize for walks and drives. Under date of Sunday, May 27, 1883, he writes: —

Delightful spring weather. Woods full of delicate tints and shades of color, and soft and feathery with the young leafage. Thickets still more or less transparent, and horse-chestnuts and some maples as yet the only trees that are solid against the sky. This Sunday a delicious drive to Belmont and over Wellington Hill with E. L. B. [one of his Eliot aunts]. Apples in bloom, Judas-trees out, and many flowering shrubs in their glory.

Towards the end of September, 1883, he made a short visit at Mt. Desert, at the end of which he records: —

What with Mother, Sally Norton, and Sam, there was much good music. On last Sunday evening the music — mostly gentle and tender — went straight to my heart of hearts as music seldom has before. I hope that, some day or other, work of mine may give some human being pleasure, pleasure of that helpful kind which beauty of music and of scenery gives me.

Charles continued to profit very much by casual but fruitful suggestions which he received from Mr. Olmsted during the inspection-tours on which he accompanied him. Thus,

when visiting Easton's Pond at Newport in 1883, — a shallow lagoon behind the bathing-beach, largely overgrown with sedges, and partly filled with blown sand from the beach, — Mr. Olmsted suggested a treatment of the unsightly pond which foreshadowed the method afterward so admirably used at the Chicago Fair. He proposed to the city to dredge an irregular water-basin, and with the material so obtained to raise the level of the remaining area, thus making land and water of a place then neither the one nor the other. On the same occasion, Mr. Olmsted pointed out that any large structure, like a city bathing-house, on the sandy and surf-beaten beach would appear wholly incongruous and out of place. This hint bore fruit in Charles's mind thirteen years afterward on Revere Beach, one of the Boston Metropolitan reservations. A visit to the Capitol grounds at Washington was very instructive. Charles here noted that an immense, massive building requires visibly firm and broad ground-support, and adequate and dignified approaches; that curved drives and foot-paths must be justified by some necessity of climbing by easy grades; that there should be no curves for the curves' sake, unless in absolutely formal gardening on a small scale; that single conifers tend to betray the small size of a piece of ground, acting as exclamation marks or measuring-poles; that the scheme of planting round a building should consider the permanent visibility of the best aspects of the building on the one hand, and, on the other, should provide for the obscuring of the necessary spaces of gravel and asphalt.

By reading Mr. Olmsted's printed writings, by listening to his conversation, and going over the letters he wrote about new undertakings, Charles soon absorbed the fundamental principles which had long guided Mr. Olmsted in his landscape work. Mr. Olmsted always desired to emphasize in park-work the antithesis between the objects seen in city streets and the objects of vision in the open country. He thought that trimmed trees, flowers in pots, clipped grass, and variegated flower or foliage beds savored of the city, or at least of the suburb; and he preferred for the purpose of refreshing a city population, undulating meadows fringed with trees, quiet, far-stretching pastoral scenery, and groves which preserved the underbrush and the rough surface of the natural forest. Paths, roads, resting-places, and restaurants were always to be regarded as the necessary facilities for enabling the population to enjoy the essentially restful elements of park scenery. These artificial features were not the

objects of any landscape undertaking, but its necessary impediments.

Although in general Charles had the greatest admiration for his master, and sympathized completely with his general principles in landscape work, he took the liberty of exercising his own independent judgment about some of Mr. Olmsted's designs. A high degree of complication and artificiality in a design never pleased him. Within three months of his entrance into the Olmsted office, he records his objections to the design for a small suburban lot in which stood a house and stable, partly of brick and partly of wood. "The cramped turn at the door, the brick wall around it, the handsome but far-fetched and out-of-place boulders, the equally improbable made valley with its boulder bridge across a dry brook, make it altogether the least pleasing work of Mr. Olmsted's I have yet seen."

In connection with various pieces of work which were in hand during the years 1883 and 1884, Charles had steady guidance towards fundamental principles of landscape work which he was already well prepared to accept and transmit. Thus, in one New England city the owner of a large estate had given the city a tract of land of varied and delightful interest, comprising a steep gravelly shore with its islands and peninsulas of drift all clothed with woods, rocky spots overgrown with wild verdure, and groves of large trees. It commanded also a noble prospect from the top of its hill. The park commissioners appointed by the city expected a general smoothing of everything, — a cutting down of the rough sumacs and brambles, and a making of nicely kept lawns with flower-beds and plantations of fancy trees and shrubs. Mr. Olmsted advised against all such work. He regarded the park-land in its actual condition as a fine piece of rural scenery, to be religiously preserved so far as the use and enjoyment of the place by the public would permit, as a scene of quiet character, graceful and picturesque by turns, in which only such changes and additions should be permitted as would bring out still further the prevailing character of the place, — such work, for instance, as the removal of stone walls and fences, the cutting out of the poorest trees, and the planting of indigenous trees and thickets in furtherance of nature.

One of the important works of which Mr. Olmsted had charge during Charles's apprenticeship was the Belle Isle Park of Detroit. The river is the pleasure resort of Detroit. There are many excursion steamers; there is always a breeze;

and great numbers of lake-craft are to be seen. Belle Isle itself is a flat, wet island, two miles long by half a mile broad, with a thin soil and a clayey subsoil. The highest point is but six feet above the level of the river, and many acres are subject to flood. The interior is well wooded with Elm, Oak, and Hickory, of natural but too close growth. The chief elements of Mr. Olmsted's plan were drainage by means of a system of canals with tile drains discharging into them, and gates and pumps to keep the canals at the normal level when the river should be in flood. The shores of the island were wearing away; so it was a part of the plan to give the exposed parts of the shore a beach form with a grade of one in six. The quality of the natural woods was allowed to determine the character of the park. The usual park woods were out of the question, owing to the spindling form of the trees; but the interest of the existing woods was heightened by opening glades, by judicious thinning, and by breaking into the edges. The scheme involved the raising of the roadways by means of the material derived from the canals, in order to ensure the dryness of the driveways even immediately after rain. On this design, with its landing-pier and other accessories, Charles worked a long time as a draughtsman, his interest in the drawings being greatly stimulated by visits to the locality. The steamboat pier presented many complications of curvature and structure. It had two decks and a roof, and inclined planes on brackets leading to the second deck. The line of the eaves was undulating, and the roof was full of curvature. The ridge rose and fell according to the width of the deck below, and the section of the roof varied with every wave of the eaves-line. It will easily be seen that such a complicated design cost the draughtsman much labor, particularly as the design was repeatedly modified. After all, it was never built.

Another very interesting project which was in the office some months, and on which Charles frequently worked as a draughtsman, was the layout of the grounds of the Lawrenceville School, at Lawrenceville, N. J., the school buildings being simultaneously designed by Messrs. Peabody & Stearns, his uncle's firm. The designing of these spacious grounds and numerous buildings was an interesting piece of work, such as is very seldom presented to a landscape architect and an architect together. The estate was handsome and adequate; and the buildings were to be erected simultaneously on a well-studied scheme.

In the autumn of 1883 work was active on the Back Bay

Fens, and Charles had ample opportunities of watching its progress. At the end of November he records the interesting variety of work which was going forward there. The great dredge was digging into the existing marsh across the channel near the gate-house, and the material there obtained was going to fill the promontory which was to carry Westland Avenue across the reservation. Men and teams were carrying marsh-mud from the vicinity of Westland Avenue and spreading it over the bare gravel slopes near Beacon Street. Teams were carrying marsh-sod for the shores and coves between Boylston and Beacon streets. Trains were bringing gravel for filling, and good soil from the new Sudbury River water-basins of the Boston Water Works; and men with barrows were spreading this loam on the finished slopes north of Boylston Street. Carts were bringing quantities of suitable manure to compost heaps which were being prepared for use when planting should begin in the spring; and plants were arriving and being heeled-in close to Beacon Street, so as to be handy in the spring. He noted, also, the quantities of plants received at the Fens for planting at the opening of the season of 1884.

At this time the Boston and Albany Railroad was rebuilding many of its stations, and laying out, under Mr. Olmsted's direction, the grounds about them. With all these plans Charles was familiar, and on many of them he worked. He came to value more and more a good topographical survey of an estate or region for which he was to prepare road-plans or a division into house-lots; and his test of the excellence of the engineer's plan was the amount of revision which his own plans, made in the Brookline office, required when with these plans in hand he visited the ground. On a good topographical survey he maintained that he could do his own work as well in the office as on the ground, and often better, — particularly in the laying out of roads. For owners he thought it a real economy to get a good survey.

During February, 1884, he made some progress in gathering material for a paper on the History of Mount Desert, which he proposed to read before the Champlain Society; and in due time he presented the results of his researches to the society. At times there was not work enough in the office during Mr. Olmsted's absences to keep both Mr. J. C. Olmsted and Charles busy. At such moments Charles turned with pleasure to the study of the best authors on landscape architecture, and to out-of-door excursions. In the spring of 1884 he had leisure to copy many citations from

the best authors on his subject. In the winter of 1883–84 Charles worked for some weeks on the City Point design made for the Boston Park Commission, one of the most interesting of the many designs of extraordinary originality and utility which the city of Boston owes to Mr. Olmsted's genius. It included two long piers, facilities for bathing, rowing, and sailing, the improvement of Castle Island, — which belongs to the government of the United States, — a small artificial island as a pier-head, and several buildings for the accommodation of the public. The whole was planned with great forethought and a vivid conception of the needs of the future. On all the details of these plans Charles worked with enthusiasm, in company with Mr. J. C. Olmsted; and when the great design was itself nearly finished, he prepared a reduced map of Boston Bay to serve as a key-map to accompany the City Point design. This public reservation, which is not yet completely executed, though it has long been in use, stands as one of the best monuments of the genius of its designer.

On all the journeys Charles took during his apprenticeship, he made notes of the landscape through which he passed. It was a great pleasure to him just to ride rapidly through fine country, though he could only see the alternating woods and fields, the cultivated valley-bottoms, the fields of buttercup or clover or white-weed, the various shades of green in the growing crops, and the moulding of the hillsides. He always noted, also, the prevailing industries of the regions through which he passed. If it was a coal region, for example, he observed the picturesque, ungainly shaft-houses and breakers, the great waste dumps, and the miserable hovels of the miners. If it was a Western city, he observed the mode of planting the streets, the addition of the radial system of streets to the rectangular, and the quality of the houses, pretentious or simple, commonplace or picturesque, of the Greek portico period or the Queen Anne. Of course he always visited any public parks which lay in his way; and before long he was familiar with the parks of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, and Buffalo.

In the opening months of 1884 he began to record in his commonplace book the action of the various public bodies with which Mr. Olmsted dealt in carrying on his chief works. He noted the appropriations made, and the conditions attached to the appropriations. On a single day at the end of March, 1884, he records the condition of fourteen different undertakings which were then under way, part of them pub-

lic parks, part school, college, and railway grounds, part real estate speculations, and part grounds of private owners. He was thus studying the conditions under which both public and private landscape work had to be carried on. By the summer of 1884 he had begun to pay attention to contract prices for dirt roads, stoned roads, drains supplied and laid, silt basins, and stone walls. The prices of such construction varied, of course, in different parts of the country; but as work of this description often enters into landscape work, whether of large scale or small, he found it desirable to inform himself concerning its cost. He began to classify trees and shrubs in his mind according to their uses. For example, he made lists of plants in the summer of 1884 suitable for the following objects: for the seaside, for cascade planting, for covering ground under thick-growing trees, for autumn beauty of foliage or fruit, for autumn flowering, for high exposed places, and for bare or rocky places.

The winter of 1884–85 Charles spent at his father's house in Cambridge, going to and from the Brookline office on horseback or by wagon. His office work during the autumn was chiefly draughting on a variety of private places, all instructive, but less interesting to Charles than public work. Near the end of October, 1884, he took time to lay out a new approach road to his father's house at Mt. Desert, and did a considerable quantity of planting about the roads and the house, using only plants native to the place, such as Birches, Spruces, Ashes, Oaks, Pines, Golden-rod, Blueberry, Huckleberry, wild Roses, wild Asters, Brakes, and Ferns, and carefully avoiding the introduction of grass. The only plants he used which were not absolutely native were Virginia Creeper, Clematis, Honeysuckle, and a Japanese Willow.

The study of the Arboretum planting-plans, which began in January, 1885, continued at intervals during the spring of that year, and was very profitable to Charles. He also worked at this time on the Franklin Park plans, which were then developing in Mr. Olmsted's office. This great project was at that time referred to in Charles's notes as the West Roxbury Park. He labored on the design until the close of his service as an apprentice. The last entries in his diary during his apprenticeship relate to large-scale drawings of what was then called the Corso in the West Roxbury Park, now the Greeting in Franklin Park. On the 1st of April Charles makes the laconic remark in his diary: "No more draughting," and thereupon his service as an apprentice seems to have ceased, although he was frequently at the

office during the spring. He also worked at the Arboretum, staking out shrub beds from plans he had helped to prepare. It was not till the 31st of May that he wrote a letter of farewell to Mr. Olmsted thanking him for the instruction he had received and for the great privilege of working under his direction.

After the 1st of April that spring, he renewed his connection with the Bussey Institution by attending there a course of lectures on horticulture and arboriculture by Mr. Benjamin M. Watson. He also began to make a collection of dried plants, confining himself, however, to those trees, shrubs, and other plants which would be useful in his professional work. Mr. Watson's class was often carried through the Arboretum, so that Charles had further opportunities of becoming familiar with this comprehensive collection. During this period of collecting, Charles took many walks with congenial friends through the wild parts of what is now known as the Metropolitan District. He thus completed his knowledge of the flora of the district, not from the point of view of a botanist, but from that of the student of scenery. He covered in these walks the whole half-circle from Nahant, Lynn, and East Saugus, on the north, by the Middlesex Fells, Belmont, Lincoln, and Waltham, through Wellesley and the Newtons, by Dedham, Readville, Hyde Park, Milton, and Quincy, to the south shore. He also spent several days on the upper parts of the Charles River, renewing his acquaintance with the most beautiful parts of that stream. These excursions bore ample fruit in later years.

He travelled during the summer and autumn of 1885 into other States, visiting Newport and Bridgeport, the popular seashore resorts in the vicinity of New York city, Greenwood Cemetery and Prospect Park in Brooklyn, Sandy Hook, and Long Branch. On this journey he spent several profitable days in the Bridgeport Park, which he had visited two years before. His notes of botanical observations on this journey cover thirty-five pages, and relate to the flowers and shrubs in bloom at that season, to the materials of hedges and of vine coverings for walls, to decoration by tub-plants and greenhouse exotics, to the extraordinary defacing of the beaches accessible from New York by badly placed hotels, shops, and pile-work, to the selection of plants in the great parks of Brooklyn, New York, and Philadelphia, to the autumnal condition of the parks as regards flowers and the foliage of the less familiar trees and shrubs. At Sandy Hook he was at pains to make a list of the luxuriant vegetation which covered

the sand. He admired greatly the fine old Cedars of all shapes and habits, — many intensely blue in color, by reason of great quantities of berries, — the thrifty Sumacs, the vast quantity of poison Ivy and Golden-rod, and the interesting sand grasses or sedges. During his stay at the Beardsley Park at Bridgeport, he made twenty-three pages of notes, relating to plant hardiness, to changes of color in the course of the season, to spread, to color of bark, twigs, or foliage, to power of resistance to cold, ice, and drought, and to strength or rankness of growth, and consequent tendency to kill out weaker plants.

In a letter to his mother he tells how he passed a Sunday at Bridgeport: —

Yesterday was a delightful day — the sky partly cloudy, so that it was not too hot for walking. I tramped out over some pretty roads and lanes, not caring whither, and by and by came in sight of some church spires rising from a fine mass of woods. Slowly I travelled towards them, and discovered a very pretty village hidden under the trees, and hard by the churches a little inn — the Fairfield Hotel — where I got a good dinner. In the afternoon I returned by a still crookeder course than that of the morning, climbed some gentle hills, got many delightful views of the shadow-flecked country, investigated many woodsides and shrubberies, and enjoyed myself highly.

Whenever in his travels he found himself in the vicinity of a large nursery, he invariably explored its resources, and made himself acquainted with its prices and its methods of work.

From Bridgeport, in the midst of these labors, he wrote to his intimate friend Roland Thaxter: —

Why did n't you come along with me? . . . I approve less than ever of travelling alone. I have not had a soul to speak to for fourteen long days and nights, and I think another fourteen would probably drive me mad. How in Heaven's name am I ever to spend nine months in Europe? I can't.

He allowed himself but a short vacation this year, and that was spent at beloved Mt. Desert.

On the 14th of September he started for Washington, Virginia, and the southern peaks of the Appalachian range, visiting with several older friends, Natural Bridge, Roan Mountain,

Burnsville, Marion, Asheville, Charleston, Great Smoky Mountain, Nantahala, Hiawassee, and Highlands, whence he returned to Asheville. On this journey he saw forests of a different character from those of New England, and a population whose history, traditions, and habits were very unlike those of the New England people. From Roan Mountain he wrote thus to his mother: —

Thus far our trip has been very enjoyable. The valley of the Shenandoah is very beautiful in a soft and fertile way, the Natural Bridge is far finer than the Geography picture would lead one to expect, and this mountain, and the approach to it, are grand and lovely at once.

In the limestone gorges near the Bridge grow Cercis and Ptelea and other trees not seen North, beside large and fine specimens of Sassafras, Magnolia, Linden, Beech, and Hemlock, and many fine shrubs. In the mountain passes climbed by the narrow-gauge railroad on its way to the Cranberry Forge and the foot of this mountain, grow acres of Rhododendron and Kalmia, with Holly and Oxydendron and Aralia, and Andromeda in variety. The most beautifully wooded hillsides I ever saw. Then the flanks of the mountain (which it took us seven hours to climb) are clothed with a great forest of large timber trees, among which are nineteen species attaining such size that clean logs fifty feet long can be got from them. None of this is yet cut save the Cherry. Near the top conifers take possession, and — wonderful to relate — the summit, which is some three miles long, is almost wholly in grass, great thickets of Rhododendron and some patches of Fir with occasional Mountain Ash being the only trees of the place. Fine ledges crop out at a few points, and give glorious views over a vast stretch of wooded mountains, only one or two of which are higher than this.

Later he wrote to her about the journey as follows: —

We saw a great deal in our three weeks of travel — much beautiful scenery — some magnificent forests of large trees — innumerable beautiful shrubs and flowers — and a few very interesting human beings — all men! Much of the country we rode through is but just being settled — we found one new

colony made up largely of New Englanders, and in another place a little band of Germans. The few mountain valleys that were occupied before the war have not yet recovered from the killing off of their men. In these parts the war-times still monopolize conversation. The mountains abounded in Unionists, and their trials and adventures make fine stories. Men are now living in the same valley who burned each others' houses in the war-time — and in Swain County almost everybody seems to have shot a man. Everywhere the people are shiftless and ignorant, and have plenty of time to waste in hunting, and in attending Court at the county-seat. Whole families travel to town, and women carry babies into the court-room to watch the progress of the shooting cases. In all the western counties of North Carolina only one man has been hanged since the war.

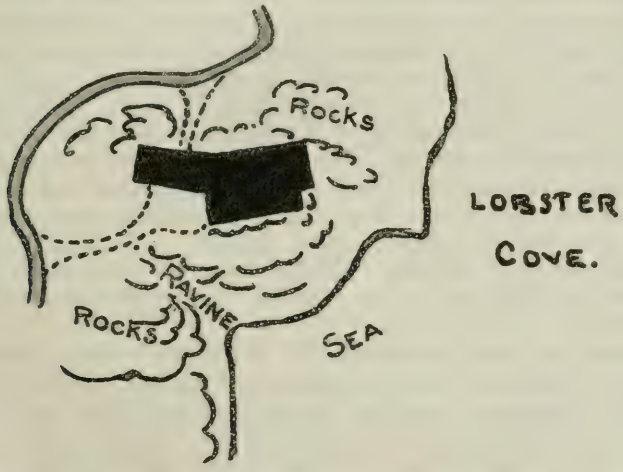
On his return he spent a week at Natural Bridge, having been recommended by Mr. Olmsted to Colonel Parsons, the proprietor of over 2000 acres of diversified lands, to help him about thinning the woods and making cuttings for roads and vistas. Although Colonel Parsons gave him his board and lodging in consideration of his services, and these were his first professional earnings, he by no means regarded himself as practising his profession, but rather as trying his 'prentice hand. To his mother he described this experience as follows:

My week at Natural Bridge was very pleasant. I was out every morning and afternoon, nearly half the time with Colonel Parsons. As I never had more than two axemen, results are not very tremendous. We attempted only easy work giving immediate effects — breaking up straight edges of woods — opening vistas — clearing to bring out fine trees — and opening lines through the woods for two new roads.

Returning homeward through Philadelphia, he made there a stay of several days to refresh his knowledge of the admirable parks of that city. In a note to his mother he speaks with delight of the Cumberland valley, — "the most ideal farming country I ever saw." By the middle of October he was again in Cambridge. He now began to prepare for a year of travel in Europe, in execution of the purpose he had formed when he first entered Mr. Olmsted's office, — largely on his advice that for the education of a landscape architect much

observation of many kinds of scenery was indispensable. On November 5th he took steamer for Liverpool, and on the 14th arrived in England for the third time in his life. His own country was in great part rough and wild, and its large agglomerations of population were but recent; he was going to see what landscape and scenery had become in regions which had been occupied by man for many centuries, and what rural delights remained possible for the population of great cities a thousand years old.

The placing of a new house on top of a high rock close to the sea, too near the public road, and surrounded by rough ledges between which grow Bay, Sumac, Juniper, Huckleberry, and the like. The shore is bold and surf-beaten.



Mr. Olmsted's design for the avenues (1883). The approach-road passes between two big ledges, and goes under one wing of the house. No proper grade could in any way be obtained short of the distance to the other side of the house. The turning space on the seaward side of the house, and the road which leads out across the head of the little ravine are held by low retaining-walls. (C. E.'s note-book.)

CHAPTER IV

LANDSCAPE STUDY IN EUROPE. LONDON AND PARIS

> Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory, — nothing can come from nothing; he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations. — Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Charles went to Europe to study, just as much as if it had been possible for him to settle down at a university like a student of languages, history, or philosophy; but his objects and methods were necessarily very different from those of the ordinary student. His first object was to examine public parks and gardens, private country-seats and suburban house-lots, nurseries, and public collections of trees and plants. Next, he needed to study in the great art-museums paintings of landscape, that he might learn what sort of scenes the masters of landscape painting had thought it worth while to depict. Then, he wanted time to acquaint himself with the bibliography of his subject, and to read the works of some of the chief authors, where he could grasp the European conditions, both climatic and social, under which they were written. Finally, whenever the weather and the situation permitted, he observed scenery and studied its parts and its composition.

From the start, November 5, 1885, to October 7, 1886, he kept a journal, and he maintained through all the year of his absence a tolerably regular correspondence with his father and mother, five female cousins, two male cousins, and two college friends. He also made lists of plants and books, and numerous sketches and diagrams as notes of scenes and designs. This large amount of writing was chiefly done in the evenings or in bad weather. It proved to be a very valuable part of his year's work; for it gave him practice in a graphic, condensed, and interesting style of writing which was subsequently of great advantage to him.

The journal begins with the voyage to Liverpool. "There never was a smoother or more prosperous voyage." His letters describe some of his fellow-passengers, most of whom

he found uninteresting. "Sunday I was assailed by my room-mate on the subject of becoming a 'Christian;' and also by a Methodist gentleman of emotional character who wept over me." But there was one party from Philadelphia which engaged his attention, — "a Mrs. Beadle, who was a Miss Yale, Mr. Beadle her son, and three young ladies, a Yale and two Pitkins, — all, I believe, of Philadelphia. The eldest Miss Pitkin is very good to look at, and I must confess that after I was at length (on the fourth day) introduced to her, the voyaging became much more agreeable."

At Liverpool he began at once the study of the parks, and presented a letter of introduction from Mr. Olmsted to Mr. Kemp, —

a jovial old Englishman, very cordial and agreeable, — a man who has worked hard in his profession in his day, and who seemed interested in my account of the works going on in our country. He told me that his profession was languishing in England; that proprietors were all too ready to accept the services of nurserymen instead of landscape gardeners proper, and that the results of this practice were necessarily inartistic and bad. The nurseryman offers his services as designer for little or no pay, getting his reward from the plants he supplies. . . . It is impossible for him to have an eye solely directed to his client's interest and the interest of good design.

Birkenhead Park he found excellent as regards both grading and planting; but Sefton Park seemed to him bad, and he records his opinion with great candor. After his inspection of Prince's and Sefton Parks, —

feeling like walking, I kept on towards the country, and discovered Mossley Hill, a little suburban district of beautifully planted grounds and gardens, which I enjoyed very much. Most of the places are on the American scale. The houses are brick or stone, and the grounds, whether large or small, shut off from the path by high walls grown with Ivy. Evergreens, such as Hollies, Laurels, Arbutus, and Laurustinus, make the plantations very beautiful, even at this season. Primulas, Violets, Wallflowers, and so forth, are abundantly used in the foregrounds, and under the shrubs. Then I also had a glimpse of real country, with

hedgerows and farmsteads; and a look at a small village of tenantry, with its church, school, and inn — newish, and looking as if built to order, but very neat, and orderly, and petite.

Another gala day he spent at Chester, a place he had visited when a boy. "Almost the last thing in our walk about the walls, we came upon the so-called Phœnix Tower, which I have remembered well all these years — the Tower from which King Charles saw his army defeated at Rowton Moor." That night he passed at the house of a hospitable Englishman who had visited Harvard University; and the next morning he had the advantage of examining his host's grounds, which had been designed by Mr. Kemp, and were adorned with many plants new to him.

On Saturday, November 20th, he went up to London and took rooms with his steamer acquaintance, Mr. Beadle, in Southampton Row, Russell Square. Then followed a week of sight-seeing in London, some parks being always taken in the daily route. When the weather was too bad for walking, the British Museum, close by his lodgings, was his resort. The whole daylight of one day he gave to the Kensington Museum, where the great collections of architectural casts, sculpture, and stucco work especially interested him.

Thursday, November 26th, was Thanksgiving Day at home; but in London it was "very dark, too dark for collections or interiors. . . . The atmosphere and weather generally are utterly abominable and oppressing. At the Zoo all the morning, and for luncheon. A walk through the Regent's Park and Regent Street in the rain." Of Westminster Abbey he remarks: "Beautiful interior greatly marred by hideous modern monuments." At St. Paul's, too, he says: "More monstrous monuments to unheard-of military and naval gentry."

On the 28th of November he records an "intensely interesting morning at the National Gallery, and the pictures not half seen; after lunch, across Hyde Park, — glorious skyscape." On Thanksgiving Day he wrote to his mother as follows: —

One year ago Sam and I dined at Aunt Annie Bob's. Since then I believe I have had the best year of my life to date, — the first half of the year with Mr. Olmsted, and this made pleasanter than the preceding eighteen months by the presence of Codman in the office; the latter half spent

in roaming about, observing and enjoying in so many different and interesting places, — the Arboretum, the Botanical Garden, and New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Bridgeport, and Mt. Desert. A very rich year, and one that has been hugely enjoyed by reason of my seeing so much that was beautiful. My introduction to the Old World has been gloomy enough, — dark, sunless weather ever since landing. Here in London, the yellow darkness is peculiarly disheartening and oppressive. A young man in our square killed himself the other day; and he had eighty pounds and a check-book with him at the time. And London is so horribly ugly and so abominably grimy, and poverty and vice are so conspicuous in the streets, and the darkness of midday is such that the things of beauty in the museums, to which one goes for relief, are only dimly seen. On the other hand, my voyage over here to this dark Old World was a time to be always remembered with exceeding pleasure.

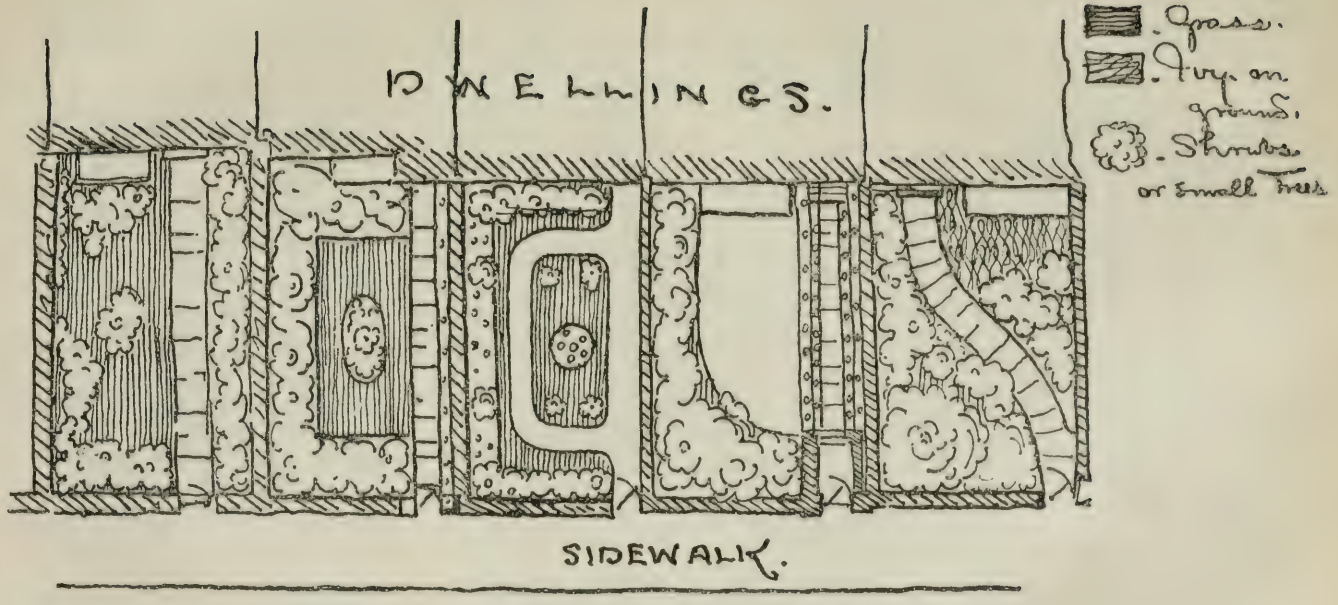
On the 1st of December he remarks in his journal: "Yesterday the Tower, — the last sight-seeing for the present. To-day Kew." The Kew gardens offer to the student, not only an immense collection of trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants in open ground, with extensive plant-houses of every sort, but also very lovely landscape effects. It was always the landscape which most delighted Charles. Although he found many trees and shrubs of extraordinary beauty in the grounds, he was chiefly struck with the pleasing effects of distance in the soft English atmosphere, and with the long shadows cast in a tolerably clear day by the very low December sun. On his way back to London, by Brentford and Hammersmith, he noticed especially "one extremely picturesque farmstead with old and crooked tile-roofed barns." Those were the pictures which remained in his memory.

The London parks afforded him, even in December, very interesting resorts. He contrasts the simple, broad, and dignified character of Hyde Park and Regent's Park with the recent Battersea Park, made in the American way out of the whole cloth at great cost, — with its large, well-outlined lakes, and big cement rock-work, "with springs issuing from near the summit, — the highest ground anywhere about, — and this on the extreme end of a longish promontory in the lake." Such unnatural features in park or landscape — like

an artificial pond placed on a hill-top and filled by pumping — Charles always found extremely distasteful. In his view they were wholly unlike ponds or reservoirs in natural valleys: they were mere engineering necessities, which by good judgment might be adorned and slightly disguised. His journal criticises the "clumpish" spaded shrubberies in Battersea Park, their borders trimmed with some low growing herbaceous edging-plant, and the beds for exotics scattered about everywhere, with other beds of Roses, Pinks, and Wallflowers. He found the best part of Battersea Park to be that which was most like the old parks, — "long stretches of greensward with trees in ranks, or scattered on the borders." Conspicuous artificiality, and the introduction of flower-garden treatment, he found intolerable in any large park. For him the flower garden was a thing distinct. An artificial treatment, appropriate to a small city enclosure into which many elaborate features might be compressed to interest and amuse children or childish men and women, he thought never desirable in spacious country parks. Any unnatural treatment of the banks of a brook, or of the shores of a pond or lake, always distressed him. Thus he writes of the water in Regent's Park as "the miserable ditch, called the lake, with its shore a wide muddy path, and an iron fence at the brick edge of the water." The Park Road at Regent's Park afforded him a profitable study of house-yards in great variety: some decorated with piles of slag, white quartz, or blue glass (probably called "rockeries"); and some with statuettes or rustic seats made of iron; the best "those in which the path to the door is carried conveniently direct, and simple green grass or Ivy covers most of the remaining ground. Ivy as a green cover is particularly useful in the shade of trees or shrubs." Here he notes the good effect of plantations of low-growing shrubs set under the windows of the house itself. We shall see hereafter how he applied these observations at home in the suburbs of Boston.

On the 8th of December he writes thus in his journal of a day spent at Hampstead: —

A gloriously bright, cold day, — bright for London. Off for Hampstead by ten o'clock, by means of a 'bus from Tottenham Court Road. After some twenty minutes' ride over stone pavements a third horse was hitched on, and the ascent of the northern heights began. Open fields appeared between the buildings along the highway; but the



SMALL FRONT YARDS FOR HOUSES IN BLOCKS

road itself is now built up all the way to the Heath, — a picturesque road it is, as it winds and struggles up the steep hill. Numerous narrow footpaths and lanes appear, sometimes lined with pollarded trees. Up on the height is an indescribable mixture of tree-planted, private places enclosed by high walls, clusters of tile-roofed cottages, little inns now and then with their hanging signs, a big church, a little old church, and a chapel; and worked in and among and around these the bays, straits, and reaches of the wild, untamed Heath, with its Furze, Gorse, and Bracken, and its innumerable trodden cross-paths leading in every direction. And then the glorious outlook, — southward over all London; westward to Harrow-on-the-Hill; northward over a smiling farming land as green as green can be; and eastward to the companion height of Highgate with its conspicuous church, and its tree-embowered gentlemen's places. After a delightful tramp all through and about Hampstead, I pushed on for the town-end of Highgate by way of the open fields and hills, by the Ponds, and through a big farmyard with its elaborate ricks, to the beginning of the villa region; then to the top of the hill by a footpath leading between private places. At the top is a confused meeting of many ways, lanes, highroads, and paths, and one wide and straightish 'Broadway' lined with small irregular buildings, such as cottages, shops, inns, and stable-yards. At one end an (open) toll-gate and an old inn building block the way, — the Old-Gate Inn, 1671.

Letters of introduction brought from home procured for Charles a brief acquaintance with a considerable number of persons interested in forestry and horticulture. At a single dinner of a horticultural club he met a learned horticulturist, editor of a paper devoted to that subject, a white-haired grower of flowers, a fern specialist, a fruit-tree grower, a landscape gardener to some of the nobility, and several notable amateurs in gardening. There was real profit for the young student in intercourse with such men, who showed him much kindness, and manifested an interest in what he had to tell them of the difficulties of the New England garden and landscape work. One evening he listened to the recommendations of a master in the art about shrubs for London

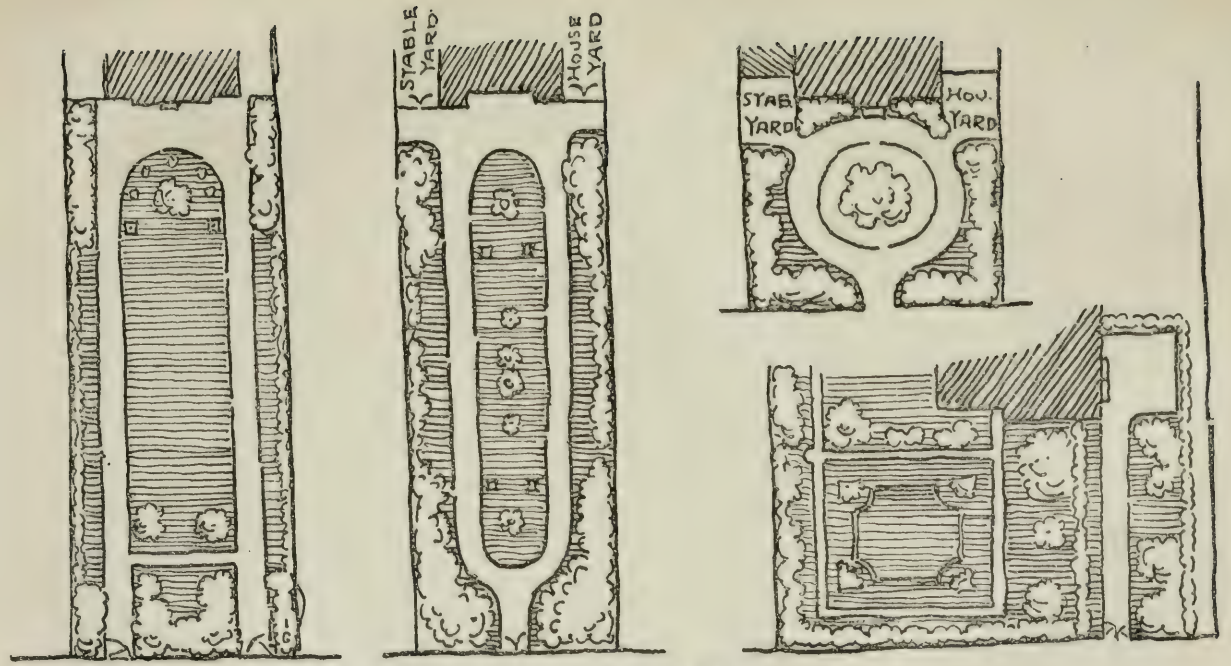
town gardens; and when called upon to contribute something himself to the discussion of the subject, he was able to tell them that of all the twenty evergreens recommended by the author of the paper, only one, the Box, would endure the New England climate.

In the pleasant English fashion, the first professional acquaintances Charles made in London passed him on to others, who could give him valuable information or introductions not only in England but also on the Riviera.

On those December days when the weather did not lend itself to excursions in the open air, Charles had other resources in the Reading-Room of the British Museum and in the South Kensington Library, where he had access to many books relative to his profession, and to valuable collections of photographs and plates illustrating English and Continental gardens and parks. In the long evenings there was time for much note-making, journal and letter writing, and for occasional dining or theatre-going with the members of the pleasant Philadelphia family whose acquaintance he had made on the steamer, or with English friends. Some of the indoor days were highly profitable, — thus, one was spent at Mr. Milner's office, looking over plans, and hearing from the master about his manner of making his charges, and of carrying out his designs; but the out-of-door days were for Charles much the more enjoyable. On the 17th of December he spent the best part of the short day on horseback, going with the superintendent of Epping Forest through that beautiful reservation of about 6000 acres, which is only sixteen miles from London. Here he saw the work of thinning coppice, the product being made up in three grades from poles to fagots. The Forest has immense masses of coppice and thicket where the trees and shrubs kill each other, — the result being dangerous quantities of materials for fires. Yet the superintendent's intelligent efforts to clear and thin the woods encounter incessant popular opposition, and it is a useful part of his function to make "explanatory excursions" with committees. There is no large variety of vegetation in the Forest; and no large variety is necessary to produce the finest landscape effects. Gorse, Heather, Broom, Thorns, Hornbeam, Crabs, Birch, Beech, and Oak are quite sufficient.

On the 22d of December he had an interesting day in the country, of which his journal gives the following account: —

Gloomy, as usual; but being thoroughly sick of the town I



TYPES — ALONG HIGHWAY — BRIXTON HILL.

took train to Bedford Park where I tramped till lunch time. It is a whole town, built of pretty houses of red brick and tile, with picturesque chimneystacks, dormers, and roofs, stoops, porches, and leaded windows, a church, a block of "supply" stores, and a "Tabard Inn." The houses are rather crowded; but in a few streets there are little gardens, — some extremely well contrived and pretty. The roads are narrow, with curbstones, paved gutters, and street trees throughout. There are no service alleys; so that in some parts of the town the houses look across the street at the backs of other houses; but then, the backs are good-looking. There is a pleasing variety of street palings, walls, and fences, and a few houses are well grouped with large elms.

After luncheon in a neat little den, I walked down to the Thames and Chiswick by way of a snarl of narrow lanes, and thence turned cityward by footways and lanes, sometimes on a river wall, sometimes behind factory or wharf properties, — everywhere crookedness and surprises. There were a few regions of pretty, riverside dwellings, one or two boat-landings, groups of large Elms on the river wall, and occasional red-sailed barges drifting by. It was a population of poor folk, living in jumbled cottages, in many parts approached only by footways or by the river.

That day closed with a sharp contrast, — "Faust" at the Lyceum Theatre in company with two young ladies of the Philadelphia family and their male cousin. Of this performance Charles wrote in a letter home: "It was a wonderfully perfect work of art and acting in every particular, — superlatively beautiful and appropriate scenery and costuming, and wholly faultless acting. Not a failing or imperfection or regrettable thing about it anywhere, save that physically Miss Terry is not one's idea of Margaret. It does one good to see work of human skill and thought and taste accomplished in such perfection."

On December 23d, which brought a brightish morning soon changing to cloud, Charles got out to Pinner by a forty-minute journey from Gower Street, his object being to see a true country village, — an object which was completely attained. He found a rambling, uphill street of cottages, farm barns, shops, taverns, yards, and gardens, with a square-towered church built of flints at the top, and old

graves about the church. In the neighborhood there were a few very pleasant small country-seats, one or two "half-timbered parks," and many time-worn houses.

Thence I followed a crooked lane past two outlying farms, — with great ricks and tottering tile-roofed barns, — towards the dimly visible church on Harrow-on-the-Hill. Finally, the lane having become untravelled and grassy from hedge to hedge, I took a path across fields and stiles which brought me to the foot of the hill most pleasantly. On the hill — on the London road — I passed many small "parks" pastured by sheep. When I became hungry, the "Mitre" supplied me with a half-bitter and some crackers. At the "Swan" I turned back by another road, and climbed to Harrow itself, — a hill-top village commanding great views, — and there procured beef and potatoes in a little shop frequented by the schoolboys (it is vacation now). In a graveyard on the brink of the hill, with old trees about it, stood the church, built of flints again, and showing some Norman work. Inside the village, maids were busy putting up Christmas green. On the hillside were two or three delightsome views out over the surrounding counties, through openings between tree masses or between great trunks. The school buildings were scattered, and all but the old one which stands on the hill terrace were uninteresting.

The London weather towards the end of December gave Charles some gloomy days. On the 28th of December he writes: "Raining now and then, — miserable weather; Christmas Day, Boxing Day, and Sunday are three monstrously doleful days for any one who is a stranger in London: the streets are muddy, dark, wet, and slippery, and nearly half of such people as are in the streets are drunk or partly so, the public houses being open, and crowded with men, women, and children on all these days, — drunken men and women being in the omnibuses, in the underground railway, and on the church steps." His best refuge in this weather was in the Reading-Room of the British Museum, where he could always find what was to him very interesting professional reading. On the 29th of December he wrote his father and mother as follows: "I always learn something on my suburban and country excursions; and from Kemp's books in the Library I have got some good points. I enjoy

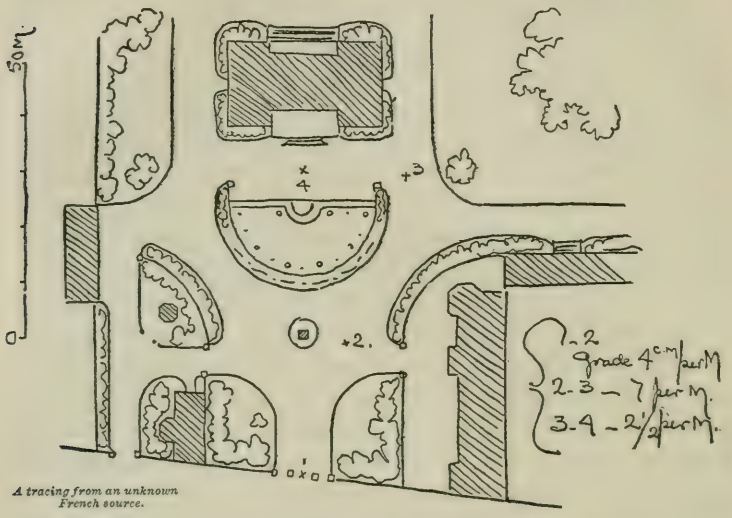
my country walks exceedingly, as I do the National Gallery, and Henry VII.'s Chapel, and the Elgin Marbles, and the Cast Room at South Kensington; but it is all solitary, self-centred, unexpressed enjoyment; and will it help me at all to create what shall be beautiful when I may get a chance to try my hand?"

On the 30th of December he wrote thus to his brother from the Reading-Room of the British Museum: —

My digestion, about which you inquire, is in good shape most of the time; and I want to assure you that I am not at all gone in the other region you mention. My heart is sound as ever, though on the Germanic I was really frightened lest I was about to lose it. I have explored this hateful London pretty thoroughly, finding a monstrous deal of interest mixed up with all the ugliness and foulness. The streets are always interesting; there are so many more marked types of men and women, houses, vehicles, and buildings, than in our towns. But the suburbs and the country I like so much better, — the great Elms, the Lebanon Cedars, the half-timbered houses, the parish churches, the quaint village streets, the lanes and hedges, the footpaths, the occasional parks, the soft greensward, the soft atmosphere, and the long shadows. In spring and summer this land must be a very garden of delights. . . . The political situation here has interested me much. Parnell's almost complete victory throughout Ireland has made home-rule the question of the hour; and only just behind this (to the English mind) momentous question stand the problems of church disestablishment, free schools, and land reform. Curiously enough, all these were questions settled for us in America some time ago. . . . Such talk as one hears about the Church goes beyond belief, — such cant, bigotry, and intolerance, such crying that disestablishment means the knell of religion in England and the beginning of the end for the Empire. And then I never realized at all, till now, what a monstrous burden is this almost feudal land-system, and the whole aristocratic concern.

In the worst days of cold, rain, and fog, Charles could always go to the British Museum and study Repton, Kemp, and other masters of his art. There, also, he made numerous

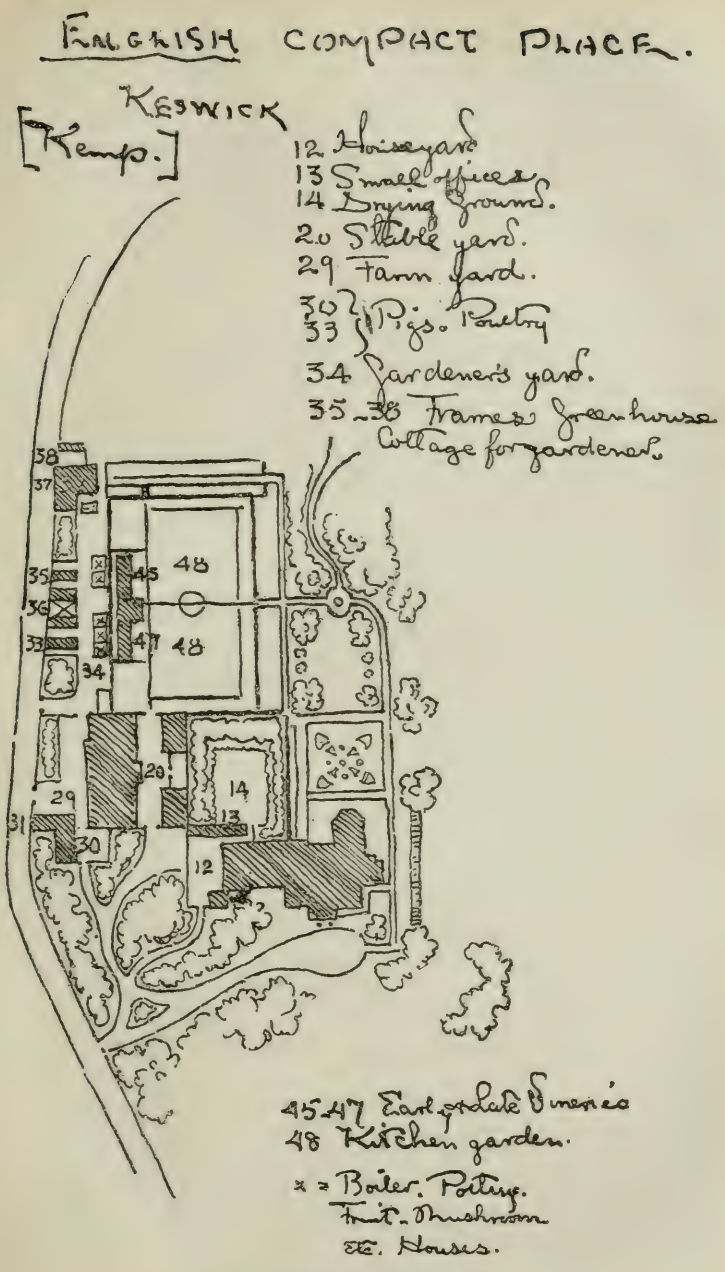
tracings of plans and sketches, and notes on practice. There, too, he found much good reading on landscape gardening of the last century, such as Horace Walpole's "Essay on Gardening," and Thomas Whately's "Observations on Modern Gardening," and the works of Shenstone, another of the discoverers of the beauty of natural scenery. He was often



Spacious driveways to a large house and four screened out-buildings. Highway oblique to the buildings.

amused by his companions at the Reading-Room. Here is one of his descriptions of them: "There are all manner of cranks in the Reading-Room, male and female; men with whole walls of books piled about them; men copying and making drawings, and painting in water colors; many very old gentlemen, their noses rubbing the pages of great books; many youthful women in strange dress, most of them reading Ruskin; a few old women hard at work copying or at water colors, and looking as if they had been in the room all their lives. The attendants are very civil; but the time required to get out a book is incredibly long."

In spite of the advantageous use he was making of his time in London, and of his thorough enjoyment of his excursions to the country, he was quite capable of falling into a mood of depression, such as moved him to write as follows to his father:—



A TRACING FROM KEMP

Sunday, 3 Jan'y, 1886. I am oppressed with a sense of accomplishing little or nothing. Somehow I am getting to think that nothing I can or may do will make much difference in my professional life; just as Aunt A—— says that she can hardly influence her children's characters at all; and just as college makes so much less difference in men's lives than it is commonly supposed to. After all, it is what a man is by nature that counts.

On the 7th of January he records his Reading-Room experience thus: "I finished Girardin, — good; W. Mason's poem, 'The English Garden;' and another Mason's essay on 'Gardening,' both very interesting, — the first dated 1772; the second, 1768, the time of the breaking away from the old formal style. I also discovered a five-volume book in French by one Hirschfeld, published in 1785, and full of the then new spirit." His letters of introduction having procured him admission to certain friendly gatherings of architects and artists, sometimes at clubs, sometimes in private houses, he not infrequently remarks that he had seen the whole thing before in Du Maurier's drawings. He was always much interested in any proof of the accuracy of an artist's representations, whether of landscape or of human society. On the 9th of January he spends the greater part of the day at a winter exhibition of old masters at the Royal Academy. "The day fled all too fast; a room full of old Italian, another room of Flemish, and a much mixed room of English and Dutch works, Wilkies, Constables, and Teniers, with a great show of ladies' portraits by Gainsborough and Sir Joshua; but far beyond all these in interest for me was a collection of forty-six water-color landscapes by Turner, — for the most part scenes in England and Scotland, and in the Alps, — every one of them poetic, lovely, enchanting, like the poetry of Shelley; all the landscape painting I have ever seen is as nothing in comparison with these. These pictures take right hold of my heart, and move me as real landscape sometimes does. I am transported." He refreshed himself also with music occasionally. Thus, on January 11th: "After dinner I went down to St. James's Hall for the Monday 'Pop,' one shilling, which admits one to an unreserved region behind the players, where on a steep grade are arranged a few rows of chairs, and behind them some backless benches. The concert was of chamber music. A new pianist, in whom the audience was much interested, played several bits of Schumann that

E—— plays; and Mr. Lloyd sang, among other things, Schubert's 'Serenade' most beautifully. At Mrs. S.'s invitation I took an omnibus with herself and Mr. B., and at their house partook of a supper, — curry and rice, bread and cheese, and beer. Bed at 12.30." He is often at the Reading-Room of the British Museum, reading Hirschfeld and Hermann Jaeger, and Sir W. Chambers's "Essay on Oriental Gardening," and R. P. Knight's poem "The Landscape," — both good works of the last century, — and Gilpin and Price, of which he says: "After all perhaps the best general works on modern landscape art." There was an inner sanctuary at the Reading-Room where he could look over volumes of plates, such as Adolphe Alphand's superb volumes, "Les Promenades de Paris."

On the 16th of January the sun was actually visible; and he immediately took train for Ashstead Park, a forty-minute ride, to see one of Mr. Milner's places.

The station is in the fields, some distance from a very small hamlet. Beyond this hamlet is a rising ground, covered with great woods, and in the edge thereof stands an old square-towered church. I walked up the hill accompanied by an old fellow in big boots, who told me all about the farms and the gentry of the neighborhood. With him I followed the public way through and across a park to the house of the head-gardener; but the head-gardener had gone away with the owner, so I walked all about the walled gardens and the neighborhood by myself, observing the houses for peaches, pineapples, and grapes, the convenient quarters for the workmen, the very old espalier fruit trees, the standard roses, and the old house of brick, its chimneys clasped by the twisted branches of an old espalier pear planted at one corner. At one o'clock the head-gardener arrived, and walked with me until 3 o'clock, showing me Milner's terrace, and other architectural work about the mansion, his "pleasure-ground," with undulations and evergreen plantings (which harmonized but ill with the surrounding park), his "new pond" and his many "game covers." The deer formerly browsed up to the very walls of the house. A new walled entrance court on one side, and double terraces on the other side, add greatly to the views both of and from the house.

There is a grand view from the terrace front down a long sweep of greensward, having groves of noble trees on both hands, to the wide hills of Ashstead Common on the further side of the intervening valley. I did not like the "pleasure-ground," — some wandering paths in undulating ground, the little swells invariably crowned with close-planted masses of shrubs, mostly evergreens. All this in the edge of the finest possible wood of great Oaks and ancient Elms, where no shrubs ever grew and no undulations ever were. The pond is still worse, though it will appear much better when the plantations are grown. Its position, near the foot of the said long hill, involved a dam on the lower side of its whole length, — a thing very difficult to conceal. The outlines are stiffly curvilinear, and are all neatly sodded and trimmed, and the plantations are too dressy, and such as will never harmonize with the surrounding great woods. These open woods are the glory of the Park, — no undergrowth, numerous trunks, deer browsing among them. The old church is very picturesque, a great yew being crowded into the corner beside the squat tower.

At three o'clock, Mrs. S. having provided me with two buns and three apples, I set out again and walked to Leatherhead, where about four o'clock I got a train for Dorking, and there put up at the White Horse at dark. Dorking is a crooked little place, with narrow streets, save in the centre where a greater breadth gives room for markets. The London road, for instance, is twenty-one feet wide, with one sidewalk twenty-one inches wide; and other streets are even narrower, and with no flags. There are many crooked old buildings, narrow lanes, and small cottages crowded among patches of garden. Over all, rules a tall-spired parish church. I explored the town by moonlight; for the evening, like the day, was gloriously fine. The inn was very comfortable, save for its low ceilings and doorways. In the centre of the building was an inner sanctuary, having sliding small-paned sashes on three sides and the chimney on the fourth side, whence drinkables were supplied to gentlemen in the smoking-room on one side, and to mere men in the hall on the other.

Sunday, 17th of January. As I am the only guest of the house, my meals are served in great state in a good-sized room, with a fire and many newspapers. Chops for breakfast; and for dinner, roast beef, of course, carved by myself, with apple tart, and celery and cheese later. This morning I had a grand tramp, the weather being still clear, eastward through an old park — Betchworth — to a hamlet called Brockham Green, where a number of cottages, an inn, and a church are prettily clustered together. Thence, across the Mole, and by several seats and farms, to the great hill of the North Downs, — Box Hill, — which stands over against Dorking, and commands a most interesting view of one of the many gardens of England, — the county of Surrey. The extent of the woodlands about Dorking, and the great number of country-seats, not counting mere villas, were most surprising to me. The hill itself is really grand; its slopes very steep though rockless, and the groves of Box-trees on the summit very remarkable. Then, the road descending into the valley of the Mole (by which the railway from London reaches Dorking) overlooks a lovely country, well watered and richly cultivated, the great ranges of the surrounding Downs carrying much wood and many mansions on their slopes and summits. I crossed the Mole again at Burford Bridge, where the Guide tells me Keats wrote "Endymion." Between half-past three and dark I wandered close to town among the lovely lanes and woods, and in the mansion grounds of Deepdene, the estate of the Hope family; also through and over several bits of rough common, — where the lord of the manor has set up signs forbidding the cutting of peat or fagots, — and through the highland wood called the "Glory." In the smoking-room I wrote letters, and listened to the village worthies growling about the length of the sermon and the late bad weather for hunting.

18th of January. Weather not so fine, but still too good to think of going back to grimy London. To-day I took the Guildford road, having the hills of the Downs white with frost on my right, and many ridges stretching towards Leith Hill (the top of all this country) on my left. Again there were many seats and many bits of common; and one mile

out a hamlet called Westcott, with a church in the midst of a Furze-common on a steep hillside. Presently the road crosses a brook; and looking upstream I see an ancient manor-house in a lovely green valley, the hills around it clothed with great woods. By the side of the brook is an "avenue" arched with enormous Beeches. Down this road comes a little cart drawn by two donkeys tandem; and from the driver thereof I learn that a public footpath passes the house, and that the place is the "Rookery." In the Guide I read that the Rookery was the home of Malthus, translator of Girardin's "Essay on Landscape," and author of the "Essay on Population." Therefore I enter said arch of Beeches, and passing some small mill-buildings, smothered in vegetation, and the house with its terrace-garden, I reach the head of the valley, whence the backward view of the house set on this hillside and backed by woods, with a gentle slope from terrace to millpond, and then hanging woods again on the other side, is very lovely. No dressy planting is here, — nothing out of place or unharmonious, — all is simple, and yet rich enough. The foot of the pond is shrouded in thick evergreens. The two or three islands near the head, and the slopes about a rock-set fall of water from a second pond above, are clothed with overhanging shrubbery. The pond shore is not geometrically curved, and the steep hill on the opposite bank is wooded in part, the trees standing on its steepest parts only. All in all, this is a spot which art of man has made more beautiful, and much more characteristically expressive, than ever it could have been in its natural condition. Is not this the true object of real landscape gardening?

A public path beyond the house looked tempting, and I kept on, — first, over a really wild-wooded hill, and into another meadow valley, this one with a farmstead in the midst. Keeping the path which followed the stream, the valley began to lose its soft character, and finally came to be narrow and deep, shut in by steep Fir-clad hills, with now and then open Gorse-covered patches. Suddenly there appeared a cluster of four or five very poorly kept cottages with thatched or tiled roofs, and small enclosures for vegeta-

bles, — their water drawn only from the streamlet. Thence I advanced over a high wind-swept common towards an apparently endless Pine forest. No houses were in sight; but the sound of a church bell came, striking the quarter hours, from the great valley between me and the Downs. The Pine wood had its many paths, and a lovely undergrowth with many little Beeches; and by and by I struck a distinct lane which soon began to dive downhill, sinking itself into the earth in the process (as roads do in North Carolina); and soon it brought me to cottages, and to the wall of a park. Then the "great house" appeared, — a very great house, rambling in the extreme, built of red brick, and in some parts evidently Elizabethan, at least. From a little hill before the lodge gates I could overlook the whole place, lying as it does in a tight little valley surrounded by woods, most characteristically English, and ancient, and aristocratic. When I asked the only visible inhabitant — a very old man in the road — what house this was, he said, "Wotton House, sir, — Mr. Evelyn's." True enough, — the Guide confirmed him, and told me this was the house of John Evelyn, the writer of the "Sylva," in whose family the place has been since Queen Elizabeth's days. Then I went down and, asking permission at the lodge, I had fifteen minutes' strolling in the ancient gardens, to my delight. The blue smoke from the old chimneys rose straight into the air. In the outer court a young lady was playing with a big dog. There was not a sound but her voice, and the notes of some birds now and then. Really, I felt as if I were in a dream. However, I managed to arouse myself in time to walk back through Westcott to dinner at the White Horse at 1.30. This time it was calf's head and bacon; and I was hungry and tired, and sat long over it; and did nothing in the afternoon but buy three poor photographs, and get myself back to London.

On disagreeable days, towards the end of January, he was reading the work of Fürst Pückler-Muskau on "The Landscape Art." He found it tough reading, but good; and when he had finished it, he notes that "after all it is one of the best books on the subject." London society was consumed at this time by the home-rule question in Ireland;

and at almost every breakfast, or dinner, to which Charles was invited, this was the topic of a somewhat exciting conversation. Even his horticultural and landscape friends could hardly keep out of it. Charles was, of course, interested in these discussions, but would have much preferred to hear about English gardens, parks, and scenery. On the 20th of January, after a breakfast with Professor James Bryce, M. P., at which there was a great deal of talk about Ireland, Charles went into the Grosvenor Gallery where are Millais's works. His comment in his journal was that the collection was very interesting, as showing all the stages of Millais's development from his pre-Raphaelite times to the latest of his pretty children pictures. "Interesting, too, to see how throughout all he has held to the central truth of pre-Raphaelitism, — the all-surpassing importance of expression and character." Among the few landscapes, Charles especially noted the wonderfully expressive "Chill October."

All through December and January Charles went with much regularity to hear the preaching of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, finding his discourses unusually interesting and profitable. He is occasionally at pains to enter the substance of the sermon in his journal, and repeatedly expresses his pleasure in the evening services at Mr. Brooke's church. On the 30th of January he records that he had completed, at the Reading-Room of the British Museum, the course of professional reading which he had determined on for the bad weather of the winter; and he celebrated the completion of this undertaking by going to the pantomime at Drury Lane, where he saw "a great show, being a combination of farce, comedy, opera, spectacle, ballet, and old-fashioned columbine and harlequin business."

At the end of January and the first of February, he had a five days' visit to Oxford, where he was very kindly received by English friends of his father, friends who had known him as a boy in New England Cambridge. He was entertained for short periods in Oriel College, at All Souls, and at the house of the Master of Merton. He walked all about the town and through the grounds and buildings under the best and kindest possible guidance, and was presented to a large number of cultivated and interesting strangers. He listened to the talk of a considerable number of young men who had won high standing at the University, and fellowships as the appropriate prizes for such attainment. But the total result of his observation of these young men was a feeling of sadness, — almost of pity: "They strike me — with all their

learning, which in things classical and accepted is plainly great — as a monstrously anti-natural product of civilization, — a very much forced crop. They seem to me a set of fellows tightly bound in the bonds of conformity, conservatism, and precedent, and unable to see the narrowness of the education they have all received at the hands of their public school and their college. I like much better the average undergraduate who spends his days at tennis or on the river and just gets through his pass examinations." The general views of Oxford delighted him; and he says of it: "There is no town of man's building with more character of its own than this." The hospitality of Professor James Bryce, both in London and at Oriel College, was of great advantage to Charles, for he heard at the London house much interesting political talk; and at Oxford the son was entertained just as the father had been more than twenty years before. At this moment Mr. Bryce was about to receive an appointment in the new government, — the appointment of Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

On February 6th Charles awoke "with a strong desire to get out of London, and away from the ill-managed house in which I have been lodging. The horridness of it seems worse after life at Oxford." That evening he arrived at Canterbury on his way to Paris. Sunday, the 7th of February, he spent in Canterbury, and went to the Cathedral morning service. Here are his comments thereon: "Long, — fit rather for the Dark Ages than for the nineteenth century. Sermon very bad, — a perversion of the meaning of the phrase 'the liberty with which Christ hath made us free.' Shocking! A carefully arranged seating of the congregation, — the quality, their coachmen in livery, their house servants, the commoners and ordinary townspeople, the charity school children, the strangers, — the latter put behind the reading-desk and pulpit." After the service he walked westward, up a little hill beyond the embattled Westgate and the Stour, whence he gained a good general view of the town lying in a shallow depression, the cathedral rising high from the midst. "Cultivated slopes rise all about the town, crowned by several large windmills, — a dust of snow over all." The next morning he explored the Cathedral, recalling Professor Norton's lectures on the great structure; but what he most enjoyed was the "lovely intricate region adjoining the Cathedral, — garden mixed with old buildings and ruins." The fresh appearance of the Cathedral surprised him; it had

"nothing of the ancient look of dirty Westminster." That evening he reached Paris long after dark; and, having thoroughly studied the map of Paris beforehand, he walked from the station to the hotel he had decided to try, — No. 55 Rue de Provence. Supper over, he forthwith walked out on the boulevards. He had not seen Paris since he was nine years old. This was his earliest comment: "Interesting shop windows, lively people, — vast contrast to the gloom and glumness of London." The next day he made a sort of general tour of the city, which appeared to him wonderfully fresh, bright, and cheerful. Almost his first performance was to mount the tower of Nôtre Dame for the fine view of the city. Having an extraordinary facility in mastering the map of any city and all its means of transportation, — omnibuses, tramways, and steam railways, — he was completely independent of guides, and of the usual resorts of English-speaking people. His first luncheon in Paris was taken in a café in the Latin quarter, on which he chanced at the right hour. "I found I comprehended the geography very well, and knew many of the buildings at sight." He also understood the language well enough for the common purposes of a traveller. In the evening he ordinarily wrote either in his journal or letters to go homewards; but on this first day in Paris he took pains to buy a ticket for "Faust" at the Grand Opera the next night.

On the 11th of February he wrote as follows to his mother: —

What a sight are Paris shop windows, and how fine are the new boulevards with their handsome terminations in domes of Pantheons, and Columns of July, and pediments of Madeleines. Verily, it is good to see a well-designed city, and one so superlatively well kept. Our American cities have been made to order; but how ill in comparison with this made-over one. I knew that Paris was handsome and cheerful; but I never realized the degree of its beauty and brightness. Already I have been to the Louvre, — first to the shrine of the Venus of Milo (pity to call her a Venus, as if she were one of the softly pretty creatures); and then to stand before the glorified men and women of Titian. What superb creatures! gifted with the same calm divinity as the Victory; more than humanly lovely, healthy, and sane. We folk of to-day — and particularly these French — are the veriest

apes and idiots in comparison. How I wish I might have a drop or two of their rich, warm blood put into my feeble heart. What would n't I give for something of their complete naturalness, their unconsciousness, their magnificent physical perfectness? After a sight of these, the rest of the Louvre counts for little, — at least one cannot care for it the same day.

His journal thus describes his first morning at the Louvre: —

I discovered She of Melos from afar; and fell down in worship at her shrine like any Pagan. Then in the Salon Carré and the next room I discovered adorable creatures of Titian's, Giorgione's, and Veronese's painting; and after long gazing on these I found I could not care for the rest of the Louvre, and so left, surprised at finding it three o'clock. The landscape backgrounds of the Titians were not the least interesting parts to me, — some of them being very lovely, and all interesting as first examples of landscape painting in the modern sense. The three or four Raphaels were very sweet and beautiful; but not nearly so interesting to me as the Titians, beside lacking the richness of color of the Venetian's work. The several reputed da Vincis were very disappointing, — all the same type of gently smiling woman, figuring as "Virgin," "Mistress," or what not. It is impossible to record the innumerable impressions and delights of my four hours.

That evening he visited the Place de l'Etoile, where he used to play when a little boy, and climbed to the top of the arch for the fine view. Thence he went to the little Parc de Monceaux. He says of it: —

The little Parc was interesting, — nearly spoilt by being cut into four quarters by two cross-roads, but possessed of some well-modelled little lawns, shady walks, and some bits of made ruins, set about a pool and elsewhere, that smack of the earlier days of naturalistic gardening, and, being well planted and partly vine-clad, and hidden away in groves, are not unlovely. In summer the whole park is evidently given over to the exhibition of exotics, many strangely shaped and conspicuously placed beds being scattered about.

After dinner I went early to the Grand Opera, loafed in the magnificent foyer, watched the coming of the throngs, and saw several parties I took to be American. From my seat (in the very centre of the parterre, and just in front of the abominable claque) I studied the gorgeous decoration of the room, and the behavior of the demi-nude females in the first circle. "Faust" was very well sung and acted; — as a whole, it was not nearly so interesting or beautiful as the play at the Lyceum, but in parts, by reason of the power of music, exceedingly thrilling and moving. There was a really lovely ballet (in place of Irving's witch-scene of the Brocken), — the first charming one I ever beheld. After a bock bier and a petit pain, to bed considerably weary, it being one o'clock.

He was chiefly bent on seeing the parks and out-of-door recreation-grounds; but when the weather was unfit for such explorations, he resorted to the museums, where the landscapes and seascapes always interested him. On the 13th of February he went to the Parc des Buttes-Chaumont, where he found much good planting, and some very well-executed rock-work. "As a whole, the place is dangerously close to being fantastic and far-fetched: originally, a quarry; now, a recreation-ground for a poor quarter of Paris. A well-planted railway cutting, ingenious concrete brooklets (!), and very good rock-plantings, — too many carriage roads, perhaps." He noticed that the men who were at work pruning were evidently trained hands. On the 14th of February he had a day of great enjoyment which he thus described: —

Pont Royal to Suresnes, by river. The day bright and warmish, the water blue, the company gay. We changed boats at the city line. The heights of Meudon and Mont Valérien were on the left, and low suburban districts on the right bank. We had a glimpse of the architectural cascade of St. Cloud; and in the park of St. Cloud there was a conspicuous mass of pink twigs of Limes (?). At Suresnes I crossed the bridge and entered the Bois de Boulogne. The effect of the great open space of the race-course of Longchamp was grand. The windmill of Longchamp was very pretty, — Ivy-clad, standing on a mound of well-clothed artificial rocks, with moat-like water about it. Near by was much interesting planting. The "Grande Cascade" has a

good effect from the distance of the cascade knoll, with its lichen-covered ledges, its Pines and White Birches. The detail of rock-forming and rock-planting is admirable; but the anti-naturalness of the position of the cascade spoils half the charm. I walked to the Carrefour, between the two lakes. Great crowds were hurrying to the Auteuil steeple-chases. The view down the larger lake was very pretty, with swans flying in the distance. At Pré Catelan I had beer and bread and butter; and then strolled by crooked paths through the wood till I came out at the end of the lake. Here was a vast throng of carriages and foot-passengers, a very gay scene, — far beyond anything I ever saw. I walked thence all the way to the Tuileries, meeting the same throngs on the way. The crowd on the Champs-Elysées was very democratic, with many shows in progress, much eating and drinking, crowds at open-air tables as if it were summer, swarms of children and pretty bonnes, — all very amusing.

February 15th was spent at the Botanical Garden, "getting acquainted with unknown evergreens and other strangers lately met with in the parks (Chionanthus [Fringe-tree] and Rhod. Dahuricum, in bloom)." The next day he visited the Jardin d'Acclimatation, "where I loafed away the afternoon, — not very profitably professionally, unless a zoölogical garden should be required of one. There were many amusing creatures, — human, and other." February 17th he mentions that after dinner he had a talk with a Rev. somebody, a Cambridge man, — "my first conversation since Oxford, except a few words with an American on the Channel steamer. I find the mere riding on tram and omnibus-tops highly interesting, — the people very easy, good tempered, and democratic in their ways. It is strange to see so many women bareheaded, and so few men with overcoats or gloves. The cheerfulness of even the very poor is a great contrast to the desperate glumness of the hideous London poor. Apparently they know better how to live on very little." Another day he called upon the leading French landscape architect, having an excellent letter to him. This gentleman's practice was enormous, as was that of the English landscape architect whose acquaintance Charles had made earlier in London. Charles made the same comment on both offices, the English and the French, — "Work of men so much driven, as these men are, can hardly be artistic,

I fear. It is very doubtful if an architect, like U. R. for example, can do artistic work of any excellence under such circumstances; much less can a landscape gardener, whose works cannot be executed from drawings only."

On the 21st of February he wrote to his mother: —

The fine weather fled three days ago. Chill, and cloud, and some wet have succeeded. No more wandering in parks, or riding on tops of omnibuses; and the Louvre, too, is cold; and the Luxembourg remains closed. . . . Last night I was at the Eden Théâtre. Lots of ballet, and a very Parisian audience; innumerable dangerous-looking women; but all well-dressed and well-behaved. I concluded I regarded the ballet dancers (as I do the professional ball-players in America) with much more respect than their audience. At midnight, when the show was over, I adjourned to a café for a bock and a sandwich, and then to the Place de l'Opéra, where a great throng was enjoying the arrival of innumerable maskers, a bal masqué being about to begin at the Grand Opéra, — a strange Sunday morning spectacle! And it was so cold that the half-clothed dancers had to run from their cabs up the great steps, — a brilliant sight under the light of long rows of gas jets on the front of the building and of electrics in the square.

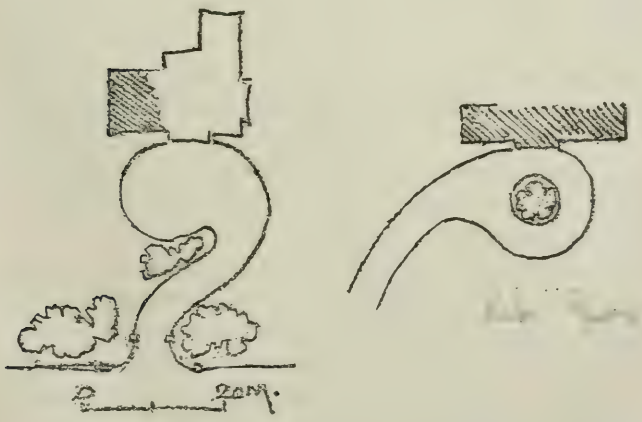
The weather during the last week of February was often bad; but he could always find plenty of occupation at the Louvre or the National Library, or in reading guide-books in anticipation of his proposed Mediterranean journey. On the 22d of February, although the weather was still cold and dreary, he walked to Montsouris, where he was much interested in the artificial hiding of the two railways that cut the land into four quarters. There, too, he found some excellent planting, and more artificial rocks, brooklets, and cascades. Of these he says in a letter to his father: "I am astonished at the French work in the smaller city squares and places. Their formal work — fountains, parterres, etc. — I like well; but artificial rocks, cascades, streams (all edged with concrete!), and cement stalactites in concrete caves, seem somewhat childish." From Montsouris he went again to the Luxembourg to study the cold and dreary gardens, and thence to the Trocadéro, where were more grounds and gardens to be studied. On the 23d he wrote in his journal:

"Another bad day; but I concluded not to go south just yet, considering yesterday was so profitable." On the 24th the clouds partly broke at last, and he was off at once to the western end of the Bois de Vincennes, where he had a pleasant walk about the lake. There he found many very good bits of planting, — Tamarix with Pine and much Mahonia, — delightful rock-plantings, and a lovely bit of shore near the bridge to the island. Thence he walked to the terrace at Gravelle, noting the wide prospect over the Seine and Marne valleys, peaceful as possible save for the incessant rattle of musketry on the practice-ground in the Bois. Then he went on past the race-course, and some great batteries, into the eastern part of the Bois, where were thick woods of trees generally small, meandering, ditch-like, made brooks, a largish lake with islands, — for the most part well handled, — and one especially pretty strait, with steep bank, thickets, overhanging trees, and rushes on the water side. At Porte Jaune Island there is a good bridge.

After such a long day out-of-doors he was generally glad to spend a day in a library. Accordingly, he sought the reading-room of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and, on demanding a book not to be had there, was admitted "exceptionnellement" to the fine Salle de Travail, where he stayed till 4 P. M. "A fine time! Then I crossed the Seine and bought one of the books I had there discovered, — the descriptive catalogue of trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants used in planting for ornament in the City of Paris, — a book in default of which I have spent much time in making lists of my own." The next day, February 26th, it snowed, with sleet and rain, till nearly 5 o'clock, when the sky suddenly cleared. Immediately he got out for a walk, and noted the "admirable and successful activity of the street-cleaning gangs." On the 27th the sky was partly clear, and he took a tram-car to the Bois de Boulogne. The streets were all perfectly dry, the snow having been swept into the gutters before it hardened. The Bois was all white and bright. "I walked to the Butte near the Auteuil grand-stand, viewing the upper lake, and thence by a woodland path to the Bois gate, seeing many pretty glades on the way. Thence I passed along the edge of the Longchamp, getting glorious views of the snowy heights beyond the Seine, to the Cascade; and into the café there for lunch. On by the gates of the Bagatelle to the Mare de St. James, and so to Porte Maillot and the Arc de Triomphe, — a fine walk in a lonely country, for Paris is apparently kept at home by snow." The next day, February 28th, he

explored again Parc Monceaux, and also the so-called Square or Place des Batignolles. "Both these are interesting works, wholly different from any city plots of similar area in England or America, or anywhere but just here in Paris, — such, at all events, is my present imagining." In the evenings he was now studying Italian tours, and narrowing his choice between several attractive routes.

When he had been in Paris three weeks, he made the following memorandum, headed, "Some curiosities of Paris:" "Sharp-cracking whips; cabmen's white glazed hats; hatless women; funeral processions; also les noces; fried potatoes; public cigar-lighting gas jets; fish-women with a basket on each arm, and perhaps three fish in each; hand-carts drawn by harnessed men; women's hand-carts loaded with fruit, vegetables, beans, and flowers, the women enormous, strong, wooden-shod; monstrous three-horse omnibuses; long and narrow high two-wheeled carts; huge horses; processions of school-children; pack-men who are also bootblacks; funeral decorations at house doors; countless small newspapers; vast array of trashy books prettily got up; square yards of photographs of Salon pictures of the nude hung up in shop windows; acres of sharply worded manifestoes, political and such, posted up on walls; also whole speeches in the Chamber or the Senate, and innumerable public notices headed 'Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité;' pretty theatre posters."



Short driveways — French.

CHAPTER V

LANDSCAPE STUDY IN EUROPE. THE RIVIERA

> Let our artists be those who are gifted to discern the true nature of beauty and grace; then will our youth dwell in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds; and Beauty, the effluence of fair works, will meet the sense like a breeze, and insensibly draw the soul even in youth into harmony with the beauty of reason. — PLATO.
>
> The excessive variety of which some European gardeners are so fond in their plantations, the Chinese artists blame; observing that a great diversity of colors, foliage, and direction of branches must create confusion and destroy all the masses, — they admit, however, a moderate variety. — SIR W. CHAMBERS.

ON the 3d of March he left Paris for the south, wishing that he had left some time earlier. To his mother he wrote on the 3d of March: —

I have bought my ticket, and propose to take the night train to Lyons. The continued bad weather, and the "state of mind" it has got me into, are the reasons of my sudden fleeing. I have stayed one week too many in Paris. I wanted to study evergreens, but the weather has prevented being outdoors; and I ought to have remembered that the evergreens will still be here in early May. . . . I vow I do not know why I did not start off south several days ago. . . . It is going to be a great treat, — the greatest of the many I have had in my life; though I am sure I cannot enjoy it any more than I have enjoyed days and days of our yachting, camping, and tramping.

4th of March. Comfortable enough ride. . . . I awoke as the train passed a small town. The snow-sprinkled roofs were in silhouette against the glow of dawn; the sky clear and starry. More sleep. Later, the river Saône; countless Lombardies; the Jura dimly visible under the rising sun; vineyards on hillsides; higher and higher hills, the valley narrowing; suddenly two romantic hillside châteaux, with

towers round and towers square, and high terrace walls; then a tunnel and Lyons. I went to the Hôtel de l'Europe for breakfast at 10 o'clock, the quay of Saône and the heights of Fourvières before my window. After breakfast I went up the heights in the bright cold morning. The prospect was vastly wide, with the snowy mountains of Auvergne, winding rivers, and a great city in sight. At the foot of the hills were steep flights of steps, a maze of alleys, and all manner of intricacies; on the top, great fortifications, numerous charity schools, nunneries, barracks, poorhouses, and hospitals, and the far-seen church of strange architecture containing the miraculous image (1,500,000 pilgrims annually); below the church on the hillside, a garden with a toilsome zigzag path having "stations" and many shrines. Here were processions of priests, soldiers, nuns, barefooted brothers, and schoolchildren; and continuous pealing of church bells, and sounding of bugles in the still air. A *champs de manœuvres* lies close behind the church. All these are high in the air. Wide prospects stretch into faint blue distances round every corner, and down every alley.

Descending the hill and crossing the Saône, I took a tramcar, which passed over the rushing Rhone, and brought me to the Parc de la Tête d'Or. I came first to a pretty lake with two islands in it, yellow with the bloom of Alders. Taking a boat, I explored all its shores, studied the plantings, and admired the careful designing of the views from the head of the lake, — the long water-perspectives, with the blue heights of Fourvières and the church as termination. There was also a good log bridge, and a pretty châlet. Next, I walked round the skirts of the Parc, — a charming glade, long, rather narrow, and gently hollowed, the bounding woods consisting of Conifers in great variety of species, and presenting interesting and beautiful contrasts of forms and colors, all well grown, evidently planted some thirty years. . . . A small grotto was visible among the evergreens from far down the glade. It was apparently made of cement, on an iron frame; but, being planted about with brambles, etc., had a good effect. Many lovely and delightfully framed views of Fourvières were to be gained from points beyond

the head of the lake. The lake-creeks were well planted with rushes, hanging willows, and white birches. Nowhere was there anything gardenesque or presumptuous. The roads were well curved, and not too numerous, and they led to good points of view. They were narrow and without sidewalks. The paths were few and simply curved. There was one good road-bridge of ingenious timberwork frankly shown, with a well-designed roof over it. There was also one shockingly bad bridge of cement concrete, in the form of an arch, but wholly without appearance of keying, so that it had a look of great instability. There was very little underwood or shrubbery in the Parc; and there was no attempt at massing flowering shrubs, — such as Rhododendron or the like. That sort of thing was to be found in a separate garden at one side, together with a very large Palm house and other glass houses. Late in the afternoon I discovered a botanical garden in a corner of the Parc, and therein cleared up several doubts and ignorances. Apparently there is no great change of climate between Paris and Lyons; for the same things were covered-in that were covered-in at Paris. I was much pleased with the Parc as a whole, and thought it about what Cambridge or Worcester ought to have.

To bed early, after reading of papers. No. 1 of my sixty days [excursion ticket], — excellent well spent.

March 6. I set out in the rain, without having determined on an alighting-place; but at 3.30 alighted at Avignon, after a railway journey memorable and exciting by reason of the variety and interest of the scenery. The total effect, as I look back on it to-night, is rather confused, being made up of visions of blue, purple, and snow-white mountains, the yellow-flowing Rhone, wide cultivated plains, vineyards on steep hillsides, hill-climbing towns, hill-crowning ruins of castles, and hilltop churches. There were hillsides of barren whitish rock; slopes of stone chips (like those on Pierce's Head, Mt. Desert); ragged and raw torrent beds and gulches; rocks of fantastic, wildest form (those near Montdragon); rocks, and great steeps clad with evergreens, Pines, Savins, Box, and low-growing Furze and Broom; lands deep covered with débris of torrents; fields separated by high and wide ridges made

of small stones picked up from the soil; and irrigated lands also. At length we came to a more open, peaceful country, with Olive-trees both cultivated and wild growing. Some sort of Prunus was in full bloom, pink and white, looking chilly enough in the blast of the fierce mistral. There was one region of bright-colored soils, the mountain sides being pink, orange, and chalky, but clad in part with dark Cedars and Pines. The train reached Avignon at 3.30. I went immediately to the Rocher des Doms. The wind was fairly howling through the narrow streets and round the strange building called "Château des Papes," the Pines on the rock bending low. The view was glorious, including rivers, mountains, and many towns. Across the Rhone were the quaint towers of Villeneuve (what a name!); and at my feet the crowded tile-roofed mass of the houses of Avignon, girt by a wall with many towers. I stayed till sunset on the hill, studied the layout of the terraced garden, measured and sketched, and rejoiced in the wealth of lovely evergreens in the plantations. Photinia serrul. a foot through; Arbutus Unedo the same! Viburnum Tinus coming into bloom, save on exposed corners where frost has killed the buds; Forsythia, Jasminum, and Iberis in bloom; also many Almond-trees, and Pansies. The sun set behind distant hills, the sky but partly clouded, and the stars coming out brightly.

This garden of evergreens and waving Pines, on a terrace on a great 200-foot cliff immediately above the Rhone, with the old church behind crowned by an image of Mary Virgin, with its several shrines, its monument to the discoverer of madder, its memories of Rienzi, and Petrarch, and of Petrarch's "Laura," — the whole a veritable Acropolis. C. E.'s first.

Sunday, March 7. A cloudless sky. The mistral (twin brother of our own northwester) still blowing a very gale. The view from the rock was far wider than last night. In the northeast a vast pile of high mountains rose into dazzling snow peaks. Again, C. E.'s first. I made choice of the direction for my walk, and went down across the Rhone, getting a fine view of Avignon and the Mont Blanc (?) behind. I walked down the river bank, and then turned westward,

finally taking a seven-foot lane leading up one of the many semi-wild hills. There were views in all directions, — orchards of small Olive-trees; little terraces for vine-growing; many small, windowless, white-stuccoed cottages and villas. In the distance, westward, were rougher and higher hills, terribly stony, torrent-swept, and soilless. My lesser hill was very barren also, made of gravel full of large pebbles. The bits of vine or olive land had been cleared with great labor. Elsewhere there was a dense, low growth of a very small-leafed Holly, mixed with various Brooms, Euphorbias, Thorns, and a sort of Green Brier bearing red berries. The general effect was much like that of Cape Ann thickets where Myrica (Bayberry) predominates. I found Genista, Periwinkle, and Dandelion in bloom. I returned through more lanes, and finally by a white highway over the long bridges, the suspended bridge rocking violently with a wave-motion from end to end by reason of the gale.

Leaving Avignon by train, we first passed more white rock hills with little Olive orchards in the narrow valleys, then Tarascon, — a castle above the town, and another over the river. This was the home of René and the Troubadours!

Next came Arles, and then the sad country of the Camargue, low, often stony, flat, and dismal. The sun set over the dark green water of the Etang de Berre. Then came more barren hill-country, a three-mile tunnel, darkness, down a long valley a glimpse of the sea, and was that a flashing light? — Marseilles at 6.30. Provence is a sad land, with gray rocks, gray stony soils, little or no grass, gray Olives and almost black Cypresses, dull-colored buildings, and faded tile roofs.

No companionable people have been met with yet. I was alone coming from Avignon, and dreamt of its past; of Hannibal marching up the Isère; of Cæsar marching into Gaul; of Cinq-Mars, and "In His Name;" of Petrarch (whom I read in the Junior year), who loved the wild ravine of Vaucluse; of the minstrels of Beaucaire and Tarascon; of the Roman builders of Arles; and of the fleets of Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Venetians, and Saracens, who have harbored in this port of Marseilles.

He was up betimes next morning, and could not help visiting first the ancient port, being "drawn thither as by a magnet, just by the sight of masts and gleaming water." But soon he climbed the great hill of Nôtre-Dame de la Garde, a steep, almost bare rock, above the house line, having on top a high building, — church, fort, and lookout for ships combined.

A glorious prospect: two fifths the blue sea, three fifths a jagged hill horizon, the great city filling the valley, and the hills about it set thick with white villas. Seaward there were long breakwaters, miles of quays, and a coast in both directions rockbound, naked, jagged, high, white, and somewhat indented. Abreast of the city was a group of bare, high islands, clifty, and castle-crowned. Far seaward was a low rock with a tall tower (like Boone Island, Maine). About the islands were many clustered fishing-boats; and here, there, and everywhere the graceful lateens were beating or running free, — lovely to see. The water was blue and purple, flecked with cloud shadows, and ruffled but gently by the warm west wind. Two sorts of flowers were blooming in rocky chinks. I laid me down and basked in the warm sun. Uncle F.'s little field-glass is a great pleasure.

In the afternoon Charles surveyed a portion of the road which winds along the coast, sometimes walled, sometimes carried on arches across valley-mouths. The coast is high, and is broken by little coves with rough beaches. The heights bear Pines and villas; a vast variety of evergreens adorns the way, with gigantic Aloes, Agaves, tree Tamarisks, masses of yellow-flowering Genista, Periwinkle, and a Cactus which hangs over the cliffs. "I kept one eye on the sea and the sails, the other on the cliffs and blooming vales, and watched a lateen run into a tiny cove and land her catch of fish. Finally, the shore near town becoming rather Coney Islandish, I took the tram and rode through the main streets of the city to the hotel."

The next morning he went to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, in hopes of finding the plants named; but labels were few and far between, as usual. Enormous Agaves were flourishing under fine parasol Pines; and there was much interesting, if nameless, vegetation.

Rain coming on, I looked into the Art Museum for an hour, — a poor collection in costly halls. Outside, there is a

fountain arrangement like that of the Trocadéro, — more curious than likable. Train for Hyères at 1.20, having seen all of profit in big, busy Marseilles. The population seems remarkably homogeneous and tremendously democratic; if there are any nabobs, they are careful not to show themselves. No swell turnouts; hardly a well-dressed person, man or woman, anywhere to be seen. The streets were thronged with chattering humanity, apparently loafing.

The town of Hyères is built on the south slopes of a high, rocky hill which bears many walls, towers, terraces, gardens, and olive orchards. The old town is in a sheltered hollow, and walled; but the walls are built over with houses. It is a genuine feudal strong-place, with a complication of steep alleys, arched passages, flights of steps, stuccoed houses, terraces, and little gardens. Above the town are the rock and the ruined castle.

I clambered all round the castle rock, observing its hedges of Agaves and Aloes, the blooming Euphorbia and Jasmine, the evergreen Oaks and Olives, and many smaller evergreens making Cape-Ann-like thickets between ledges, filling the crevices in the cliffs, and growing out of the very walls of the castle, — lovely old walls growing, as it were, from the ledges and cliffs. There were round towers and square in all stages of dilapidation, Olives growing out of them, and Ivy, Smilax, and Green Brier clambering over them. On a shelf below a bristling row of Agaves, I met the goatherd and the village flock, behind him the blue sky and the sea, — a perfect picture. I met nobody else. The stillness was wonderful, the air good, and the whole walk delightsome. Next, I went to the Jardin d'Acclimatation, a branch of that of Paris, situated in the plain, but sheltered by plantations of Cypress, Pine, and Eucalyptus. Here were glorious foreign evergreens, a big collection of hardy Cacti, many sorts of Palms, Palmettos, Bamboos, Yuccas, Dracœnas, Acacias in glorious golden bloom, Viburnum Tinus a snowy mass, Templetonia [?] a mass of red; with Violets, Pansies, Periwinkle, Salvia, and Geranium in prolific bloom; early Spiræas, Pruni, and Willows coming into full leaf (March 10). Returning to town, I stopped in the Place des Palmiers to study

the layout of the terrace and garden. In the evening, very tired, I read a good book bought in Marseilles, — "La Provence Maritime."

11th of March. This morning is gloriously bright, clear as a bell, and rather warmer. I shall stay another day. A very lovable place this, in spite of the English quarter.

The morning he spent at the nursery garden of Huber et Cie., which was filled with all manner of strange and familiar plants, — trees, shrubs, and flowers. He found blooming all the bulbs, Roses, Camellias, Acacias, Viburnum, Templetonia, Vinca, Tritoma, Anemone, Viola, Houstonia, Myosotis, and much else, — Iris of many sorts, for instance. The afternoon was passed —

most happily on the castle rock, where was much lovely mixing of walls, cliffs, jutting crags, and bastions overgrown with Agaves, Wallflower, or Smilax, or crowned with clustered Cypresses, or shrouded in evergreen Oak. . . . The old walls are mostly bare; but like the ledges, richly spotted with Lichens, — orange, brown, and pale green. The summit is exceedingly abrupt, approached by steps built in a narrow cleft; thence a grand prospect, — the sea and the isles, the plain, the presqu'ile of Giens, the wooded ranges of les Maures, the rock-capped hills and mountains back of Toulon, and a glimpse of the Bay of Toulon.

The next day he enjoyed the railway ride to Cannes.

At Fréjus I got a glimpse of a Roman amphitheatre, and saw close to the railway the big stone beacon that once marked the end of the Roman jetty, but is now more than a mile from the sea. A sudden leap of the railway into the red rocks of the Esterelle Mountains, a struggling along, through, and under heights and cliffs, by many tiny coves, and deep, narrow valleys filled with Heath breast high and blooming; under fantastic mountain-topping rocks; by grand headlands, white surf and deep red cliffs, and one little port with a lighthouse and a single lateen at anchor. This is a sparsely inhabited shore, reminding one a little of that between Seal Harbor and Great Head [Mt. Desert]. . . . To-day has been cloudy, — the sea purple, green, and gray.

Two days of stormy weather, and a troublesome ankle hurt at Hyères, intervened. But on the 15th of March he writes: —

I went down to the port and out on the breakwater, where I spent a delicious hour, — the weather bright, blue, warm, and still. I watched the surf, the quaint boats, the bare-legged, red-capped fishermen, and a row of moored trading coasters, their great lateen sails hanging from the long tapering booms to dry. Behind all this was the ancient rock with its old walls and towers; and far in the west, beyond a stretch of sea all topaz and emerald, the shadowy masses of the blue and hazy Esterelles. Next I went along the shore promenade, planted with Palms and Planes, — and Venetian masts with banners. Then slowly, and with many pauses to look at pergolas, water-towers, and other strange constructions, I walked up the height called la Californie, through loveliest winding lanes, bordered by hedges and walls of Roses, Jasmine, Acacia, Mimosa, and Agave, past many charming villas, commanding westward views, through rustling Palms or waving Eucalyptus, the sea spread wide below, the enchanting Esterelles waiting to hide the descending sun.

After calling on two English ladies who have lived at Cannes many winters, presenting to them a letter from Mr. Bryce, and being instructed in respect to the gardens best worth seeing, he walked down the hill, "the rapturous sunset squarely before me. What changeful color of sea!"

The next day was spent in studying the marvellous garden called Vallombrosa, situated on a rather steep slope between the château ("a poor castellated affair thoroughly out of place") and the highroad to Fréjus. This famous garden Charles considered rather a museum of specimen plants than a piece of landscape work. He found its general effect to be fantastic, stagy, astonishing, and exciting, rather than restful or calming. As an exhibition of splendid plants in immense variety it was intensely interesting; but it reminded him, in its general effect, of the scenery of the pantomime stage rather than of anything in the real world. It was to him a medley of incongruous things, — such as Palms of many sorts and all ages, grouped or standing singly on grass, with brilliant flowers massed at their feet. His journal enumerates a profusion of trees and plants from many different

climates and parts of the world all flourishing here together; but he says of the scene as a whole: "There is absolutely no breadth of effect, no landscape gardening save that successfully directed to concealing the bounds. . . . I loafed all the morning here; and in the afternoon walked on wild hills further inland; and concluded I should rather live among Heath and Pines and red rocks than in any Vallombrosa."

The gardens called Larochefoucauld gave Charles much more satisfaction than Vallombrosa.

These lovely grounds are situated between the Fréjus road and the sea. They contain but little specimen gardening. The house is of a sober and somewhat Italian character, white but pleasant, concealed in rich foliage, which yet is not too near the walls. The views from the terrace — over a sunken orange garden in one direction — of sea and sails, and in another direction of the Esterelles, are set in frames of tree masses. The sea-view might have been a wide one; but it is delightfully broken up into bits and glimpses by plantings of a most varied character, — Pines, and particularly Stone Pine, predominating. One little knoll bears a dozen Pines, which reach out seaward and bend low, and break the glare from the water without really concealing anything. In one part there is a steep bank which a path follows, the bank being clothed with a crowded thicket. Ilex and other trees stretch their limbs and trunks over the path. In rough places there are Agaves in shade of Pines, monstrous Sedums on rocks, and an undergrowth of Abutilon and Aralia, and such greenhouse plants, mixed with commoner things. Unfortunately, the railway passes between the garden and the beach; but a sea terrace hides it. Compared with ambitious Vallombrosa, this is a most charming place. Once within it the whole world is shut away, and one can see nothing but loveliest foliage, the sea, and the Esterelles. One is not distracted by "exclamation marks," — Asparagus shoots twenty feet long, and Dracænas like long-handled mops, and glowing carpets of flowers as at Vallombrosa. I have great respect for whoever made this place. Design is discoverable at many points; and it is much to have refrained from turning the place into a museum in a region where the climate offers such temptation to indulge in collecting curiosities.

The Villa Valletta, near Cannes, was a second example of a garden of specimen plants which Charles saw under the most favorable auspices, and thought "probably the most wondrous specimen garden to be seen in Europe." It is said that the place was cleared of 3500 trees in 1878, and then sodded and planted. "No vestige of the original wild hillside now remains. All is shaved, exquisitely trimmed, and 'well kept;' zigzag paths conduct to all parts of the steep sloping ground; and on all sides and everywhere are groups and single specimens of all manner of plants, great and small, beautiful and ugly, from all parts of the world save the cold parts. Nothing is labelled; and I therefore learned but little. I became more than ever convinced of the tiresomeness and the bad taste of these museum-like gardens." He sought consolation, the next day, in a rough scramble for two hours on the wild promontory of Théoule, among ravines and valleys, and along the shore.

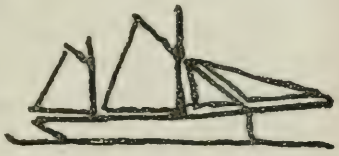
Out of Cannes Charles took various excursions, — to Grasse with its Rose farms; to le Bar and Courmes, whence he saw the little town and castle of Jourdon; to Ile Sainte-Marguerite; and to Ile Saint-Honorat. These low, Pine-clad islands interested him very much, as all islands in view of higher shores had always done. One of the excursions, that to le Bar and Courmes, he thus describes: —

In half an hour we reached a high divide [he was with an agreeable English acquaintance], and looked away from the sea down into the deep valley of the Rivière du Loup, and across to high, wild calcareous mountains whose whitish steeps are almost completely bare, and whose broken summits were flecked with snow and partly veiled with cloud. On a spur of the craggy mountain called the "Saut du Loup," and just at the mouth of the gorge from which the river Loup comes down, stands le Bar, a small, compact town of high buildings, which we reached and passed after long following of mountain flanks. The road then turning southward and toward the gorge, we came in sight of the narrow cañon and the great cliffs of Courmes, and of a little town and castle called "Jourdon" on a seemingly inaccessible and almost pointed mountain 800 metres above the sea level, — a most astonishing vision; for I did not know we were coming to anything of the sort. At the Pont du Loup we halted, and walked up the gorge a little way; but time

was short, and though I wanted to follow the foaming river to its Alpine springs, I was compelled to turn about and travel back to Grasse, and so to Cannes.

In a letter to his mother he says of himself at Cannes: —

I am loafing horribly on this Riviera. The vegetation is hopelessly strange, and, I suppose, unreproduceable in America unless in Florida or California. The sea, on the other hand, and the blue Esterelles look very familiar; and I never tire of either. There is one yacht in port here, a creature like this, evidently masted and hulled for Bay of Biscay weather. . . . Time flies terribly; and, somehow, I don't learn anything; but I enjoy myself much, on the whole. It was good to be approved of by Mr. Olmsted and by Mr. Brodrick. I wish I might some day find something in me I could approve of myself.



With some pleasant English acquaintances he visited the Cistercian Monastery on Ile de Saint-Honorat, and says of the brothers: —

They farm it a little, and have a walled garden close by the surf to dig in; and no man could desire a lovelier spot than is theirs. Adjoining the monastery, but set out in the sea on a low ledge, stands a square-built, tower-like fortress, which was the monks' defence against Moorish pirates in the old days (A. D. 1000). This I had seen from far Théoule; and I was glad of the chance to climb about the place. An interesting thing this, with vastly thick walls, and narrow stairs, and battlements, and an inner court which has been restored. Its position, not on a crag or cliff, but on a very low ledge off a low shore, is peculiar.

In the afternoon of Sunday, March 21st, he left Cannes for Cap d'Antibes. Of this place he wrote to his mother thus: —

Cannes, and my excursions out of it, were good; but this Cap d'Antibes is better. Here one is set off from the Con-

tinent a little way, so that there is a fine view of said Continent, the coasts and mountains of it; and the place is wholly quiet and free from crowd and swelldom. There is no town, only one big, empty hotel, half a dozen scattered villas (most of them shut up), and a few Orange groves and flower farms. The rest is wild land, with thickets of evergreens, and shelves and banks where bloom Anemones, Daisies, Primroses, and wild Hyacinths. Last night I went to sleep to the sound of gentle surf. This morning there was a thick haze over all the sea and hiding all the shores, — just such as I have often seen in Boston Bay, — and slowly, as the sun came up the sky, this haze was swept away, and showed first the pale sky, then the nearer shores, and the big war-ships in Golfe-Jouan, then Ile Sainte-Marguerite, a dark line of pine woods, and the Pointe de la Croisette of Cannes; and it was not till nearly noon that the outline of the Esterelles became dimly visible.

The sort of problem which was always engaging Charles's attention is well illustrated by his remarks about some private grounds at the Cap d'Antibes. The house had before it a formally modelled lawn, with flower beds on the swells, and at the foot of this lawn was a long, straight, terrace-wall, and a balustrade near the brink of rough cliffs.

I could not make up my mind about the wall and balustrade. They serve as dividing line between the dress ground before the house and the wildness of the cliffs; and probably they make a good foreground for the grand view when one looks from the house; but seen from other parts of the shore one wishes them away. They seem wholly out of place; for they are not near enough to the house to seem a part of the building. A row of small palms just within the balustrade is also of very questionable value. Just below this wall, on a jutting point of cliff, is an ordinary rockery, with the plants labelled in little compartments, — this in the foreground of a sea-view which is only bounded by the Esterelles seen over Ile Sainte-Marguerite! Too bad! At the gate is a charming lodge, built of stone, low, and of simplest form, with an "outside room" screened by lattice with creepers. The flowers — chiefly Cinerarias of magnificent colors and huge

TWO VIEWS OF ANTIBES. MARCH, 1886

Cyclamens — are confined to the immediate neighborhood of this lodge, and to beds of dress ground before the house.

In another private place, which he examined, he speaks of "a region where the original wild shrubbery has been made to make room for a well-chosen variety of plants, which have been naturalized in its midst." The word "naturalized" defines what was, for him, good taste in the artificial treatment of rough and essentially wild regions. Again, concerning the same place, he says: —

On a jutting point of hill is a very pleasant, well-contrived, and pretty sort of arbor, having stone piers and a roof of canes, its irregular ground-plan conformed to the shape of the ledge, the views from within it very wide and well framed. In a hollow, where it is not seen till the hollow is entered, is a small, well-built rockery, — the stones large, with no petty compartments. Some largish trees shut in the whole hollow; but down a gulch leading to the water is a controlling view. . . . The shore cliffs are made the most of, — rude paths with rude stairs (where necessary) lead to the finest points; and one big gulch has a way down into it, the stairs so well contrived as not to be visible save to one travelling them.

Before going on to Nice, he climbed the hill of Nôtre Dame (March 23).

The air was thick with a smoky haze, all outlines soft, and everything mysterious. Suddenly high in the sky, above a dark headland, something gleaming white, — quick, my glass, — yes, a snow-peak, fine cut, and radiant, seamed with delicate lines of blue shadows; but in an instant wrapt again in mists. I spent most of two hours on this lighthouse hill. Little feluccas crept in and out from the port of Antibes; goats and kids frisked about on the rocky hillside; birds kept up continuous singing in the Pine woods and Olive groves at the foot of the hill; cloud shadows and flecks of sunlight travelled slowly over shores, mountains, and sea; and now and then the veil of haze behind the foot-hills was silently rent, and jagged summits and long crests of snow-mountains stood revealed. I believe it was all lovelier than

if the day had been wholly bright, and the mountains completely visible. I passed down into the ancient town by the path used by mariner-pilgrims when they go up to the church. The quays were of stone; and about a dozen vessels were moored to them, — one big sloop almost like a Cape Ann stone-sloop. . . . I rambled also in the crooked old town. It is the first place I have seen which has not spread over and out of its walls; but the walls here are modernized. Nice at 3 o'clock.

The next day Charles strolled about the town, along the sea front to the little harbor, and up the high castle hill. A hot sun made the roads very white and glaring. The town he found citified, — a band playing in the public garden. "There is a big cascade on the very summit of castle hill, — how fantastic are some men! There is no view thence to the eastward, a great wooded mountain being in the way. Westward, the view includes the Cap d'Antibes. The hills about Nice are dotted with villas. The mountains behind, to-day, are wrapped in cloud."

Charles's time at Nice was much taken up with social engagements. A few days later he wrote to his father: —

At Nice days disappeared very rapidly. There I saw but one fine garden. I disliked the whole Paris-like place; and there was nothing particular to see in my line. I have, I fear, yielded of late rather much to the softness of this sunny climate. Several days have fled, I hardly know how. . . . Here I am in one of the fairest regions of the earth; and daily I am in want of more strength of limb, of eyes, of heart, — more power of grasping and remembering the beauty that I am here fairly overwhelmed by. I say with Keats: "Now Beauty is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen; the shadow of reality to come." The forces of the universe work and work, in affairs human and social, as often towards ends our souls call evil, as towards ends we call good. I find no correspondence between my soul and the world, save in this, — that the natural world is beautiful, and that my soul loves beauty. The fairness of the earth, not the rainbow only, is the "sign set in the sky."

In this letter Charles betrayed some of the gloomy speculations about himself in which he had indulged.

You urge me to count Mr. Olmsted's [favorable] judgment for much; and I do. It is, however, not in matters of theory and taste that I feel myself so utterly incompetent. It is in the more practical affairs of the profession, and particularly in dealing with men, that I am nowhere. In matters of design I arrive at definite opinions only with great difficulty. I am far from quick in getting new ideas. . . . But I am most at a loss when thrown with other men. I cannot think, and at the same time talk and give attention. I am never at my ease, — indeed, I am as far as possible from being so. . . . I know myself to be ill-made, or, as it were, an unbaked loaf of the human bread-batch.

To this letter both his brother and his father sent hortatory replies. "Dear Boss, — What a plum you are! You seem to have occasional blue fits, — a most unwarrantable proceeding. You are the only person that I know who does not take a very rosy view of your proceedings and prospects. You 're about the last fellow with reason to growl. Your stomach is the only reasonable excuse, and a man who eats curry at midnight, and seems to be good for all-day tramps over rough country, had better not make too much capital out of stomach growls. The Riviera in April! Why, man alive, it 's paradise! All bright sunshine and flowers; while here, — well it 's as much as a fellow's life is worth to get across the Yard, which is a great lake of dirty slush. . . . It makes me quite weary to hear of a youth of your capacity, with a new trade to develop, well equipped and well supported, sitting down to grumble at his prospects." . . .

CAMBRIDGE, 20 Apr. '86.

DEAR CHARLES, — Don't imagine yourself deficient in power of dealing with men. Such dealings as you have thus far had with boys and men you have conducted very suitably. There is no mystery about successful business intercourse with patrons and employés. Nobody can think, and at the same time pay attention to another person, as you seem to expect to do. On the contrary, exclusive attention to the person who is speaking to you is a very important point in business manners. Nothing is so flattering as that. Some audible or visible signs of close attention are of course desirable. Then there is very seldom any objection to the statement, "I should like to think that over." On the contrary, such evidence of deliberation is ordinarily acceptable.

Good judgment is what people are most willing to pay for. Quickness and reputation for speed are much less valuable. . . . I wish you were tough and strong like me. But you have nevertheless an available measure of strength, and within that measure an unusual capacity of enjoyment. In this respect you closely resemble your mother. She enjoyed more in her short life than most people in a long one; and particularly she delighted in natural scenery. You get a great deal more pleasure out of your present journeyings than I ever could have. I should not have your feelings of fatigue and weakness, but neither should I have your perception of the beautiful and your enjoyment of it. When you come to professional work, you will have to be moderate in it. Where other men work eight hours a day, you must be content with five. Take all things easily. Never tire yourself out. If you feel the blues coming upon you, get a book and a glass of wine, or go to bed and rest yourself. The morbid mental condition is of physical origin. Take comfort in the thought that you can have a life of moderate labor, — the best sort of life. You will have a little money of your own, and need not be in haste to earn a large income. I am strong and can work twelve hours a day. Consequently I do; and if it were not for Mt. Desert, I should hardly have more time for reflection and real living than an operative in a cotton mill. For a reasonable mortal, life cannot truly be said to have "terrors," any more than death. [Charles had quoted the lines: —

> I am not one whom death does much dismay.
> Life's terrors all death's terrors far outweigh.]

The love of beauty is a very good and durable correspondence between your soul and the world; but the love of purity, gentleness, and honor is a better one. [C. W. E. to C. E.]

From Nice Charles returned to the Cap d'Antibes to visit the Garden Thuret; but Sunday, March 28th, was the loveliest possible day; and he devoted it altogether to strolling through lanes and woods and alongshore, and watching the sky and the sea.

At sunset I watched all the changing coloring of sky and sea, — the paling opal pearl and amethyst of the still water, the glowing and the fading of the sky. The sea was very still; the water wondrous clear in deep basins among the whitish rocks. The only sound was the splashing of gentlest surf in the caves and crannies of the low and jagged shore.

Peace here, — Nice with its swarms of knaves, swells, and cocottes, its luxuries, scandals, and all else, is as though it were not. After dinner the stars were out, and extraordinarily bright. Verily this out-of-door life by the sea in the month of March is marvellously good and pleasant.

A letter of introduction from Professor Asa Gray, of Cambridge, caused Charles to be cordially received at the Garden Thuret by Mons. Naudin, — an elderly man with a kindly face, but stone deaf. He showed Charles over the place, spending the whole morning in this way. They communicated by signs and a slate.

It is the most lovely garden I have ever seen. In reality, a small place; but very much made of it. Mons. Thuret had his choice of sites on the cape. The house stands at the summit of the northward slope, commanding views of both bays, with a glimpse of the light-tower close at hand, and from under parasol Pines, a view of the town and towers of Antibes, and of the Alps above, — a perfect picture. All the views and glimpses are beautifully framed by varied foliage; and the rest of the world is shut out completely. A steep lawn descends from the house, — a field of fresh green, thickly strewn with small Daisies, and with brilliant single Anemones of many colors; many fine Conifers stand about the edges of the lawn; Eucalyptus trees of many sorts form the bulk of the plantations; countless foreign and native evergreens from all parts of the world, mixed together in large masses and thickets, take up most of the ground; Palms have a region near the house to themselves; a rockery is hidden away. The general effect from the house is not inharmonious; although most of the plants used are foreign, and of marked individual character. Mr. Naudin — who is called "director," being appointed to the charge of the place by the government, to which Thuret's relatives gave the garden on his death — is particularly interested in the Eucalyptus tribe; so he has been cutting down old Olives and Ilexes which Thuret had spared, to make room for his "darlings," of which he has some 130 sorts. He is first a botanist; and I fear he will sacrifice the beauty of the place to his collecting instinct. Across the road he has large col-

lections of Irises, bulbs, climbers, etc., lists of which, and of the trees and shrubs grown in the main garden, are printed in pamphlet form.

March 30. Again clear and most lovely. The doors of the hotel stand open all day. I sleep with a long French window at least half open. The frogs make a great noise at dawn and at sunset. The country becomes lovelier daily. Fig-trees have leaves about half out of the bud ; Wych-Elms are clad in yellow bloom ; Almonds, Peaches, and others of the Prunus tribe, are blooming pink or white, or pushing fresh green leaves ; Willows are lovely in light green ; a sort of Thyme, which carpets the ground between clumps of Myrtle and Pistacia, is blooming pink ; lovely wild Anemones are almost everywhere ; Primroses on banks, and Narcissi in wet meadows, are much rarer ; but Hyacinth, Forget-me-not, Daisy, and Dandelion are very common.

Another long day was spent in the Garden Thuret and its neighborhood, making notes of the most striking plants, especially of the shrubs. The proprietor of a neighboring nursery gave Charles some information about the indigenous shrubs, twigs of which he had gathered. He went up to the lighthouse to watch the sunset, — a supremely fine one ; and walked back in the dusk, meeting many parties of men and women going home from labor on the flower farms, some singing as they walked.

The next day, March 31st, he contemplated philosophically the Bataille des Fleurs at Nice.

Two interesting young French women were near me in the crowd by the roadside, — one, virtuous, quietly dressed, accompanied by her brother. She threw what flowers she caught always at men, young or old, but got very little in return ; the other, very jauntily dressed, alone, and of doubtful reputation, soon got her parasol full of flowers, and got more and more as time went on. . . . I was three times favored by a certain painted fair one ; but the pretty American at whom I flung what I got, only replied once. I amused myself with imagining what sort of a time I should probably have had that day had Mrs. Beadle not gone. [Mrs. Beadle was the head of the pleasant American family whose acquaintance Charles had made on the Germanic and in

London.] Looking on alone at a thing of this kind is not very interesting.

April 1st was his last day in Nice. He was shown over the garden Vigier by the gardener, to whom Mons. Naudin had given him a card. There was a small green lawn, and a terrace balustrade to hide the road, the sea view being obtained over the balustrade. Charles noted a grove of Palms, — two very large ones in the form of an arbor, — the grove of Yucca Indivisa, the thickets of huge Bamboos (nigra, gracilis, mitis), the Cedars and Acacias, and the masses of blooming Camellias with tree Ferns in a shady corner; and many rarities in the way of Palms, Bananas, and Cocoas. Returning to town, he watched a big lateen's arrival in the port under full sail, "with some astonishment until I saw how quickly headway could be stopped by clewing up the big sail to the yard." In the evening he saw "a big show of fireworks, with lighted boats, etc., — the Fête Venitienne being the termination of the Mid-Lent carnival. This and all Nice fêtes are got up by a committee of subscribers to draw visitors, — quite as at Montreal."

On his way to Mentone Charles stopped at the romantic hill-village of Eze, placed on top of a seemingly inaccessible rock a thousand feet and more in the air, — once a Saracen stronghold. Catching a glimpse of this village from the railway station at the shore, he —

was tempted and yielded, — vowed I would get into said stronghold, and took the first mountain path. It climbed and climbed and twisted; not a house on the way, and a very few scattered Olive terraces, — only gray sunburnt rock and bare baked earth, and clumps of light green Euphorbia, dwarf Pines, yellow-blooming Genista, and Cistus, and Harebells. There was a deep ravine, — where was welcome shade, — and down at the mouth of it, blue sea, and a little jutting isoletta or "thumbcap." Up at the head were utterly bare ridges of gray rock, and on the left cliffs, on top of which must be the invisible Eze. There was continuous beauty of rock and natural rock-planting all along the steep zigzags of the path, — a very rude path, its turns very sharp, no railings even on great precipices, a veritable mountain mule-track, — for centuries and now the only road from Eze to the shore. There was one ruined, overgrown, stone and tile

building at the head of a gulch. From that point up the path was rudely paved, often becoming a stair. At last I came in sight of the town, with its high, continuous outer-walls of cliff-perched houses, Prickly Pear and Fern growing from the walls and rocks. There was a crooked, narrow gate and entrance passage, passable only by human beings, donkeys, and goats. Within was a complication of jagged ledges, walls of dwellings, and steep paved alleys, over which the roofs nearly met. Then a high rock with ruins, a church with a campanile, and a most glorious, wide prospect, — indescribable! The silence of death was all about; not a human creature; not a voice. Sheep in a flock were visible over across a monstrously deep valley on the slope of another mountain. Some rude carts were clustered at the end of a road, that seems to have attempted to get up to the town from the landward side. At several points on the mountains round about I could make out the line of the old Corniche road. Trying to find something of the nineteenth century, — so weird was the whole place, — a few telegraph poles following the Corniche was veritably all I could see. . . . A most memorable day: Eze and its mountains, — the most picturesque of places.

Of Mentone and its neighborhood Charles wrote: "I thought little Mt. Chevalier (Cannes) picturesque; but this is incomparably more so. The view from the breakwater is enchanting, high buildings rising from the very rocks of the shore, — rocks to which mooring lines are fastened; a curious church steeple rises above all." The walk eastward into Italy especially delighted him, over the winding and climbing Corniche, from several points of which superb views are obtained westward even as far as the Esterelles, and eastward to Bordighera on its point. The road curves inland into a shady valley; and then comes the village of La Mortola, set on an Olive-clad point of mountain. Close by are the gates of Mr. Hanbury's villa. The garden around this villa is the most famous of all the Riviera. "A wonderland of vegetation; a garden of Eden. '*C'est le pays du bon Dieu!*' said a man to me; and he was right. That view from the high cape near Mr. Hanbury's scuola is the most utterly romantic thing mine eyes have seen." Charles made two visits to this garden, having a letter of introduction from an English friend. He

took notes of many lovely things; but also "noted much as what not to do." As usual, he was more delighted with the general aspect of the country and the sea than with the details of garden-work, beautiful and rare as they were.

In the afternoon of April 4th, I walked inland; and again was wrought into a sort of ecstasy, — an exaggerated form of the "spring fever" I have had at home. I went up a valley with a torrent bed in it, bounded by steeper and steeper hills, bearing Olives interspersed with groves of Oranges and Lemons, occasional blooming Peach-trees, and bud-bursting figs, with now and then tall spires of Cypress. The dwellings of the peasantry, stuccoed, and colored yellowish or pinkish, were buried in foliage. On the right, above rich woods, was a high-perched town, — Castellar. On the left, a huge mill with three great wheels, set on the steep hillside, the water brought to it from a great distance. Up the valley, a distant church nestled in woods; and behind it great ranges of rock mountains with sharp crests, fantastic pinnacles, and deep gorges. Everywhere fresh plant life was pushing out, — Hornbeams, various Pruni, and the deciduous trees generally were all in loveliest half-burst state, beside many flowers, Ferns, and pretty wall plants. On the 5th of April, beside the time spent in Mr. Hanbury's garden, I took half an hour to look at little La Mortola, — a cluster of houses on a sort of headland above the Corniche road, approached only by footpaths; but possessed of two churches, and of a prospect lovely beyond words. I met many groups of peasants, with faces and costumes thoroughly Italian; lovely children and pretty girls. One of the latter, in an Olive wood, was watching bread-baking in an outdoor oven. Women, bearing great sacks or bundles, were travelling the one road, or climbing the paths leading mountainwards; mules, decked out with all manner of tassels and finery, passed in procession, each with his laden paniers; little mule carts were freighted with jars, such as the Forty Thieves got into; flocks of sheep and goats were attended by the conventional herder; wall frescoes of "Virgo Potens" and other subjects were painted on the walls of the humble dwellings; there were wayside inns with little pergolas; . . . men with

what I have always supposed to be the fisherman's hat, — red woollen and tall so that the top hangs over; men with bright scarfs around their hips; and half-naked children running after the few travellers' carriages. I have been coming to Italy very slowly, and the changes have been very gradual; but, verily, I have now arrived. On the Italian end of Pont de Saint-Louis (near Mentone) sits a haggard beggar; and on a rock near by is written "*E viva Garibaldi!*"

From Mentone Charles made an excursion to Monte Carlo, where he spent a whole morning in the famous gardens designed by André of Paris. His journal describes its broad terraces, with balustrades and vases of stucco; its steep, pebble-paved walks; the rich verdure of its formal thickets; its smooth green lawns, set with specimens in great variety; and its concrete brook, planted with even more fantastic plants than are used, or can be used, in Paris.

On the land side of the Casino there is handsome formal work; ample gravel spaces; a circle with a fountain; a long, narrow sunk parterre with Palms at the corners, borders of Ivy, massed Roses in the borders, and brilliant flowers in raised beds in the centre, — all exquisitely kept and very costly. It is a strange contrast to the barren mountain sides which tower immediately behind, culminating in the mountain headland of the Tête du Chien, and the high ridge, where, seen against the sky, stands a great ruined tower — the Tropæa of Augustus Cæsar.

He looked into the gambling hells in the afternoon, noticing "the continuous shoving about of money in big sums and little; the extreme silence; the odd faces; the many queer folk; and some wild behavior, — a monstrous curious spectacle altogether."

Thence he walked round the "Port of Hercules," and up into Monaco, "a place I have always much desired to see, having had some photographs of it at home." He enjoyed the magnificent views east and west along the coasts from the open place before the palace, and the cliff walk all around the old town, and the Pine-grove garden at the extremity of the point; but when he reached this grove, what he did was to watch two brigs in the offing, and two feluccas, close at hand, beating round the point.

. . . In the palace square, near the wall at the edge of the west cliff, I came upon a row of old cannon, among them two of the same pattern as those on Cambridge Common, and with the same monogram, — "G. R." . . . By train back to Mentone for table d'hôte. Weary, and to bed early. This climate, though divinely fair, is weakening. I am too easily tired; and, when tired, I see and learn little or nothing. What a curious life I am leading! Day after day do I come upon some new beauty; and daily I say, "Here is something more picturesque than ever." To-day I swear I never saw a picturesque town until I saw Mentone; and never a paintable mill until I saw that of the Grimaldis in the Val di Castellar. By the time I am back in Paris I shall be utterly spoilt. How miserable will seem the vegetation of the north, how hard and unlovely my New England!

He wrote to his mother, on the 12th of April, —

I live nowadays in a sort of dream — a very lovely dream the Riviera has been — wholly indescribable in any wretched journal that I have time or wits to write. I have slept many nights close to the surf; and several times, on first waking I have thought myself at Manchester [Mass.]. That this sea is veritably the Mediterranean I find it hard to believe; and how incapable I find myself of taking in and really in any way assimilating the much that I see. I have felt a little rushed since those quiet days at Antibes, so many and so quick-succeeding have been the new scenes, new experiences, and new ideas. Mentone I really came to know something of; but of Bordighera, San Remo, and Alassio, I got only glimpses — all lovely and different places, and any one of them containing food for a week for a hungry and raw Yankee like me. I set out from Paris with the notion that these weeks of March and April were to be given to a pleasure trip almost pure and simple; that eight weeks would be as much time as I ought to give to this purpose; and that it was my bounden duty to be back in Paris in very early May. Now I have learned, I think, that I should have started earlier, and planned to stay longer; for I find and now believe that it would be well worth while to study Italian gardening with

some thoroughness — particularly as Mr. Olmsted seems to think so too. . . . Perhaps it will be well to come back here in the autumn; though by that time, Heaven knows, I shall be wanting to get home pretty badly.

His glimpse of Bordighera included an exploration of the old walled town, and a walk up the hillside, through narrow lanes between large Palm gardens — Palms leaning out of and over the walls, and forming large groves, very beautiful when seen against sky or sea. At San Remo he was delighted with a picturesque Olive mill in the first valley east of the town hill, with the sluices carried on slender arches, and a high "flying bridge" for the footpath, its parapets crumbled away, and other slender bridges of great span to carry the waste water to stone settling-tanks built in the side of the gulch. "Thence I climbed through Olives to the church at the top of the town, then down through old narrow staircases, alleys, and tunnels, to luncheon in the restaurant of the new town. The alleys were the narrowest, darkest, and dirtiest of any yet seen — a veritable ant-hill." He took an omnibus thence to the east end of the route; and then followed a winding mountain road up a long ascent.

A turn in my road; and suddenly, close at hand, a little town on the slope of my mountain, close packed as possible — not one straggling building; a church with a high, false front, and a campanile in the midst. Suddenly the sound of a deep, distant bell from beyond the great valley. I looked hard, and discovered another small ant-hill town, perched on a steep bluff over across the valley. It was approached only by zigzags through low Pine woods and Olives, or across bare, torrent-washed slopes. At a ruined church on the top of the ridge — a smithy in it — I took a road leading seaward . . . on high land and presently arrived at the Cape Madonna della Guardia — which I had seen in the morning from the port of San Remo — in time to see the final closing-down of the clouds upon the mountains towards Bordighera and the heights back of San Remo. I was on a high point, barren to a degree, a bleak, white chapel on the summit, in which I took refuge from the first shower of rain. A storm was evidently brewing. I hurried down, and followed a dull shore road back to San Remo, which town seemed astonishingly far

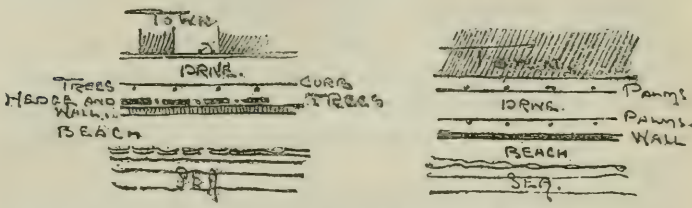
away. A second shower fell with vigor; but I hid in the house of a railway gate-keeper; and finally arrived at the hotel, dry, just before the continuous downpour began. This was of importance, because my clothes had gone to Genoa. I made a short evening over plant-notes, weary but happy, being fairly drenched with picturesqueness if not with rain. I met much semi-costume to-day and yesterday. Why need these women carry such burdens? In the towns everybody is lugging something; and what loads they pile on mules and donkeys; and what a good time they seem to have gathering olives; and how unblushingly the pretty and healthy children run after one and beg.

Riviera journeying is almost at an end for me. The best of it has been the seeing of real picturesqueness — a sight for which mine eyes have been hungering many years. I have also got a good idea of what can be accomplished in the way of plant-growing in a climate of this character; have made long lists of the trees and shrubs best worth remembering; have learned to recognize very many sorts (but shall forget them); have copies of the printed lists of plants at Monte Carlo and Cap d'Antibes; and have got together some ideas as to what general design in landscape gardening should be in similar countries.

At Alassio Charles visited the garden of General Sir M. McMurdo, to whom Mr. Bryce had given him a letter, — a small but very delightful place, made on a very steep hillside as at La Mortola. It was formerly in Olive terraces; but these are now partly done away with, and partly disguised. There was a pleasantly intricate series of along-hill paths, close thickets, rude flights of steps, a less rude but handsome flight, with a turn, made of red tufa rock with a terra-cotta balustrade. In many directions, glimpses of sea and mountains were obtained; but there was only one point of general widespread view. General McMurdo had been the engineer of the place; and Mrs. McMurdo the gardener. The engineering was conspicuously good, the walks having an adequate appearance of support on the downhill side — an unusual merit.

At six o'clock, in loveliest evening light, I set out alone from the hotel; and walked westward over the sand beach,

along which is built the old town. . . . The old town is crowded at the water's edge, the railway passing behind it — an altogether unusual arrangement on this coast. There was one short stone pier; but all the boats were drawn up on the sands. The calm was delicious, with lovely reflections;



Two Riviera arrangements for a drive and sea-wall along a beach.

and a gentle white surf played all around the great sweep of the beach. The boats were loading with empty fish-barrels, for a small steamer at anchor outside to carry to the fishing-grounds. There was a pretty scene at the launching of the last boat-load, — crowds of bare-legged boys helping shove off, their backs against the stem of the big seine-boat-like craft. Many children and their mothers were out for air on the beach, — building sand castles and so forth.

Sunday, April 12th. The railroad ride to Genoa offered a succession of small bays, valleys, and grand mountain capes, with many charmingly placed towns, and many castles more or less ruined set on romantic heights. There were also glimpses of snow mountains, continuous blue sea, and fine masses of cumuli over both the Rivieras. This ride, however, impaired somewhat Charles's enjoyment of the next day, for it was a succession of black tunnels and bright openings, very trying to the eyes. The countless Renaissance palaces with their courts, loggias, and staircases in many architectural styles, were the chief objects of interest in the city; but the well-devised promenade Acquasola and the public garden of Villetta di Negro, which offered fine views over the city, port, and environs, were also instructive. The Villa Pallavicini lies a little outside of Genoa; and was carefully examined by Charles; but he did not find it very instructive, although it is a famous garden. There were some pleasant shaded walks, some very successful rock-work made of stones from the sea-

shore, some well-devised streamlets, a large stalactite grotto, and a lakelet from which, by taking a boat, fine views are to be had of the Genoa light-tower and the sea. Many fanciful pavilions and summer-houses, Turkish, Chinese, and other, diversified the garden; also temples of Flora and Vesta; and a building which, on one side, is a triumphal arch, and on the other, a rustic cottage! Many odd water squirts entertained the visitors. Among the unusual decorations are the imitation ruins of two fortresses, with a tomb of a general supposed to have died in defence of one of them; and even a sort of imitation shrine of the Virgin in one corner, with an inscription granting certain indulgences to whoever may salute her image.

The Villa Rostan, which Charles also visited, is a less puerile place, although there are several squirts, and a hermit's cabin with a stuffed hermit, also a grotto with Diana bathing, and other illustrations of classical legend. Most of this place is a wood with underbrush, through which there are occasional very long vistas — one of the distant light-tower very effective. In the depth of the wood is a paved, moss-carpeted dancing-floor, with stone seats in the shrubbery round about, and an overlooking stone gallery; also a little open-air theatre, all mossy, and (like all else in the place) with an air of neglect, or romantic dilapidation, about it which is not unpleasing.

The next day Charles spent much time over photographs in an attractive shop; but, as had often happened to him before, he found but few worth buying. "They are verily a snare and a delusion except for buildings and architectural details." Throughout all Europe he found it very difficult to get pleasing and instructive photographs of scenery. Either the objects which interested him had never been photographed, or the photographs which had been taken gave no just idea of the real scenes. He came to the conclusion that one who desired to bring away from Europe photographic memoranda of landscape which had interested him must be his own photographer. His last remark before leaving Genoa was, "I looked into two fine palaces. What nabobs these merchant princes of Genoa were; and what ingenious architects built them their palaces!"

In the afternoon of April 14th he went on to Santa Margherita, enjoying intensely, as usual, the railroad ride by the small crowded towns, the many villas, the lemon groves, and the bits of castles in all sorts of positions, — in torrent beds, on top of heights, on the sea beach, or on slopes of mountains.

The hotel at Santa Margherita stood on the edge of the water of the port, almost as close as at Alassio, where the surf on the sand beach seemed about to roll into the hall and dining-room. The outlook eastward from the hotel presented a grand succession of mountains, very many of the height of Mt. Desert's highest (1527 feet), rising directly from the sea; and behind these others rising to 3000 feet and more — none quite so fine, however, as those which hang over Monaco and Mentone.

April 15. A divine morning, still, bright, and fresh. I took the shore road toward the end of the cape, bound to see Portofino. The road was very winding, always close to the water, and having now heights and cliffs, and now mountain-descended valleys on the right hand. There were many deep coves, many short bits of beach, and many wild cliffs and fantastic forms of coarse, conglomerate rocks. Everywhere were Pines, Arbutus, blooming Coronilla, Heath, and Myrtle, and now and then steep slopes of Olive woods. For three miles there were no houses, save a group at Paraggi; but a monastery on the flank of the mountain (with one Palm reared above the enclosing walls), and a quaint rectangular castle, set on a jutting rock of the shore at the mouth of a cove, its battered base partly hidden by Pines which also reached down over the shore rocks, its upper parts curiously broken into bays and groups of windows. At the head of one rock-bound cove, in a cleft of the cliffs, were a spring and cistern, where groups of women were washing. Around the next headland the wagon road suddenly ended against the close-built buildings of the town of Portofino. Hence was one of the quaintest pictures ever seen, — a deep hill-piercing cove, the shores opposite wooded and reflected in water; small vessels were moored in the inmost corners, their yards almost touching the trees, and the steep wooded heights of the long promontory opposite were crowned by castles of varying form, partly hidden in verdure. The little port was headed by a wide, short beach, with high buildings close about it, and strung in a block along the hither shore. Olive-clad heights close behind rise further off into Pine-clad summits of some two thousand feet. The road having ended, I got down into the

PORTOFINO FROM THE OPPOSITE HEIGHTS

piazza at the beach by poking down a steep staircase under buildings. From the beach, looking outward, the view was more striking. At the right, the wooded castle-crowned heights; at the left, a little quay and the blocked buildings under the mountain, the opening between crossed in the far distance by the coast line of the mainland.

Next I climbed round the cape to the church visible at point No. 1 in the map, using a little path and staircase which winds among cliffs and under mossy boulders, and to my great surprise found myself on the brink of great cliffs of open sea, with white surf dashing far below at their base. I pushed on by a footpath along the harbor side of the promontory, past the first strange castle, — or, rather, stronghold house, — between lovely thickets, under Olives, past one or two little hidden cottages, and up an exceedingly steep but little trodden

zigzag to the ruined tower and walls on the highest peak of this much-peaked headland. Here were vastly fine seaward cliffs, where, under a big Pine, I lunched off stuff from my pockets, while far below, and often hidden by Pines, two boats slowly dragged nets close to the rocks, and in the far distance two feluccas and one steamship sailed east towards Genoa. I loafed long on this height, and found many lovely wild flowers, and rescued an earthworm from a centipede. Then I returned to the little piazza (No. 2 on the map), and took a mountainward path, which led me up a succession of valleys different

from anything yet seen, — a sort of fairyland of fresh green grass and Ferns, moss, Ivy, and countless flowers, with new-budding trees and singing birds, and cottages hidden away in corners, and steep side-hills of Olives. Much stairs and much winding among verdurous walls and boulders, the path often but two feet wide between crags, with sudden turns between rude vine-clad trellises. At last a ridge, wholly open, a tremendous wild valley going down into the sea just beyond; a jutting rock close by; a little shrine; a view of sea and near mountains, and little Portofino. . . . Hence I discovered a tempting rock over across a deep gulch-like valley, and an Olive wood with a cottage not far from it; so I went round the head of the valley by a little footpath, meeting a little girl driving cows, and passing the dooryard of the cottage, gained the high rock easily, and was well repaid; for in addition to all else I got here a view of the fine snow mountains not far back of Rapallo, and also a far better look at the really stupendous cliffs of the coast close at hand at the west, whence a sound of surf in caves came faintly to the ear. This cottage was the highest on all the mountain. Above all is Pine and wildness up to the summit at about two thousand feet. I went down by a new way, through other fairylands, offering surprising views of the sea through trees from a great distance, the hills being exceeding steep. I met a few beautifully dressed peasant women, toiling up the hill, two little boys carrying big sacks, and three sweet-looking nuns, also climbing. At the piazza of Portofino at 3 o'clock (I had set out at 8.15), finding myself weary, for 4 lire I got a boatman to carry me back to Santa Margherita. We rowed and we sailed and I steered, and it was sport! Then, at 4.30, after a hurried cup of tea and a roll, I took train again and travelled the superb coast to Spezia, where the sun set in great glory; and on in moonlight through Tuscany to Pisa, dining off roast chicken, bread, and wine on the way. My heart on fire! What a glorious day!

April 16. Yesterday's five-hours' journey to Pisa was largely underground while daylight lasted. . . . A flash of daylight, and you cross a narrow gulch or valley, surf on the one hand, falls in the torrent stream on the other, then black-

ness again and another mountain overhead. The close-built towns are packed in the mouths of valleys, the railway sometimes behind, but unfortunately oftener in front. This is sad, because the railway's high embankment often cuts off the town's view of the sea and the view of the town from the sea. The coast is more precipitous, ruder, and wilder than any part of the western shore. After la Spezia, darkness came soon, but moonlight, the ghostly white mountains of Carrara gleaming in the distance, and the marble ballasting of the railway gleaming too. The night was so bright that the Pisan Duomo was visible from afar.

Pisa. This morning I looked out on the Arno and its grand, sweeping curve through the town. I rambled out without guide, and discovered a beautiful brick palace on Lung Arno; admired the wide eaves of the houses; took side streets, and presently, at the end of one of these, the Leaning Tower. . . . Like the rest of the world, I stood amazed at the Tower, the Baptistery, and the Church, — three marble wonders. . . . Next I got into the Campo Santo, and there stayed long. These were my first old frescoes, — hells, heavens, and so on; also many fine monuments, Roman, early Christian, and Renaissance; some excellent heraldic work in the stones of the floor, and graves of college teachers, — the whole enclosure with its neglected court, its faded wall paintings, its light arched tracery, its long roofed aisles, its quiet and seclusion, most utterly expressive of peace and the dead past. From within, through an iron grating, I watched the folk pour out of the Duomo; and when the preacher appeared, the crowd clapped and cheered — a strange scene. Then I wandered through the emptied church, looking at the rich marbles, the splendid pillars (brought home by Pisan conquerors), and the many peasant women kneeling at shrines — how beautiful are their faded gowns and kerchiefs and their dark faces! I could not get into the Baptistery, but climbed the Leaning Tower, and said farewell to the Mediterranean — my one true friend since Marseilles. After lunch I went out again to see the famous botanical garden, where I spent two profitable hours. It was an interesting opportunity of comparing the vegetation growable here with that of the western Riviera. I

noticed, among many other things, a huge Magnolia and a Yankee Shadbush in bloom. . . . At 5.30 I was off for Florence, a two-hours' ride through fertile, highly cultivated country, and one narrow defile. Heavy showers were falling on the surrounding mountains. The effects of bursting sunlight on the new leafage in distant parts of the plains, on the hill-set towns, and on the winding Arno, were startling. Near sunset the light-effects were most marvellous. Clouds everywhere, yet much sunlight too; bright gleams of rainbows; dark rain-clouds behind gleaming snow-mountains; white, billowy cumuli over shadowed hills — altogether wondrous and Turneresque. . . . Actually in Florence, city of my dreams!

Charles stayed six days in Florence. His visit was considerably impaired by heavy rains, which interfered with out-of-door excursions. The following summing up made April 22d will serve as introduction: —

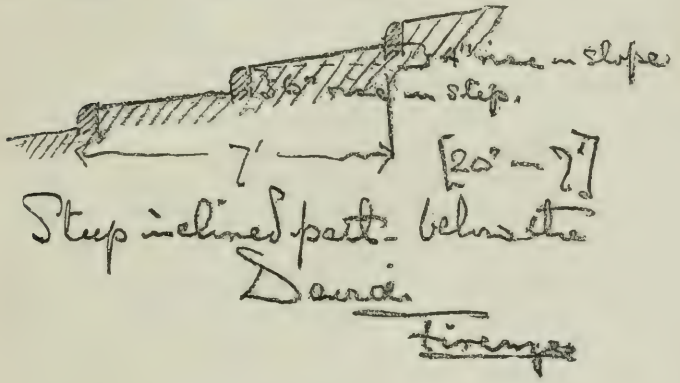
End of my present looking on Florence and her treasures: six daylights have fled, and I have seen much; but sixty would not suffice. Here is not only beauty of situation, and of city as a whole, and of plain and mountain round about it, and of vegetation, and of winding river, — but also beauty in abundance within the town, in the very streets, in broad day. Palaces, churches, fortress-houses, bell-towers, loggias, and bridges are full of character and meaning. The iron-work, bronze-work, mosaic, and sculpture are spirited, quaint, or exquisite. There are precious frescoes on the walls of courts in the open air, and bits of della Robbia's terra-cotta in street-corner shrines. The fine arts are not hidden away in museums, but set into every-day life.

In Florence he was looking more than usual at the main objects of tourists' interest, because these main objects are in high degree artistic; but he also visited the surrounding heights to enjoy the setting of the city.

The afternoon (April 17) was given to rambling on the heights of San Miniato, whence an entrancing view was made doubly lovely by effects of cloud-broken light. The winding Arno; the soft colors of new leafage in fertile plains, all

flooded with golden light; the purple and azure mountains stretching to far distance, and backed by snow crests at many points; and clouds, clouds, clouds, of such variety of form, mass, and color as is seldom seen. The city in the midst of the valley is a perfect thing too — a comprehendable place — a composition in the painter's sense. Rich brown roofs, from which rise the white walls of the Duomo and the Campanile, and the high stem tower of the town house, — towers and church all rising against exquisite coloring of plain and mountains beyond.

He liked the handsome carriage "concourse" with Angelo's "David" in the centre; and noted the Wistaria, Lilacs, Roses, and Spiræas in bloom on the 17th of April. He noted also

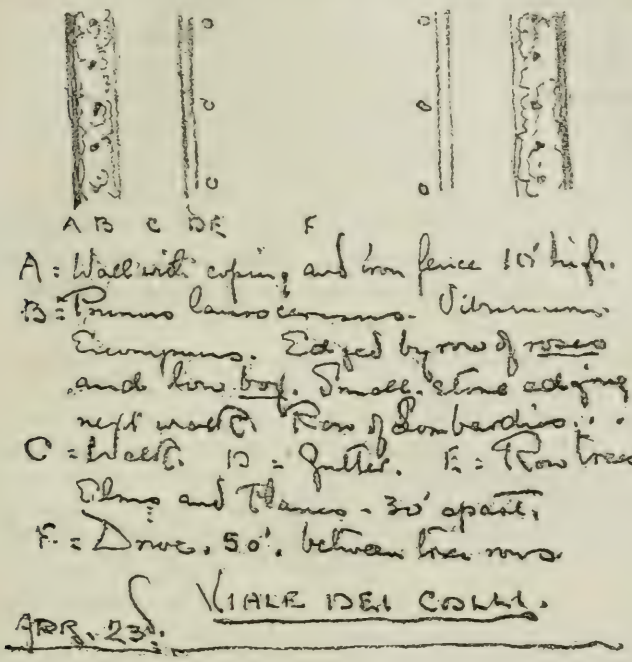


the absurd stucco caves within the arches of terrace walls. Another day he visited the Boboli Garden, where he had played every day for a fortnight when he was a boy of five. He explored it thoroughly, and got from it "an idea or two," but found it a dreary place. The Pitti Gallery, however, was close at hand. The Florence galleries invited him strongly, and as the weather was showery, he made frequent visits to them. At these galleries he "was vastly disappointed in some pictures familiar in engravings and photographs, and was delightedly surprised at others. The Venetian work, particularly, cannot be reproduced in photographs. The print of Titian's 'Flora,' compared with the original, is but a blot of ink; and the lovely Madonna, like that yet lovelier in the Louvre, is in photograph almost nought." He cared

little for any of the famous pictures in the Tribuna at the Uffizi; but greatly enjoyed the Angelicos and Botticellis, and every one of the Venetians; "and liked the small picture of 'Tobias and the Angel' by Granacci, and others unheard of." Of his visit to the San Marco monastery, now museum, he writes: "Here, as at Bargello, and as in Piazza della Signoria, and many side streets of the city, a mighty flavor of mediæval days. Walls of faded frescoes, angel hosts, Madonnas, saints, martyrs, pagan Aphrodites, Christs, — what creatures of imagination are these!" On the 21st, —

in despair of better weather, I took an omnibus to the park, where I was rained on vigorously for half an hour, and was then rewarded by a lovely clear-up. Sunlight through trees and thickets, all in young leaf. Very joyous and refreshing, particularly as I have hardly seen anything of the kind in all the Riviera region. . . . This park is wholly flat, and lies along the Arno. It is mostly woodland with underbrush, the trees large, and close-grown; but in one part lately thinned and cut back. There are some shrubless groves of Ilex among prevailing deciduous wood; and Ilex, also, now and then stands singly, — with big Poplars, for instance, near the river-side. On the few straight-edged grass lawns, or rather plots, the grass is uncut and poor. The roads and paths run in straight lines through woods and grasslands, and are everywhere bordered by at least one row of avenue trees; a ditch lies outside these trees, and then comes the wild wood, or sometimes a hedge beside the ditch. The edges of the woods towards the river and about the grass spaces are always a straight, unbroken wall, usually with a dense ten-foot Ilex hedge hiding the trunks of the trees, — a hedge over the top of which trees stretch bigger branches. There are many fine vista effects, excellent hedges with bays and stone seats; and good stone terminals; and corner posts; and posts with hanging chains to define footpaths; and curbs around the planting-spaces along the chief avenue where a footpath is carried alongside the drive. The woods with shrubbery are very pretty (when not stupidly hidden by hedges); but there is no landscape design in Mr. Olmsted's sense. I actually had to go outside of the park about fifty yards to get a lovely distant view of the city towers and Duomo, which might easily have been had within the park.

Charles thought no day well spent unless he was roving about on foot at least ten hours of it. Thus, on the 22d of April he visited in the morning the famous Viale dei Colli


A B C D E F
A: Wall with coping, and iron fence 10' high.
B: Piano carro cemento. Sidewalk. Curbstone. Edged by row of roses and low box. Small elms edging next road. Row of Lombardies.
C: Road. D: Gutter. E: Row trees Elms and Planes - 30' apart.
F: Drive, 50'. between tree rows
VIALE DEI COLLI.
APR. 23d.

and the grounds along it. The morning was fresh and fair, and the views lovely as possible; the gardens pleasant, but not instructive. There he watched the country carts and the country people. Then he drifted about the streets of Florence, in which there were crowds abroad, apparently going from church to church. He went into the Duomo, where some great function was going on, which culminated in the archbishop washing the feet of a dozen white-clothed ruffians. Great crowds were constantly moving in and out, — all sorts and conditions of men. In the —

Baptistery I saw a baptism. The old priest and his assistant straight out of a Giotto picture. There was a long rigmarole, through which the mother of the child had to stand, the baby in her arms. Then came the sousing of the little head with water, — what a heathen institution! The little

crowd from the street that looked on was interesting, — children who, after the ceremony, crowded to see the baby, and three costumed peasant women, amid rich marbles and gilding, and under high, shadowy vaulting. In the church of SS. Annunziata was a great array of candles, and a crowd apparently awaiting some ceremony. In the cloister adjacent I happened on del Sarto's "Madonna of the Sack" in the lunette over the door. Then outside, to my great surprise, I discovered della Robbia's charming bambinos set into the street wall of the Spedale degli Innocenti. I took an opportunity to say farewell to Bargello and the Ponte Vecchio, and the Campanile; and, a shower coming on, and my feet being almost sore, I put back to the hotel at the ignominious hour of 4.30.

On the 23d of April Charles crossed the Apennines on the railroad route to Venice. The ascent offered "many wondrous views of the plain of Arno and Pistoja's domes and towers seen from a great height; but the mountains seemed brown, steep, and often bare, wooded only with scarcely started low scrub." The crooked descent to Bologna was more interesting, the mountains being more clifty, with many deep ravines and some valleys gay with fresh green.

I got a good look at the leaning towers and strange domes of Bologna at the beginning of the great plain of the Po; and then came long rushing over fertile plains, — small fields ditched about, rows of strangely trained fruit trees, and white oxen ploughing. A strange land altogether, where rivers flow on ridges, and railways and wagon roads have to climb long grades to get over them. The towers and domes of Ferrara, Rovigo, and Padua were visible from great distances across a plain of freshest green. The train passed close under one group of blue hills, — Colli Euganei, — whence Shelley once looked over the great plain, "islanded with cities fair;" and eastward —

> "Where beneath Day's azure eyes,
> Ocean's nursling, Venice lies."

After Padua, the plain grows wetter and wetter, — becomes, indeed, a marsh with creeks; a bridge is entered on, and the marsh becomes flats; and Venice appears ahead. At four

o'clock the sun was behind a cloud for us, but was beaming bright on the walls and towers of the floating town. In the distance great stretches of sands shone golden, while the nearer flats and channels and grass patches were dullest gray. Strange boats and barges were about; and westward rose the Euganeans. Soon a hubbub of gondolas at the station; and then silent, lonely floating through water alleys, twice across the Grand Canal, and into a narrow crack beside the Giardino Reale to the steps of the Hotel la Lune. I got a room high up, with a view, over the rich foliage of the garden, to the east end of the Canal, and the churched and towered Isola di S. Giorgio Maggiore. Blue sky, blue water, colored sails, shooting gondolas, a big ship between buoys, off the Piazzetta, — Venice! and this morning I was on the bridge over Arno!

After washing, I went out into the Piazza. The low sun was shining full on the front of St. Mark's, and in at the open doors. I went in, and out again; and in, and out. What a wonder of earth is this! I strolled about the Piazzetta and the quays adjoining; and concluded that for a man of my tastes, and my sea education, this must ever be the perfectest spot."

Charles spent four days in Venice, — days fully occupied with a delighted study of the city, — its churches, pictures, and prospects, — in the pleasant company of Cambridge friends.

Again into the Piazza on Good Friday evening, — the Church front and the Palace very lovely by the light of gas-lamps. Within the Church, shadows and darkness, a few taper lights, quiet moving crowds, — the singing most touching. I sat in a corner till all was done. Life more a dream than ever.

Easter Sunday, April 25. Bright as possible! From the great Campanile, I was surprised to see so many little Venices round about. The Piazza was very gay with huge flags on the masts and St. Mark's banners at the corners of the Church. . . . In the evening with A. G—— drifted an hour in the Grand Canal. About perfect this!

From Venice he went to Lake Como and Bellagio, stopping on the way for a hasty look at Verona, and the cathedral and public garden of Milan.

Once embarked [on Lake Como], the rain ceased, and the clouds lifted and broke just enough to let the sun through in spots. What heights, what verdurous gulches, and high-set houses and hamlets; what fresh, soft greens, shaded off upwards into strange browns and golds; white snow on the top ridges, and in the deep gullies of the mountain flanks. On the lake shore itself was an infinite variety of wall and arching and bridging. There were little ports, bits of beach and of wild rock, and cliffs, and strings of towns, scattered villas, boathouses, and roofed ports; strange boats with high sails; steps leading down into the water; and landings in under houses. The sky was very glorious. Scraps of cloud lay about the sunlit snow peaks. There were showers in many directions, and wreaths of mist about the flanks of green mountains. There was sunlight on soft, green summits; and great shadows under the western shores.

The next day was misty and rainy; but in the afternoon the showers ceased, and he "watched the breaking up of the heavy clouds, snow peaks shining with sunlight appearing now and then through gaps in the clouds; the wind rising out of the north, and tall sails coming down the lake before it; the clouds, too, sailing fast." The afternoon voyage to Como was delightful.

I spied diligently at the strange, beautiful lakeside, different from anything I ever imagined. There were walls of every conceivable form and device, with piers, with high or low supporting arches, with crannies, crooks, and caves for boats, and complications with beaches and brook-mouths. There were bridges, jutting rocks, waterfalls, mills at mouths of gulleys, and little walled ports. Houses rose from the water, as at Venice, with water doors. Garden things hung down to the water from over garden walls. There were lovely church towers, sometimes on low points of beach, or on top of cliffs, or high-set on spur or shelf of mountain. Villages and hamlets were charmingly scattered along the shores, and along the mountain flanks. Of the villas, some few were staringly

ugly and pretentious; but many, to American eyes, very original and fine. One, on the tip of a long point, had three arched loggie entirely open, separating its two wings. Another stood at the head of a wide cove, with wooded mountain shores. A great house stood at the water's very edge, with woods close about it, and no visible means of arriving thither save by water.

In the hotel at Bellagio was nobody but two young Germans, and a French party of three. These latter could see no beauty in rain-swept lakes; although one of them was an amateur photographer.

For lovers of landscape or of word-painting it is interesting to compare this description of Lake Como — one of the most beautiful pieces of scenery in Europe — with a description of Goat Island, Niagara Falls, which Charles wrote three years earlier when an apprentice at Mr. Olmsted's office. It occurs in an irregular journal or note-book which he kept during that period.

July 8, 1883. I am writing to the sound of the rapids of Niagara after a really worshipful Sunday. A beautiful gray morning. To Goat Island alone as a "passionate pilgrim."

The shore is generally regular in its curves, but in detail delightfully intricate with numberless little water-filled chasms, crooks, and caves. There are hanging trees, old gnarled Cedars clutching the rocks, overhanging verdure of much variety, rich masses of Bitter-sweet and Virginia Creeper, the young sprays often trailing in the rushing water, and quiet pools behind old stranded logs with Iris in bloom therein. Within is much ancient forest — old and tall Beeches. In the open spaces are luxuriant masses of Sumac, Wild Rose, and Gooseberry, Rubus odoratus, Poison Ivy, Virginia Creeper, and Bitter-sweet, the latter often in masses on the ground and twisted about itself.

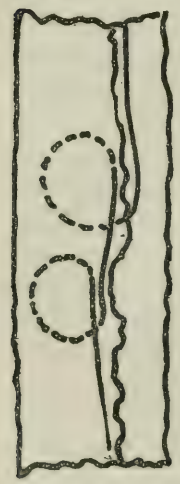
Delightful narrow wood-roads, and "unimproved" trails and footpaths. Everywhere is the sound of the surrounding rapids, like surf on a shore of broken rocks.

To the Sisters, the great Rapids, the brink of the Horseshoe, and Luna Island. The sun broke through the clouds;

a mist-bow spanned the spray-filled gulf; and the Gorge and its delicate suspension bridge were marvellously illumined.

In the evening of May 2d Charles reached Paris, having enjoyed very much his quick ride by the Pass of St. Gotthard and across France. "Saturday's journey (May 1) over the St. Gotthard was of course the most interesting of all my life," he wrote to his mother May 3. He invariably enjoyed a long ride by railway, whether through a wild or a cultivated country, whether through mountains or over great plains; but this day's ride was unique, — he was seeing at once stupendous scenery and a marvellous feat of engineering. It was a cloudy day, —

but the sun came out now and then in beauteous fashion. The train passed through the fresh green valleys of Breggia, past the torrents of Laveggio and the great crags of Monte Generoso; crossed the crooked Lago di Lugano on bridges, causeways, and islands, twisting along the western shore; climbed slowly the narrowing Val d'Agno; passed through a tunnel under Monte Cenere; and burst suddenly into the sunshine of the wide valley of Ticino. Here, from a high position on the mountain side, there was a great view northward into Alpland, and southward to green meadows and blue waters at the head of Lago Maggiore. . . . Soon the train followed constantly the river Ticino up a valley shut in by higher and higher mountains, which were very steep and rocky, yet inhabited almost to the summits. Countless waterfalls were in sight, — some exceeding high, — and many chains of falls coming from great heights. Beyond Bodio, the valley, which hitherto had some flat land in it, contracted; and soon the train passed a bridge over the river, then suddenly jumped back again, and plunged straight into the mountain side, to come out again at a point downstream from the point of entrance, but at a higher level. The same tactics were repeated again immediately, the result being the attainment of a sort of higher valley above a steep, narrow river gorge. Here Firs first appeared high on



the mountain sides; and here also were the first signs of Swiss builders' work. After more slow climbing, there appeared below Faido a hillside of pastures dotted with dark brown log barns, — altogether Swiss. Superb waterfalls were in sight. The railway plunged into a huge precipice mountain to take another upward spiral; then crossed a river gulch, and another, and so pulled up through the now slender valley to Airolo, — a little hamlet where all river meadow-land ceases, and the snow mass of Mt. St. Gotthard blocks the way. The snow-piled zigzags of the carriage road were plainly visible high on the mountain. I slept profoundly all through the nine-mile tunnel; but was told that the passage took twenty-two minutes. The train came out into wet cloudland, and looked down the steep torrent of Rense, — quite undescendable in appearance. The down grade was tremendous, through a very wild ravine differing from everything in the Italian side. Firs were everywhere. The principal descent was accomplished thus, — the round dot stands for a village. The first view of it is from a great height above it; but, after long travelling, the train passes at last far below it. The side torrent near the village is crossed three times at different levels; and the extraordinary changes in the apparent position of the village are exceedingly confusing. Down we went into Switzerland, out of cloudland and rockland into fresh greenland about Altdorf and the head of the lake of Vierwaldstätter, . . . the lake very dark, and the air full of wet.

Of Lucerne and its lake he says: —

It was good to see hillsides of mixed woods, fresh pastures, great apple orchards, big barns, and other almost Yankee-like things. I hunted up the great Lion, and admired the strange bridges and the Northcountrymen's towers, so utterly different from those of the morning. Here are steep roofs of many stories. It is a marvellous transformation in architecture. And this dark, gloomy, cold lake, — how different from fair Como, lovely in spite of rain.

His brief comment on the ride from Lucerne to Paris (May 2) is as follows: —

The country is very beautiful. A charming mixing of hills and valleys, lakes and streams, ravines and intervales. The buildings become thoroughly German, then beyond Bâle, slowly French. The long ride across France is really interesting. Farms everywhere, and not a fence or a wall; not a dozen pastured cattle were in sight all day. There were occasional preserved woodlands, the coppice-cutting lately completed, and some woods for growing large timber; all large forests were intersected by straight alleys. Paris at seven o'clock.

His sixty days' absence from Paris had cost him on the average $4.60 a day, including the purchase of a trunk, photographs, and some books, — not much more than it would cost a young man just to live in a good hotel in an American city without travel. Nevertheless, he wrote to his mother on May 3d: "I am, in fact, becoming a confirmed spendthrift." To his father he wrote May 11th: —

I have to confess to five days of comparative do-nothingness, — the five following my arrival in Paris. Verily I was a good deal fagged out in body; and in mind I was in a state of chaos and confusion: such a whirl of new sights, impressions, and experiences had I been through. Sometimes I wish I were mentally and emotionally duller than I am! There must be a great peace in unawakedness. But, rather, I wish my mental as well as my bodily digestive powers were stronger than they are, — so that I might make some use of the rich food that has come to me in the last two months.

CHAPTER VI

LANDSCAPE STUDY IN EUROPE. PARIS AGAIN

I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower gardens are the epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and cascades, are romance writers; Wise and Loudon are our heroic poets; . . . as for myself, you will find that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. — ADDISON.

HAVING spent two months on the Riviera, and in Italy, amid great natural beauty and much picturesqueness of man's creation, Charles was now to study artificial park and garden work in a comparatively flat country, mostly cultivated, and repeatedly injured, within the lifetime of many species of trees, by invading and defending armies. The writing of letters and notes of his journey, of course, occupied a considerable portion of his time; and the art collections of Paris could not be neglected. Thus, he spent the whole day, on the 7th of May, in the Salon.

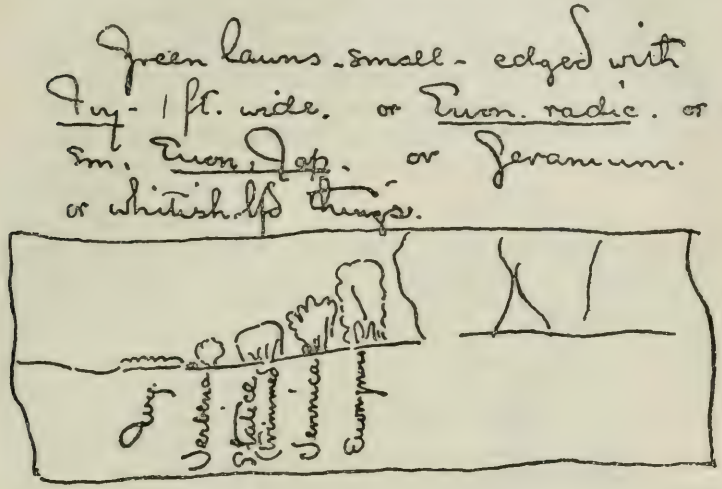
A monstrous big show, with some interesting architectural drawings; some queer, original sculpture; and endless walls of paintings. There was an infinite variety of subject and treatment, — horrors, dramatics, mythologies, nudities, portraits, landscapes, peasantics (after Millet), butcheries, pots and pans, cheeses and old books, all jumbled together in distressing and wearying confusion. A portrait of a great hog, life-size, adjoined "Love Disarmed;" a scene of battle slaughter was placed beside a group of "Sirens" or choir of angels. There were six different "Judiths," as many murders of differing kinds, endless, realistic imitation of old books, glassware, preserves in jars, roast beef, and raw meats; endless painting of death, — dead soldiery, dead old men, dead girls; much realistic copying of every-day life, — a yachting party in a steam launch, for example, the figures

life-size, — ball-rooms, weddings, funerals, street scenes, family dinner parties, scenes at the theatre or in restaurants; every sort and kind of nakedness, from most unreal, conventional creatures to completest imitation of even ugly women; many fairly loathsome creatures, and hardly a respectable creature among them all, — men or women; though many of a pretty or sentimental kind. Many pictures entitled "La Misère" represented all the ugliness of poverty most faithfully, and sometimes touchingly. There were numerous archæological pictures, cold artificial renderings of supposed life and costuming of the Greeks and Romans; many detailed portrayals of crime with all manner of blood and thunder; in fact, a wholly riotous and chaotic collection, — individualism run mad. Amid all these, the few good landscapes and seascapes were exceedingly refreshing; and, in fact, played the same part that landscape plays in real life. Some coast of Norway scenes were especially good in spirit; though I detested the manner of their painting, — the manner of their execution.

He found at Paris the Philadelphia family with whom he had enjoyed intercourse in London several months before. Twice he had sought them on the Riviera, and had been much disappointed to find each time that they had gone on before him. "Mrs. Beadle was kindly as ever; Miss Pitkin as fresh and fair and pretty (I believe it is Louisa L—— that she is like); Miss Yale as wise and quiet. They made me talk; then I quarrelled a bit with ——, a Harvard man, over the inevitable Irish question; and at 9.15 departed, Miss Pitkin desiring me to come in again very soon."

He reëxamined the Paris squares, which he had before seen in mid-winter, finding them to look far better, when the grass was green and the plantings showed the designed colors of their foliage, than in their bare winter state. He was much interested also in the use made of these squares by the children and women of their neighborhood. One Sunday afternoon spent in the Parc Monceaux was especially delightful to him, because of the countless "children and gayly dressed bonnes, with a band of music between 4 and 5 o'clock, the whole driveway occupied by a crowd seated in chairs. The crowd was very quiet and well dressed, — not a sign of a 'mucker,' — as different as possible from the scene at the

Boston Common Sunday band concerts." He noted, also, the "very green grass, good even in the shade; gracefully modelled surfaces; open groves; Ivied tree-trunks; and thicket plantings, edged with Euonymus, Veronica, and Euonymus radicans, or even with formal rows of Geraniums. All the paths were edged by ⌒⌒⌒⌒."



Mons. André, the eminent landscape architect, gave him much valuable information, directing him to old and interesting places in the neighborhood of Paris which it would be worth while for him to see, and explaining to him his own business arrangements, which seemed to Charles admirable.

Of late years, Mons. André has undertaken the designing of country-houses, as well as of grounds; and he has always kept to himself, as far as possible, the designing of all accessory buildings, walls, bridges, terraces, etc., — things which Mr. Olmsted gives up to the architect. . . . His landscape-gardening work is sometimes executed by contract for a lump sum, there being men in Paris who will undertake work in all departments in this way; oftener by contract at fixed prices for the different kinds of work; and oftener still by day labor. In the latter case, the men at work are overseen by a foreman employed by André, whose services are afterwards charged as an item in his bill. These foremen make reports

every week in writing. I saw many of the reports; and inferred that these must be men of a very superior sort. When André visits a work in progress, and directs such and such things to be done, the foreman, who has taken notes in his book, on the next day sends up to Paris a memorandum of the things commanded. These memoranda are preserved, and the items checked off as the weekly reports warrant.

Charles was also allowed to look over many colored plans of work already executed; so that he obtained a clear idea of Mons. André's methods and results.

The fine annual Exhibition d'Horticulture was in progress at the Champs Élysées; and there Charles spent many hours studying not only the annuals, hardy flowers, and greenhouse plants, but the exhibits of garden tools, iron and terra-cotta vases, railings, fences of wire and wood, plant tubs and boxes, rustic bridges, cement-work in imitation of wood, — even a rustic-work summerhouse with a thatched roof all of cement. The plant collections were especially useful to him, because the specimens were all labelled; and he could thus get the names of many plants which he had seen on the Riviera and in the French gardens.

He found the Bois de Boulogne much more beautiful than in winter; although he still objected to much of the artificial water and rock work. He could never enjoy a fall or cascade unnaturally placed, so that the water

"issues from the top of the highest mound in the neighborhood," unless, indeed, it was a completely architectural series of falls and cisterns, like that at St. Cloud. The thing which most pleased him at the Bois de Boulogne was the view over the great open Longchamp, —

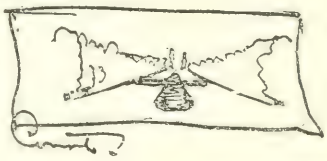
as there is no large or even largish stretch of grassland in all the Bois, this is very valuable. I examined the Moulins, the arrangements about the grand-stand, the pretty little lakes near the Suresnes gate, and the partly open country of this part of the Bois, — the prettiest part of all. The scrub wood of the major part, and the wide roads lined with rows of ugly-colored planes are too monotonous, particularly as many of the roads are straight.

In all his excursions about Paris, at this season, he noticed the careful way in which the railroad embankments were treated. "No raw banks. Grass, and Ivy, and thickets of small trees, chiefly Maples and Locusts, evidently often cut down, but as evidently encouraged to grow, at least on the upper parts of the banks in the cuts."

At Versailles he gave hardly any attention to the palace and its contents, —

but passed straight through to Le Nôtre's great gardens, where I soon discovered there was very much to be seen. I looked at numbers of varied parterres, and walked round and about for two hours; but then found my way into the gardens of the Petit Trianon. What pleasantness, what delight, what romantic charm is here, particularly to one coming directly from the formalities and eccentricities of the great gardens. Plainly, this Petit Trianon is the better sort; but what a simple sort, — nothing but grass and trees, and a little water, and a very little undulation of surface; but grassland and woodland run in and out of each other; and water appears unexpectedly; and there is the charm of not knowing what the next turn may bring you to; and the great trees are of many sorts. The mixing of them is ever varied; and sometimes the wood is open and grassy, and sometimes dense with low branches and shrub thickets. The roads and paths are no longer parts of the scene; but only the means of arriving on the scene. They go about unobtrusively. In this little

space, — perhaps a tenth or twentieth of the area of the large garden, — there is a great variety of quiet, peaceful, soul-refreshing scenery. I think it the best thing of its sort I have seen on the Continent. Whoever designed the few buildings in it did well. The hamlet where the Court and Marie Antoinette used to play at being peasants is very pretty; so is a group of buildings called the Swiss cow-house; and the farm gate behind these. The picturesqueness of these things is a little too much that of the stage, but only a little; most of it is a real, that is a reasonable, picturesqueness. Here I lingered long, admiring. Three dark clouds came up and delivered as many heavy showers. The effects of light were very lovely. I passed out to the head of the long water in the main gardens. This is a very grand perspective, the country being flat as far as eye can reach, and nothing hindering looking to the very uttermost horizon. I walked up to the palace front again, and got the effect of change of level on this immensely long, narrow view. It is very fine — finer far than the similar thing at Hampton Court. I took note, during the afternoon, of various handsome forms of "avenues" and alleys, some where trees are clipped part way up and then grow freely, some in which the whole tree is clipped and trained, and some where the trees are as free as on Boston Common; of various designs for parterres and Boxedging work, and of pattern gardening in three elements — gravel, grass, and Box. The account of the interior of the palace does not sound interesting. The inscription says, — "To all the Glories of France" — war glory chiefly, I fear.



Charles visited with pleasure the Baron Rothschild's great park Ferrières, originally designed by Paxton, and later by André. The place contains every element of an expensive country-seat: splendid glass-houses admirably stocked, formal gardening about the huge château, flower gardens, and a park wholly English in style, but too recent to have any fine trees as yet. From the windows and terraces of the château there

FRENCH TREES AND AVENUES

are many long vistas — apparently a limitless property; yet the boundary is really very near at some points. There are great stretches of greensward running far into woodlands at many points, two or three keepers' houses seen at the ends of long vistas, a long, crooked lake, and at its head a brand-new concrete stream (Paris contractors make these at so much a metre). The plantations are exceedingly varied in outline, and many species are used. Everywhere is dense-planted underbrush, chiefly Berberis, Ruscus, and Box. There are too many sensational bits of planting, — such as silver Poplars against dark Conifers, white Negundos beside purple Beeches, and huge banks of purple Pansies far off in corners of the dress-ground. This sort of thing becomes tiresome when often repeated. The great lawns are cut by hand machines, and become brown in summer in spite of constant watering. The more distant parts of the park are pastured by sheep, and by a fenced-in herd of deer kept to supply beasts for hunting. In one corner is a "faisanderie," where birds are hatched and raised to stock the woods for fall shooting. There were many good points about the formal gardening near the château, especially some exceedingly pretty "spring bedding" made with yellow and purple Pansies, red and white Daisies, and pink Silene. The glass-houses were extra fine, of course, all extra well stocked too; although the boy complained that "the decorator from Paris took away all the best plants." Heavy showers fell while we were in the houses. About one o'clock I completed the long round, and got lunch at a small country inn in the village, in company with the driver of a fancy biscuit wagon which was hitched at the door, — a man in a white cotton gown, with a pencil behind his ear. He had asparagus, some sort of cheese, nuts, and wine; I two eggs, an entrecôte of something, cheese, and wine. The horse munched his oats just outside the window. Across the narrow road the children of the village school were playing very noisily. In one corner an old woman sat knitting.

An omnibus was to start back for the railway station Lagny at 3.15; but I strolled out into the fields and lanes, and by and by came to a highway skirting the great park. There I

saw a gentleman in gray, with a coat on his arm, walking fast away from the village; and, remembering that a map I had seen showed a railway rather nearer Ferrières than that at Lagny, I chased said gentleman and inquired if he were bound for a railway and Paris. Yes, he was; so I fell in. We walked fast round the walled park, and then down a long, straight road through the "forêt" belonging on the one hand to Rothschild and on the other to the Commune. There were no houses at all in sight, and the station itself stood alone in the depths of the woods; but villages were reported all about. We walkers started up two pheasants and a rabbit. The wood was carpeted with Lily-of-the-Valley and with Strawberry Blossoms. My companion was very silent; but we took the train at half past three, and reached Paris before five."

The ancient park of Ermenonville, the first French place made in the landscape style, the home of Girardin, and the abode of Rousseau, was restored a few years ago by André. Charles rode to it, an hour by train, through the tamest possible country, — some gentlemen's parks the only oases, — and an hour by omnibus over a straight, treeless, paved road across a gently rolling plain, with few trees, and no visible houses, but one or two church spires far off. "A rattling, tiresome ride, with many packages but only one fellow-traveller — the woman mail-carrier. At length, there rose above an intervening swell of ground a cream stone tower. Then came a twisting descent into a suddenly disclosed valley sunk in the plateau, — a pleasant valley with much wood and also a gleam of water, — and immediately arrival in the inn yard of a close-built village — Ermenonville." The park gates are close beside the inn; and the old woman at the Lodge gave Charles cordial permission to walk anywhere about the place, the family not being at home.

I first inspected the curious arrangements by which the public road is carried close past the château without interfering with the view up the valley beyond the said road. The road is here "fenced" by ditches of water derived from a stream which comes down the valley with two falls, and then fills the wide moats about the château, and flows on for a long distance in sight of the château between low banks, through

flat, green meadows, and around some wooded islands, its waters made to go slowly, and to spread, by means of several low dams. The long water perspective is very striking. Woods (of disappointing stature) are on every hand; far in the distance a glimpse of the famous mill figured in Laborde. Some white fences were very intrusive; and some high earth beds far off on the points of otherwise good islands caught the eye — beds for scarlet Geraniums, I fear. The château walls rise directly from the water, one arched bridge leading into the court. The terrace on the park front has a boat-landing. The banks of the irregular moat are very finely wooded, the trees hanging over the water, and reaching towards the cream stone building. Pleasant walks lead along these banks off through the wet meadows over many bridges, and, on the other side, to the new orangery. The stables and gardens are hidden behind a thick screen. I walked all about the place; and discovered a view of a charming wild-shored pond beyond the highway, — a view obtained by the substitution of ditches for high walls along the road. I found, also, two or three traces of the romantic buildings with which Laborde describes the place to have been adorned.

At noon I lunched in the inn, the entrance being through the kitchen. A group of three men out of a story-book, or painting, sat at the adjoining table — one blue blouse, one green corduroy with leggings, one very aged nondescript sleeveless garment and a crumpled white collar about five inches high.

In the afternoon I explored the upper park which possesses an unsuspectable pond dam, an island with Rousseau's tomb ("Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la vérité"), small-wooded slopes and coppice Beech wood, and an old archery ground with buildings. Then I walked down the highway for another look at the really wild pond, which was like Hadlock's Lower Pond [Mt. Desert] without the mountains. In a tame land like this part of France, no wonder this feature was exceedingly admired.

Charles spent a long half day (May 19) at the Buttes-Chaumont, a remarkable Paris public ground which he had visited in the winter. He admired "the much excellent

detailed work in the plantings along the artificial brooks, on the rocks generally, and in wildish thickets;" but he could not like the tree-planting, for he found numerous ugly species mixed in an ugly way, the masses being too regularly outlined, or too formally shaped. To save the many striking views from the higher ground, the trees had been planted too sparingly, so that there was hardly a shady path in all the park. "Fundamentally, the whole thing is too fantastic, too theatrical, too mimic romantic."

May 20th he spent a very good day in the gallery and gardens of the Luxembourg. "I enjoyed many of the pictures and detested many. The old Renaissance garden and the side gardens in 'English style' are interesting, and the avenue of the Observatory very fine; and the whole thing is much more appropriate for a town garden than the Buttes-Chaumont; but the latter was a rough region of quarries and rubbish heaps, and I know not what else could have been done with it, save that its new character need not have been so much exaggerated — so caricatured." What pleased him most in the Parisian open grounds was the "countless children of all styles."

May 21st, by train and omnibus, he went in two hours to Mortefontaine, a very small hamlet at the gates of the great château bearing this name. Across the road lay the nursery gardens of Chantrier Frères, to whom Charles brought a note of introduction from M. André. This famous nursery he wished to examine with a business object, as well as for the pleasure of seeing its products. The firm had just won a medal of honor at the Paris Horticultural Exposition for Crotons and Dracænas, specialties of theirs. Charles was cordially received, and shown all over the nursery and through the glass-houses; he was then invited to déjeuner with another stranger, — a gardener come to make some purchases.

Madame was in black cap and gown; Monsieur in a black coat, but his blue apron was tucked up round his waist. A young boy completed the party. The menu was — eggs, fish, greens with eggs, steak (provided especially for me), plum preserve with little cakes, an ample supply of good claret, and an especially fine sort to top off with, and then the inevitable café avec cognac, which I wanted to refuse but could not. Next we had some discussion on the catalogue and prices; and then, with the above-mentioned strange gardener, and under the guidance of Chantrier, I made the grand tour through the park of Mortefontaine, — a long and

very enjoyable walk. The property is extensive, cut by several highways, one of which passes close by the château and between the château and the grand park; but this road is concealed by woods, and — where it crosses the open — by being slightly sunk and fenced by ditches only. The access to the park from the château is by a tunnel under the public road, the approach-gullies and steep rocks about the openings being shaded by largish hanging trees — the whole exceedingly well done. Then came a view of large lakes, high-shored on one side, intricate in outline, containing several islands, and held by long, but hardly suspectable dams. We passed down along the low banks under pendant trees, getting many charming glimpses across water, and one long view down a second lake to a high, wild hill, showing much bare rock (where thousands of Pinus maritima had been winter-killed). Finally there came into view a third lake, yet larger and longer, in reality held by a low dam along almost the whole of one side; but this dam is concealed by thick plantings which hide the fact that the land is a little lower just beyond. (This successful hiding of a dam is not accomplished at the Bois de Boulogne, where, at the dammed end of the lake, the woods are open, and strange sights may be seen, — such as the upper halves of carriages and the heads of men moving apparently along the ground among tree-trunks.) In this largest lake are some rocky islets, and many bits of rock shore, as at Spot Pond [Middlesex Fells]. Issuing from the farther end, two narrow channels are seen which surround a hilly, rocky island of a hundred acres. The whole park is on this grand scale.

We walked back by the high, wild woods of the hill country above the chain of lakes, with much Pine and many boulders in some parts, and evergreen Fern, and other homelike things. Rabbit holes were abundant; and many trees were gnawed by stags and rabbits, and there were great ploughings under Oak-trees, said to be the work of the wild boar. On one high point was the ruin of a guard-house, which I think is figured in Laborde. The whole place possesses no interest but of the landscape sort; and in this it is very rich, particularly when compared with the tame uniformity of ordinary French country. There is not a rare tree in the place, as

Monsieur Chantrier dolefully remarked; and not a flower bed save in the garden by the château. Long years of neglect have increased the landscape charm. Planted and roughly made before the Revolution, the place was afterwards taken by Napoleon, and inhabited by "King Joseph," who, when he went to America, carried the predecessor of the Chantriers with him. It has since been owned by a Prince de Condé, who gave it to a person who has no money to spend on it. I had much good talk with Adolphe Chantrier, and, after a drink of wine and water all round and farewell to Madame, I took the omnibus at 4.30, and reached dinner in Paris at seven.

The next day he visited St. Denis, which he found very stupid. "An ugly town, and a Viollet-le-Duc church, and countless restored tombs." He made this excursion, however, by appointment, in company with Mrs. Beadle's interesting nieces; and the following was the part of the excursion which he enjoyed: "Lunched in best discoverable restaurant, and talked long." With the same young ladies he visited Versailles again; looked through the palace; walked through the great gardens and the Petit Trianon; hid from a couple of showers; and returned with them to Paris. In the same pleasant company, on Sunday, May 30th, he heard a fine performance of Gounod's "Mors et Vita," conducted by Gounod in the superb hall at the Trocadéro. "After it we walked to Boulevard Haussmann. Farewell! The family goes to London to-morrow to meet Mr. Pitkin. Monday, May 31. Midnight bed last night, late up this morning. I looked into Boulevard Haussmann and discovered a railway omnibus before No. 52 bis. Mrs. Beadle and the Misses depart for London — all with flowers in hand. Bon voyage. C. E. again solus." It was a great evening fête which had kept him up late on the 30th. The garden of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, and the great avenue up to the Arc de Triomphe were illuminated with lanterns in the trees, colored fires, and colored glass lamps strung on wire ropes, or forming designs on light wooden frames. The parterres also were prettily illuminated. Charles observed especially the "huge, well-ordered crowds" enjoying not only the fireworks and illuminations, but the free pantomimes, ballet, merry-go-rounds, gymnastic exhibitions, and music.

His attention was now distracted from professional study for a few days by the people in the hotel, who were curiosities

in a way, by the necessity of making some calls, and, besides, by a troublesome tooth, which cost him two or three days of precious time. Rain and rather cold weather also impaired his enjoyment of the late days in May and the early ones in June. Thus, when he visited St. Germain, the drive along the terrace, through the forest, and over the fine avenues of the Château Lafitte was impaired by low clouds which limited the prospects. On the 4th of June he says, "As yet I have not seen Fontainebleau or half what I wanted to see;" but it rained steadily on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of June, and Fontainebleau was impossible. On the 8th it was rainy as ever, and he took train for Rouen, on his way to England. On the ride to Rouen he noted wide intervale lands along the Seine, wooded hills, Poppies and Corn flowers, very few towns or scattered houses — yet cultivation everywhere and everything intensely green. Cattle were feeding in ranks across fodder fields. At Rouen he saw, in intervals of rain, the cathedral, and St. Maclou and St. Ouen, and the garden about the latter; but after a six o'clock dinner, he sought the quays, which always attracted him. "Stern-wheel steam canal-boats were loading even for Lyons; and English coal steamers lay at the quays." The next morning, "under an umbrella, I went to see the beautiful Palais de Justice and Jeanne's monument; a big flag was in her hand, and many wreaths were hung on her spear, her arms, and all about — some from 'les Positivistes du Havre.'"

Arrived at Havre, he first placed his effects on the steamer for Southampton, then took a chop in a little English place on the quay, inspected the fine jetty and docks, and watched the passing in and out of the narrow entrance to the port. The rain had stopped, but fog lay over the sea, and the fog trumpet blew now and then. Next he took a tram-car from the city to the foot of the great wooded height visible from the jetty. "I climbed up by stairs between gardens, through a sort of Milton Hill or Longwood region [neighborhood of Boston] commanding grand views over the great misty sea, and over the city from a ridge running along the crest. Taking the bearings of two public gardens visible in the city, I descended by other stairs, and inspected the said gardens, finding a botanic collection in one where I got the names of several striking common plants — to my considerable pleasure. At six o'clock, finding myself at the door of a certain Hôtel d'Angleterre, I entered, and partook of the table d'hôte dinner, — 3.75 fr. vin compris. The bill of fare was very Frenchy, including vegetable soup, eels, some sort of brains,

beef à la mode, peas, the inevitable veal, salad, etc." This last day in France well illustrated the energy, ease, and economy of time with which he travelled, and the variety of observations and impressions he would accumulate within the hours of a single day. He reached Southampton in rain on June 10th.

Just before landing in England, when his proposed year abroad was more than half over, Charles wrote to his father about the extreme difficulty of getting advice as to the prosecution of his studies. He had felt that difficulty at home, even in the office of Mr. Olmsted; but he felt it more abroad, where the men whose advice would have been valuable were "too busy to give much real help to a wandering chap like me; and the people who had time to talk — well, had nothing valuable to say." Influential letters of introduction from home procured him, at a few points, some useful hints; but his conclusion was "that the only way is to keep moving, and to keep my eyes open, and to trust to chance to show me something interesting and professionally instructive." On the whole, he found the books he had read, and the catalogues, guides, and directories he had procured, the most trustworthy sources of preliminary information — in short, he experienced to the full the difficulty of studying a profession in preparation for which there is no recognized school or course of study.

CHAPTER VII

LANDSCAPE STUDY IN EUROPE. THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND

> Gardening, in the perfection to which it has been lately brought in England, is entitled to a place of considerable rank among the liberal arts — it is an exertion of fancy, a subject for taste; and being released now from the restraints of regularity and enlarged beyond the limits of domestic convenience, the most beautiful, the most simple, the most noble scenes of nature are all within its province. — WHATELY.

His first act, when the weather cleared in Southampton, was to visit the parks, — which are many and large in comparison with the size of the town, — and a great contrast to French public gardens. As for the townspeople, the contrast is greater still. "Again I see rags and dirt, and hobble-de-hoy girls and men, and drunkenness, and servile manners. Vive la République!" He was invited to stay at the house of Mr. and Mrs. William Darwin, Mrs. Darwin being the sister of the wife of Professor Charles Eliot Norton. There he enjoyed an easy hospitality, and friendly guidance to much which he desired to see in Southampton and its vicinity. One of the most beautiful of the gardens he visited he thus describes: "A lovely wilderness for the most part, — Rhododendrons as in North Carolina, Azaleas, Kalmias, Amelanchiers [Shadbush], and so forth." With Mr. Darwin he walked through an adjoining wild park which was in chancery. Here were many fine Oaks and Spanish Chestnuts, and an ugly mansion; but very good dammed waters, and much variety of scene all round about. He walked, too, with Mr. Darwin across country, through a large Fir wood with a Roman camp in it, to another private place in a charming situation at the head of a valley, — its approach road, along the side of the valley, very fine, but its near slopes spotted all over with round flower beds, single specimen Azaleas, etc. There was afternoon tea at a hospitable house, and a walk back across fields. "A very pleasant day (June 13): no rain for a wonder." A drizzling foggy day, closed by a heavy rain, was spent at Winchester, examining the charming old Hospital, the big trees in the fields beside the river

Itchen, the courts and cloisters of the Winchester school, and the Cathedral with its Saxon kings' boxes, Templars' monuments, and grand Norman work in the transepts.

On the 15th of June, after a day spent in London on an errand for Harvard College, at 6 P. M. he reached the Crown Inn at Lyndhurst, a small village, the capital of New Forest. After dinner he strolled about the village, it being broad daylight till 9 o'clock. Between 9 and 10 he was reading inscriptions in the churchyard. At 10 it was full moon, — a very fine sight from the wide, open moor near the village.

The next day, which was bright, cold, and windy, he first looked into Verderers' Hall, in the quaint house called Queen's House (the Queen is the lady of Lyndhurst Manor), and then walked off by a charming road into the Forest; and did not return till 6 o'clock. "I walked a great square, and saw every type of scenery the Forest affords, — glades, greensward with scattered Oaks and Beeches, groves of monster trees, wild and wide heaths and moors on the high ridge of Stoney Cross, and a pretty oasis of farming lands in the Manor of Minstead. I lunched in a far-viewing old inn at Stoney Cross, where I saw Rufus's Stone." He reached Basset (Mr. Darwin's) again in the evening.

Another day, his host, Mr. Darwin, took him on an excursion contrived for members of the Hampshire Field Club. The party consisted of about fifty persons, some of whom were ladies. There was first a railroad ride through much very English country; then the party walked up lanes, finally reaching open heaths rising up to a high, rounded summit called Hindhead.

This highland country looked Scotch. The air was cloudy and misty; and so we could not see very far. It was a pity; for we were 900 feet above the sea, and should have seen much. We could see Leith Hill and the North Downs near Dorking, where I was in the winter. The geologist of the party explained how the chalk had been washed off from the country between the North and South Downs; and a parson-antiquary also addressed the party. Then we marched down in long procession, first over moors, then through Fir woods, next through a charming valley holding ponds, and then across a private park to Liphook, whence the party returned to Southampton by train. This was a great day. I saw a variety of country, and true English scenery; and met some

pleasant folk (and some unpleasant). Mr. Darwin is A No. 1. It will appear that my Southampton stay was altogether very agreeable, — thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Darwin.

From Southampton Charles went to Salisbury, and thence to Wilton, where, the park of Wilton House being closed, he got but glimpses of the old Cedars which Sir Philip Sidney planted when he was writing "Arcadia." He saw much prettiness, however. "The gentle river, the village with its many tree-shaded triangles, and a surprising view of Salisbury's spire far in the distance, across rich water meadows between masses of heavy Elms." The railway ride on this day (June 19th) showed him some soft green valleys, hedges with many large trees set along them, and wild Roses, Honeysuckle, Elder, Barberry, and wild Geranium crowded in the hedge-rows. "Occasionally great rounded uplifts of treeless chalk down appeared; but no heath or moor of the sort seen at Hindhead. Thatched cottages were frequent, as all about Southampton and in the New Forest. Luxuriant climbers of many sorts abounded, — such as Roses, red and white and yellow, Virginia Creeper, Ivy, Cotoneasters, and blue-flowered Ceanothus." At Salisbury he found the Cathedral "a great treat, particularly the cloisters, and the tower seen from them, and the gardens of the Bishop's Palace adjoining." He notes a cuckoo, a "lover and his lass," and two girls planting box on a little grave under one of two Cedars in the cloister court. "The rambling old place is charming, with a balustrade dividing the little house garden from the general garden beyond, a bit of water in which the spire is reflected, trees both scattered and grouped, and a nearly level greensward pastured by one cow! On the town side of the long house was gravel, then some level grass, and a dwarf wall dividing it from the irregular shrubberies and lawns beyond."

In the late afternoon he went on by express to Exeter through a smooth cultivated country; but in some parts (on the Devon border) very high and smoothly hilly. "There were grand views up and down river valleys, pretty water meadows with lazy, twisting streams, a few largish bodies of woodland, one or two striking 'seats,' and an exceedingly picturesque old priory with many outbuildings all grouped with fine trees. After seven o'clock dinner I strolled to the wondrously rich front of the little Cathedral and through the thronged High Street. As to forming a plan of a tour, I have given it up. I shall proceed as on the Riviera, trusting to luck and previously acquired information."

Sunday, June 20th, was hot and sultry, like the several preceding days; and Charles began to feel the relaxing effects of the climate. He did not get out of doors till two in the afternoon; but once started got a good walk

up on the high ground north of the town, — a villa region on a slope called Pennsylvania, offering wide views seawards and inland towards Tiverton. There was much hill country and but little wood. Everywhere were green fields, hedges, and countless Elms. I turned west, and descended rapidly into the deep valley of the River Exe, passing several small "seats;" and finally came through a villa region to town. I saw two very good, quiet, not over-ornamented small villa grounds; but the general run was very bad indeed. A bit of greensward would be dotted all over with about equally spaced specimen shrubs, cut by a too much twisted path, and fenced with ugly iron. In the evening I viewed the throng in High Street — a sight to behold — all in Sunday rig; and a more utterly provincial-looking lot could not be imagined. Down by the river were some red-coat soldiery, very tipsy. In the bay of a side street was a little crowd singing minor-key hymns of infinite length, accompanied by an organ on wheels, a fiddle, and a cornet. A very mild preacher was saying he had "only one thing to talk about; and that was Jesus," etc. The evening was hot, and the hotel dreary, — hardly anybody in it. Usually there is somebody conversing with the bar-maid. Nobody else to talk to in the whole great house; and I am not yet educated up to bar-maids.

He spent a morning at the well-known nursery of Lucomb, Pince & Co., over across the Exe, a large establishment, but not on the American scale. "It is an old and famous place; yet I was disappointed. The large Conifers mentioned by Sargent had been cut down, because the hired land must be put to more profitable use. There were millions of fruit trees, many glass-houses, and a fine walk a quarter of a mile long, planted with specimen Conifers and evergreens of small size. There were gorgeous golden Yews, Junipers, Retinosporas, fine matched Wellingtonias, many fine Abies, big Pinus Insignis, big purple Beech, grand Hornbeam shelter hedges, and so on. A bit of formal Yew planting was very perfect. I was surprised to hear that seedlings are imported

from France as by American nurserymen." In the afternoon Charles visited Robert Veitch's nursery, finding a less fine Conifer walk; but many things not noticed at Lucomb's. From these nurseries, with his pockets full of catalogues, he went to the Cathedral, where he was much interested in the interior, with its fine windows, chantries, tombs and effigies of knights, and battle-flags. From Exeter he wrote to his mother: —

I am off again, as you see, fled from the too pleasant, quiet house at Basset, and again "looking for ideas" in earnest and in solitude. Salisbury cathedral and its immediate surroundings were all my fancy dreamed it, as you know was Canterbury. This Exeter I know less of; and as yet have seen nought of save its marvellous west front. My excursions from Basset and my rail ride hither have given me a good notion of rural England. What a soft, green, gentle, human land it is; and how strangely different from the France I saw on my excursions out of Paris. Southampton — what a contrast to Havre: a far greater contrast than that between Marseilles and Genoa. I was on the broad grin on my first walk in the English-Indian port. What strangely awkward and ingenuous-looking creatures are the lower class of English girls, — and boys too. There was a band playing on the green, the evening of my arrival; and the manners and customs of the assembled natives were very amusing. Mr. Darwin I took to mightily, — no coldness or holding-aloofness about him, — and the result was that I talked more than was becoming. Mrs. Darwin seemed frail in body, but very active and Nortonesque in mind. . . . The house — ugly outside — inside is very good indeed; the pictures and books are only the very best of their sorts; and there is absolutely no useless bric-à-brac. [Letter to G. H. E.]

Tuesday, the 22d of June, out of Exeter by the 8 A. M. train, down river to Exmouth, passing close to the seat of the family of Sir Francis Drake. . . . A stage mounted the hills behind Exmouth; and descended after one hour to the coast village Budleigh Salterton, where there was a brook running down the main street, an exposed pebble beach, and a red rock point beyond the mouth of the Otter at the east. I

walked inland by a road up the Otter valley, in sight of much high swelling hill country and by two little villages, thatched and whitewashed, on to Bicton Park. . . . There I met nobody; but explored alone the lower garden, a bit old-fashioned but good, with formal water. At last I met a frowning head-gardener; and was attached to a party that was being shown round by an ignoramus who could answer none of my questions. We saw the curious walled gardens, the famous Pinetum, the largest specimens of Conifers ever seen — very fine — and the old plantation admired by Loudon; and came out by the water garden again in two hours. At an old cross at the cross roads I turned westward again to see the farmhouse called Hayes Barton, Sir Walter Raleigh's

birthplace. I found it, at last, thatched, white walled, many gabled, and with oddly mullioned windows. Thence with some difficulties I found my way back to Salterton across country through very beautiful wood, and over a high Furze-covered hill whence a wide view, — the finest part that towards the big hills and sea-cut cliffs, somewhere between which is Sidmouth.

The next day he wrote in his journal: —

The beauty of the evening and the band playing on the sea-wall tempted me out last night; though I was weary. The bulk of the town lies on a flat spit; but the cliff of the mainland is wooded and is a public ground. On top are a beacon, and a hotel with a fine view. The entrance from the sea is tortuous and narrow, with vast sandbanks and a two-mile-long Sandy Hook reaching from the west shore. At the end of the town spit is a little dock full of craft. This morning there is a big breeze down the river. The view from the breakfast-room is of the estuary with wooded parks and the high (800 feet) ridge of Haldon Hills behind, and the red clifty coast, topped now with smooth fields now with woods, stretching off to Berry Head. I took a small two-sailed boat, and sailed rapidly to Dawlish, coasting along a Hook called the Warren. A cutter yacht was running out under a jib. A shot from the big guns in a practice battery was skipping across the water just outside of our course. There was no swell at all; and I landed easily on the sloping stone pier at Dawlish. It is a queer village, wholly composed of villas. A stream with parked banks runs down the middle, and a railway accompanies the esplanade. At the west is a high cliff, with a little breakwater at the foot thereof. I climbed said cliff; and found a public ground. Then I went inland by a footpath; and returned by the stream valley. It is a public garden all along the latter on both sides; but it is not good save in a general way. Taking a train one station towards Exeter by the root of the Warren sand-spit, I went one mile beyond to the gate of the park of Powderham Castle, belonging to the Earl of Devonshire. I prowled about alone; and found my way up a big hill, and up a tower at the top of it. Exeter and Exmouth and the almost waterless Exe were in view. Then I prowled some more, finding lovely slopes and swells, very large Oaks, Beeches, Ashes, and Cedars, occasional thickets of Bracken, and many deer. I swung round past a cottage or two, seeing Roses in profusion and Pansies used as edging along the path through a potato patch, — standard Roses rising from potatoes! The group-

ing of cottages with large trees was charming. A red sandstone church sat on the bank of the Exe. Thence I drifted

into the park again; and before long found myself close to the castle with its dry moats, high-walled courts, corner towers, and iron gates, and a large towered mass of main building. I retreated to a respectful distance; and then took a bee-line back to Starcross, through the park most of the way. The effect of the great castle with its surrounding walls seen through groves of great trunks, or terminating open glades, was fine. It was low water in the Exe; and some fishery or other was going on, — men wading and dragging nets. Big ships below were aground and keeled over, their spars looking strange seen between big trees.

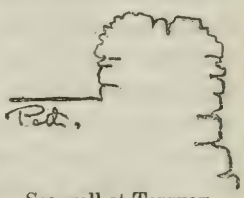
That evening, by train

past Dawlish to Teignmouth; and a look around the town after supper. This is another town on a spit, with a sand dune on the sea front, lately "parked," but not badly, being chiefly in grass. The rock-raised corners of paths were planted prettily with Tamarix kept low, and stout perennials. There was a sea pier, a squat light-tower, a life-boat house, and a yacht-club house out on the spit. Opposite, forming the west point of the river-mouth, was a high, red headland wooded — the Ness. Shipping was moored in a crowd in the stream behind the spit. From a long wooden bridge, just above, were charming views up and down the stream (at 8.30

P. M.). The light effects on the moving river tide, on the green hillsides (whence came the sound of mowing of grass), on the black clustered shipping, and the high tree-topped Ness, were exquisite. Very weary to bed. Second rather tremendous day.

The next day he went to Torquay. "Here were high villa-crowned and verdurous hills; and, at the foot of three of them, a little port and shops on its quays. Here were also yachts of all sorts; and the fine, wide, moon-shaped, high-shored Tor Bay." After lunch on the quay he had

a grand climb through walled lanes, between steep terraced gardens, up to Daddy Hole Plain — a public ground on the cliff with views over sea and bay. Here I fell asleep for half an hour. The verdure of the cliffs was wonderful: pink with Cheiranthus, yellow with Sedum and some sort of Mustard — Ivy everywhere. I went back by other lanes through another public ground to the foot of the cliffs beside the port. Fuchsias and Mesembryanthemums reminded one of the Riviera. Fine effects were produced with large perennials, such as Canterbury Bells and white and pink Cistus: the cliff itself was very beautiful; the fine sea-wall rough and strong, its joints much weathered, its parapet 4 feet high by 4 feet thick. By train at five o'clock along the shore; then across the valley of the Dart to hotel and dinner at Kingswear, opposite Dartmouth, at seven o'clock. This is the loveliest place yet — a narrow, deep, high-shored estuary; a town opposite, set on a steep slope; downstream on the high rocky shores, woods, an old church and a castle on one point, and a narrow entrance from the sea; upstream, high, green, and partly wooded hills. Yachts and brigs were at anchor, and two big hulks — a schoolship. Many rowboats were flitting about. The beauty of the long evening, after the late and glorious sunset, was very great. I walked along a shaded lane seawards. The hillside is as steep as that at Northeast Harbor, the green water being seen far below through Ivy-clad trees.



Sea-wall at Torquay.

June 25th. The next morning Charles watched people going on board a big steamship bound for South Africa; and at noon the firing of heavy guns announced that the ship was off. He climbed a hill behind the hotel, and saw the great ship put out from the narrow, high-shored river. In the early afternoon he crossed by ferry to Dartmouth, and walked down to the western entrance point where is Dartmouth Castle, Kingswear fort being opposite.

Here were more harbor-shore woods, and near the town some irregularly walled shore with steps, arches, and even buildings at the water's edge in Lake-of-Como fashion. The walls were draped very prettily — Centranthus everywhere, even on the top of high walls. Under the tree-covered hillside of Warfleet Cove were picturesque old lime-kilns. There were high rocks about the Castle point, an old church and graveyard, and a sea-cliff path leading westward. Small craft were running in and out of the hidden river-mouth. Children were swarming about; and boys were bathing far below in a tiny cove. I spent an hour on a bench scribbling in my note-book; and then walked back by way of the high-land country behind, passing down into crooked Dartmouth by an unusually pretty, small "place," the banks being richly clothed in Ivy mixed with various Ferns, such as I have seen on the back walls of greenhouses at home. The town and its outskirts are set on very steep slopes with long stairs and high terrace walls, as on the Riviera. At 7.45 I took a small steamer for "up river," a ten-miles' run up the high-shored, lovely river Dart, in the soft and fading evening light. The river is now very narrow, now a mile wide. At the narrowest place, between high wooded banks, is a rock in mid-channel where Raleigh once landed to smoke. Just beyond is the birthplace of John Davis, the navigator; then comes the lovely seat of the Gilbert family where Sir Humphrey was born. We passed the village of Dittisham, the Ivy-covered church of Stoke Gabriel, many inlets, branches, and twistings, and the grand wooded bank of Sharpham. The trees send down their branches so as to touch the water when the tide is up. Under them was a curious straight-edged shadow, the tide being three feet out when we passed. Next came a rapid

narrowing, much salt marsh, a little quay just below a stone bridge, and the inn of Totnes. A delicious evening! The gas was just being lighted as we arrived at Totnes at something past nine o'clock.

From Totnes he explored the exceedingly pretty ravine of the river Erme, which divides a manufacturing village, and has been preserved in a wild state. Above the railway the stream is full of falls, pools, and big ledges, and a path follows it northward seven miles, — indeed, to its head in Dartmoor.

He next went on by train, through Plymouth, to St. Germans, where he found close to the station the old church of St. Germans, strangely placed just at the foot of a steep bank.

It has two towers and no chancel. The third aisle is almost gone. It contains monuments of many Eliots, a grand family pew, an old font, and an ancient monastery choir. The great house of the Eliot tribe is close beside the church, the seat being called Port Eliot. At the lodge I got permission to walk about the park, which is very large, but not fine compared with Powderham, for instance. I took note of the even, swelling hills where hay-making was going on, and the fringing woods. At the east was a salt-marsh creek, — huge evergreen Oaks on its banks, and a little steam yacht moored under the shade of one of them. I walked back close past the house, which is partly old and partly new, one side having a big Ivy-clad bay, the other sides very plain. The entrance front, which shows much gravel, is ugly; and the whole is set very low, — but little above the marsh land. It is backed by a wood of large trees on rising ground. It has views across grasslands, up grassy hills to woods rambling along near the crests, and of water through a fringe of trees on the creek-side at the east. In the village I found an inn — the Eliot Arms — and from the bar-maid got a vague tale of how the Eliots once lived in Devon and came to St. Germans by exchanging lands with the Champernownes (it was a Champernowne who once owned Cutts Island (near Portsmouth, N. H.) and a large territory in that vicinity). I should like to be instructed in these antiquities.

In the evening at Plymouth he found his way, after dinner, to the famous Hoe, whence is a fine view over wide open sea, with high capes at the east and west, and a long breakwater half-way between. Many large vessels were at anchor; many war-ships; and just at the foot of the Hoe a fleet of yachts.

The great wooded heights of Mt. Edgcumbe Park were across the estuary at the right, and more woods beyond the estuary at the left. The citadel was on the left, and the great dockyards below on the right. On the steep green slopes of the Hoe itself were several stone terraces, and bastions, and staircase paths. Many people were lying on the grass watching the life on the water. I went back past a great shabby drill-shed where Mr. Parnell was addressing a vast crowd. As I was reading the papers an hour later at the hotel, a huge approaching cheering announced Mr. Parnell's coming in a cab. I saw his arrival, and the rush of the mob up the steps after him.

When Charles first passed through Plymouth, he received a letter from Mr. Olmsted proposing that he go to California about the middle of August, with Mr. Olmsted and General Francis A. Walker, who were to advise Governor Leland Stanford about the grounds and buildings of his proposed university. Mr. Olmsted pointed out that during the excursion a great variety of climatic and landscape conditions could be observed, and spoke of the great interest of the California problem, — which was really nothing less than the designing of characteristic and appropriate landscape work for a rich soil in a hot and arid climate. He thought that Charles's recent observations in Italy might be in some measure applicable. The proposition, which was a liberal one, involved Charles's working at least three months in Mr. Olmsted's office after the return from California. Charles reflected on this proposition for twenty-four hours, and then declined it, writing to his father on Sunday, June 27th, —

Here yesterday I got your two business letters with Mr. Olmsted's enclosed; and I was somewhat disturbed thereby at first. I went out to see Port Eliot yesterday afternoon, and the California problem kept presenting itself in all manner of lights; and I could not make up my mind to decline until this morning. It might lead to work in California for

me on my own account; it might ensure my falling co-heir to some of Mr. Olmsted's many big works, as H. H. Richardson's head men have fallen heirs to his — and more "mights" innumerable. . . . On the whole, I prefer to stay out my stay hereabouts in Europe, and then, in a quiet sort of way if you please, to "set up." . . . To-morrow morning I shall cable "Decline," as you suggest. I told Mr. Olmsted I was thinking of hanging out a shingle for myself. . . . I think he really likes me; and I hope thinks me better fitted than most. If he should disapprove I should feel badly.[1]

I am going no further into Cornwall; though there are reputed to be wondrous gardens down by Penzance. I found at Torquay the sort of thing it must be — a faint reflection of the Riviera: places that I should have gone wild over had I not seen the perfection of their type on the Mediterranean shore.

That same Sunday, which was a very hot day, he strolled into the Plymouth streets late in the afternoon.

The Salvation Army was parading with flags and bands. Among their tunes were "Marching through Georgia," "The Union Forever," and the "Marseillaise." Strange!

Monday, June 28. To and all through grand Mt. Edgcumbe. A great house half-way up the hill; sea views from the swelling park hilltop; a very lovely steep shore; evergreen Oaks; Rhododendrons in thickets like North Carolina;

[1] "His observations are keen and sound, and show (without looking further) that he can easily be a better critic and commentator on landscape-gardening works than any whom we have had for a long time." (F. L. O. to C. W. E., 2 March, 1886.)

"I did not much suppose that you would take a vacation from your European school for a visit to the Pacific, but . . . thought it best to propose it. I don't doubt that you are right. What you said in your note of 5th June about the charm of some of the old gardening work and the folly of some of the new English work in Italy pleased me very much. I suppose that in at least half of our country the conditions are much less favorable to English gardening than in northern Italy, yet nobody cares for any other. I find Governor Stanford bent on giving his university New England scenery, New England trees and turf, to be obtained only by the lavish use of water." (F. L. O. to C. E., 20 July, 1886.)

frequent glimpses of the sea, the breakwater, and the roadstead; at the water-side, gardens in the Italian and French styles. The shipping was gay with bunting; and there were big guns at noon in honor of the Queen's coronation day.

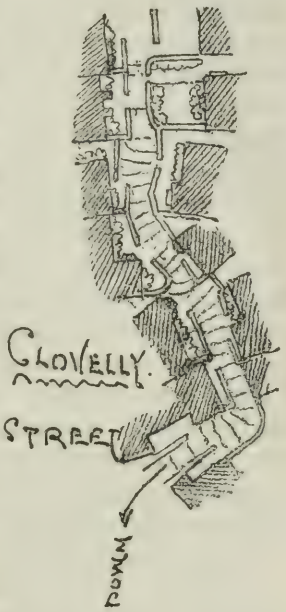
From Plymouth he went to Bideford; and thence to Clovelly, going by coach to Bude by hot and dusty roads over high ground, all in hedged fields, by woods and much twisting of narrow lanes, to the end of the road on the brink of a great steep. The descent thence was by a footpath, the luggage being placed on a sort of sled which two men held back.

Section of a Devon lane — earth fence — Hawthorn hedge. Banks densely clothed with young Maples, Oaks, and Elms, and with Woodbine, Privet, wild Roses, Ferns, Geraniums, Poppies, Bayberry, Ivy, Hazel, Holly, and all manner of crowded herbs.

At a sharp turn we came out of the woods, and saw the sea straight down far below — 400 feet. A chain of cottages, no two on one level, was strung along the steep path which now and then became a staircase. Half-way down was an inn, then more jumbled cottages, bits of gardens, stairs and walls, climbing Roses and Fuchsias, and a little platform with a seat where old salts were surveying the tiny port and the sea. The path was carried through a house, and then, steeper than ever, down to the sea level and a high stone pier, behind which a few smacks were aground. The Red Lion Inn is at the root of the pier, and from the pierhead a good view of the strange village is obtained. I never saw anything more quaint and amusing, — in its homelier fashion it is as picturesque as anything on the Riviera. I explored the few short branches out of the main street, admired the charming cottage gardening, and loafed on the pier till half-past nine.

June 30. This inn is half on one side of the "street," and half on the other, neighbors' houses adjoining it above and below. Folks clattering down the street, or toiling up, pass within four feet of the window of my six-feet-six-inches-high bedroom, and even closer to the window of the coffee-room. All the windows are open, so that conversation in the neigh-

borhood is very audible. I walked westward a mile or two along the ridge of the high steep of the coast. Inland were the open and be-groved grasslands of the deer park of the manor house; and alongshore much Oak wood. Wild ferny combes opened down to the stony beach at the foot of the verdurous cliffs. At length I mounted a heath and a Gorse-grown hill to the brink of the great cliff called Gallantry Bower (300 feet and more). A few Thorn-trees supplied the only shade, and these were strangely wind-pruned by the southwest wind, so that they bent towards instead of away from the sea.



The same day Charles returned to Bideford, took a train to Barnstable, and at 3.30 a coach for Lynton.

I was the only passenger. It was a grand drive of three hours up the valley of Yeo, over the thousand-feet-high spurs of Exmoor, and down the valley of West Lyn, wild with coppice wood and a brawling stream. The hotel overhangs the sea at the height of 300 to 400 feet, the shore being very high in both directions. After supper I went down the said 400 feet by a twisting path through the woods of the cliffside to Lynmouth — an ecstatic spot. There are three high, steep, wild hills; the two Lyns pour swiftly down leafy combes between these hills, and meet just above a boulder beach on the seashore. A tiny village is crowded about this meeting; and below are a bit of stone pier and a smack or two.

Thursday, July 1st. I walked along the shore path westward, the path being about 450 feet above the sea, on the steep slope of a mountain which rises as much again above it. The slope is now and then broken into rock; but generally it is covered with Bracken, Heather, yellow-blooming Lotus, and

grass. After a mile of this I arrived at a region of high pinnacle rocks, commanding charming views westward along the high and varied coast, and inland up a treeless valley of rocks. Among the rocks I found a sort of low Blueberry, Thyme, a blue Scabious, a thriving and blooming Cotyledon; and of shrubs only Privet, Thorn, and Furze. After lunch I strolled down shady paths — the vegetation most luxuriant, the walls wondrously clothed — into little Lynmouth, and out on the pier to see how it looks at low water. Then I went inland by a footpath, up the bank of the stream of East Lyn. There was the solitude of a narrow, deep, mountain valley, a rushing stream, Oak woods, rocks, and bits of cliffs, Ferns, and much fine detail of stream-side planting. I came to "Watersmeet" — the union of two large brooks to form the main stream. . . . There were some folk to talk to at dinner, for a change. I afterwards walked to big Castle Rock with one of them, to see the sunset. The colors of the water under the great red, gray, and green cliffs were very wonderful. Two steamers were moving up the channel far offshore. Gulls were flying and screaming far below — otherwise complete quiet.

Walking on the shore path this morning, I sang loud and long. Since Southampton I had met nobody to speak with — and so had to do something to let off pent-up enthusiasm at finding myself in so superb a region.

2d of July. Box seat on a coach at 8 o'clock. Down a tremendous hill, across little Lyn bridge, and with five horses up a long, steep road on the ridge between "Watersmeet" and the sea, with views now of one, now of the other. The coast was very fine; the hill curves very simple and grand. On the high open country for many miles were Heather and Gorse, sheep, rabbits, and partridges. Far inland, in the midst of the Exmoor hills, is the valley of Doone. The road now and then circles the head of some deep and steep combe, leading down into the sea; now sweeps inland around some high moorland ridge; finally the height of 1500 feet is attained, and a grand view opens eastward along the shore with Porlock Bay and a fertile valley immediately below. By a long, steep hill we descend thither to a lovely vale, the cottage gardens in two villages more ravishing than ever, and Elms

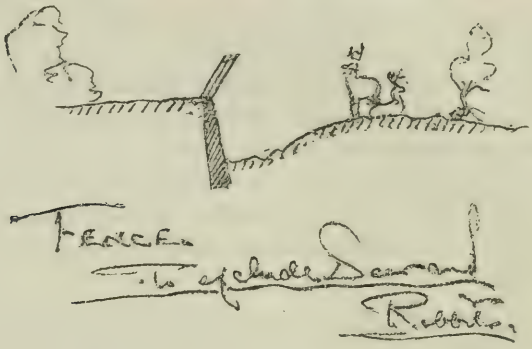
in hedge-rows again as in South Devon. We pass over a low watershed, and descend to Minehead station, the railway terminus on the seashore. I took train to the first station beyond — Dunster, where I was induced to stop by the report given me by a gentleman met at Lynton, who had never been there! On walking up the road from the station I discovered the village — a very quaint one — at the foot of the hill country, and a big castle on the wooded hill at the end of the main street. The old inn where I lunched had a porch pierced for crossbows, and very old woodwork in the gables. There was an ancient shed-like "yarn market" in the street adjacent, and also several half-timbered houses. Very luckily I found the castle grounds open (Tuesdays and Fridays). The castle had a high knoll and a Norman keep, an Ivy-mantled gate-house, and Edwardian towers. There was a Yew hedge probably 800 years old, and much most lovely vegetation. . . . I walked along the stream at the foot of the castle hill, and came to a picturesque mill. In the village was a church in perpendicular Gothic, and an ancient tithing barn. Thence I took train to Taunton, where I dined at seven, and wrote this. Weary.

The next day was hot. He travelled on to Wells, and remained quiet in the Swan Hotel till the midday heat was past, then he explored the Close, the moated bishop's garden, and the Cathedral. He walked beside the moat with its large pollarded Elms reaching over the water, and so out into the open country beyond the bishop's palace. July 4th. "Sunday, and only one train out of Wells, which I took and travelled to Bath." He disposed of this famous watering-place in nine lines, as follows: —

Biggish hills surround the place; and there is one good-sized park, pastured by cattle and sheep, the nicer parts of it fenced off with iron. It contains nothing remarkable. A new corner with a small, crooked, slope-side pond was planted in the flashiest style with golden Yews and Elders, purple Hazels and Beeches, silver Negundos, etc. In the town were many crescents and squares, of which the simplest were the best. The architecture is heavy, same, and unattractive.

He went on the same evening to Chippenham, in order to be able to walk to Bowood before hot noon. July 5th: —

It was a hot four miles to the park gates. Then a lovely mile through great Beech woods to the large, low-spreading house. The distant view of the house was very striking, its irregular terraces coming down into the rough pasture grass of the deer park. Deer were browsing close to the foot of the steps. A herd of some sixty deer ran close past me in the woods. In the lake, at the foot of the slope, were many wild ducks. Rabbits were plenty, of course. I hunted up the stew-



ard in a remote corner of the manor buildings, and got leave to see the gardens. There was a large Pinetum; but the trees were not very large as yet. I rambled about a delightful woodland at the foot of the lake. The lakeside was very, very good, wild with all manner of shrubbery, Water-Lilies, and rushes; and the dam of the lake is well treated. There is a pretty region of wooded mounds, where no doubt earth from the lake excavation was dumped. All this was done very long ago. Finally, the ancient terrace gardens before the house are kept up in the old-fashioned manner, and are very quaint, with stone-edged parterres, much balustrading, walks on different levels, Yews, etc.

Writing to his father the next day he says, "Yesterday I saw splendid Bowood — Lansdowne place — which Mr. Henry

Winthrop Sargent pronounced the second best in all England."

That evening he took train for London, where he arrived "with but eight pence in pocket." His letter of credit on Baring Brothers, being intended for the Continent, was of no use in British provincial towns.

English barns.

CHAPTER VIII

LANDSCAPE STUDY IN EUROPE. LONDON AND THE NORTH

> True taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, casting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy, and testing itself by the way that it fits things. And it finds whereof to feed and whereby to grow in all things; for there is that to be seen in every street and lane of every city, that to be felt and found in every human heart and countenance, that to be loved in every roadside weed and moss-grown wall, which in the hands of faithful men may convey emotions of glory and sublimity continual and exalted. — RUSKIN.

HE next took lodgings at Kew, in order to have convenient access to the gardens at all times of day. The weather was extraordinarily hot for England. He writes to his father, "Weather shockingly hot for some days past. 87 degrees in the coolest part of last night, according to the newspaper. I have not met a drop of rain since leaving Southampton — a great contrast to the soaking I had in my last weeks in Paris. . . . I am just now very ambitious to see cold and hot St. Petersburg."

He now collected nurserymen's catalogues with energy and success; sought for books about Sweden, Finland, and Russia; and was forced to attend to some matters of business, — such as the replenishing of his wardrobe. Every day, however, he found time for some study of parks and gardens. He could not walk across a London park without seeing much that he wished to take note of, the whole aspect of the parks being utterly different from what it was in mid-winter. If he had a few minutes in London before train time, he would go into the Turner water-color room of the National Gallery. In the long afternoons he could spend an hour or two in Kew gardens "working over herbaceous things." July 7th: "Supped in a place on the river-bank by Kew bridge, and watched the pretty boating. Thermometer 90 degrees to-day." The river sights fixed themselves in his memory; and, in his view, justified the urgency with which he advocated in later years the devotion of the Charles River (Boston) to purposes

of popular enjoyment. For more than a week at Kew, "every day was divided between plant-inspecting and note-taking in Kew gardens, and study of plant-books in the house. Some little progress made; but what a limitless field!" One evening he took a look at Bedford Park gardening, and a Sunday evening he spent at Richmond, watching the boating thereabouts. On a cool northwest day he visited Eton and Windsor Castle, and took a long tramp through the great park, taking special note of the Long Walk, Cumberland Lodge, the cricket ground, and the lovely Virginia water. "The water is very, very fine, with good plantings, and a pretty treatment of the outlet and of the long dam. The evening was very lovely — showers and rainbow, with sunset and moon."

On the 17th of July Charles had the pleasure of lunching by appointment with Mr. Harry Milner, the direct inheritor of the principles of Paxton and Mr. Milner, Senior. Charles intimates in his journal that, according to Mr. Milner, "there is no landscape gardening anywhere save in England; and no styles or principles at all other than English." In the afternoon Charles looked at the magnificent but ill-kept gardens of the Crystal Palace, and then sought at the British Museum for books which might guide him on his proposed Scandinavian and Russian journey. Another day he visited the nursery of Mr. Waterer at Woking.

From the station I went afoot to Mr. Waterer's — very crookedly, being misdirected twice. Everybody in England says right hand for left, and vice versâ. The country was full of nursery grounds; and almost every cottage had golden Yews about it. Two little showers occurred; and the air was very, very muggy. I stopped under a canal bridge during one shower, with four young fellows who were cruising in a wherry. When I reached Mr. Waterer's house, Mr. Waterer was at "the farm" dining two Americans introduced by Mr. Sargent! I walked through the nursery to said farm, and found that Mr. and Mrs. John L. Gardner, of Boston, had just gone. Mr. Waterer talked with me, over champagne and biscuit, about Sargent, Kemp, Thomas Milner, and American planting. We walked in the nursery, seeing wonderful weeping Beeches, and acres of "American plants." I was introduced to a son — Antony Waterer, Jr., who showed me all about the place, and took me to tea with his

aunt at six o'clock. The whole establishment is very interesting. Getting from Mr. Waterer a plain direction for reaching the station, and walking fast a distance of two miles and a half, I caught a train which carried me to Mortlake, whence I walked in the dark to Kew, where I arrived about ten o'clock.

The next day Charles visited Mr. Ware's herbaceous nursery near Tottenham — a very rich and interesting collection, and had a long talk with the head man, Mr. Ware being away. "He says that their small American trade has never been satisfactory, the American nurserymen being hard to deal with; and the American amateurs very particular. He thinks the climate opposed to horticulture in America, as it is in Russia. In England there is a continuous ever-growing demand for good perennials."

On the 21st of July Charles returned to London. Calls in London, and necessary preparations for his journey to Russia, took up two or three days. One of his visits in London was to the office of the secretary of the Commons Preservation Society, where he learned about its work, and got a set of its reports. The success of this society encouraged Charles in later years to attempt the organization of a somewhat similar society in Massachusetts. In the afternoon of the 24th, having stored his heavy luggage, he took train for Cambridge with two small pieces, an overcoat, and an umbrella. The next day being Sunday, he wrote letters, and rested. Nevertheless, after lunch he "strolled about the town. The Backs are very pretty, but very damp. I discovered Emmanuel College by the coat of arms, entered, and watched the swans in 'the pool.'" The next day, July 26th, he tried in vain to find Professor Alfred Marshall, who had stayed at his father's house at Harvard University in 1875. To console himself, he visited the Botanic Garden for an hour, and then walked in and out through the colleges along the river. Observing on a bulletin board the name of a lecturer, "Dr. Cunningham, D. M. D., Harvard," he sought him out to ask about a discolored front tooth. Dr. Cunningham "pronounced the tooth practically dead, and proceeded to get out the 'pulp;' but I going off into fainting, he had to stop and postpone the operation till to-morrow." Dr. Cunningham, who was a graduate of the Harvard Dental School in 1876, was at pains to procure various courtesies for Charles during the next two days; but these days were much interfered with by the necessity of repeated operations upon the damaged front tooth.

On Charles's last day in London he had tried in vain to find Mrs. Beadle and her young ladies at the Hotel Metropole, having received a note from Mrs. Beadle to the effect that her party had returned from Scotland, and was at that hotel. At Cambridge he now received a second note from Mrs. Beadle, to say good-by; for she expected to sail for home very shortly.

From Cambridge Charles went to Derby, hoping to see Elvaston Castle grounds; but he found there was "no admission on any account." He saw, however, the Arboretum first planted by Loudon, now a public garden.

From Cambridge he wrote to his father as follows: —

It rained all day yesterday; and I only got a damp stroll along the Backs and into Emmanuel Quad. For three or four days I have been feeble and blue. Damp heat does not suit me at all. To-day I believe I feel better, and shall sally out to hunt up Mr. Marshall or somebody, and on to Derby to-night. Here follows a financial report. I believe you have had none since I arrived in Paris from the south: —

Paris, 34 days, 1. Ordinary expenses	$2.53 a day
2. Extras, for dentistry, books, and photographs	39.00
Moving from Paris to Southampton, and expenses at the latter place	35.00
South of England, 18 days, expenses	5.12 a day
Kew and London, 19 days, 1. Ordinary expenses .	2.86 a day
2. Extra expenses, for clothing, books, and passport . .	88.00

From Matlock Bath he wrote an amusing letter to his mother, on July 30th, in the main about what he called "my second series of dentistry adventures," but he added: "It seems ages since I last saw any landscape gardening. I have a feeling of having passed a very unprofitable month of July. I vow I do not know where the time has gone to. At Kew I picked up something; but not very much, for hardly anything is growable with us. London days were dismal — very — being full of journeyings on omnibuses and in the Underground, and little anxieties about clothes and other purchases, and some weariness and stupidity. The latter kept me from making the evening journey to the Metropole to see the Pitkin-Yale-Beadle party."

Considering that Charles had seen in July Lynton, Lynmouth, Dunster, Wells, Bath, and Bowood, and had restudied Kew gardens and London parks and the Thames, beside visiting Windsor, the Crystal Palace Gardens, the Waterer nursery, and Cambridge, his lament that he had seen no landscape gardening in July seems but ill-founded. The fact seems to have been that hot, sultry weather, his dental experiences, and some social disappointments in London, had combined to depress him somewhat. He wrote to his friend Roland Thaxter from Derby on the wet, dismal afternoon of July 29th, telling him of his varied experiences at Cambridge: "All this (and indeed all going about in this land) makes our College and our New England seem exceedingly youthful and provincial, — but none the less exceedingly dear to this C. E. . . . Some day I must come again for a regular pleasure trip in this old world. This time I am continually torn by contending forces — one of pure pleasure urging me this way — the other of assumed or imagined professional advantage pulling me the other. I long for Alps, for instance, but I go to flat Russia."

On Friday, July 30th, he took the train at Derby to Matlock Bath, and thoroughly enjoyed the ride. He always liked going up hills; and rough rocky places were, on the whole, more delightful to him than smooth cultivated country. So he writes in his journal: —

Up grades into higher country, narrow valleys, tunnels, the twisting Derwent, rocks good to see, the railway walls wondrously beverdured. I tramped along the village street with luggage in hand, and lit upon a small inn between the road and the rushing river. After supper, uphill into the Pavilion Gardens soon after seven. Thence I had a view of the narrow valley with the village street on one side of the stream, and cliffs, woods, and "lovers' walks" on the other. The "gardens" were made out of wild coppice woods strewn with Ivied boulders. The Pavilion was of glass — a concert-room. The terraces before it were not bad.

The next day, July 31st, he took the train up Derwent Valley to Rowsley.

A lovely country, — the swelling hills bearing woods, distant summits of bare moor in view, and valleys of luscious green with scattered trees. It rained heavily on arriving; but after

an hour came a grand clear-off, and a fine ride to Chatsworth House. There was a crowd of excursionists at the gate; but I got in at last. The showing round through the great house was tedious; but there are fine views from the windows, including terraces before the house, a vista with formal water, and a slope behind stretching up under high woods. Out of doors we were hurried round past a "French garden," a cascade, a rock garden (where rocks are handled on a larger scale than I have ever seen), and a fine Palm house; and back by the water, a fountain, and the terraces. I strolled over the bridge, and to the inn at Edensor for lunch, and got most lovely outlooks in every direction. There were cattle in the river as in all the photographs, and great sweeps of green land edged and broken by woods. The village of Edensor is a fancy one; the houses too villa-like. Taking the omnibus back to Rowsley, I set off on foot for Haddon Hall, passing the charming "Peacock" and through the valley meadows. At length, the old towers and familiar bridge appeared at the right. I crossed the bridge, and went up to the low door, a young man and his wife just before me. With them I saw the interior, shown in a well-devised order, ending with the beautiful ball-room, and then the throwing open of Dorothy Vernon's door — "Oh, no, it is 300 years since Dorothy left." The other folks marched off immediately; and I was left alone under old Yews, Dorothy's door having closed. It was a dark and damp nook between the house and the wall against the hill. At the right, sunlight was entering from the open ground of the lower terrace. At the top of the terrace stairs I sat long — enchanted, verily. A small boy was weeding the path against the battlement of the lower terrace. I went down and talked to said boy, who showed me a way down past the buttresses of the terrace wall to the stream and the ruined foot bridge at the foot; whence I went back to Rowsley by a path along the stream. The evening light was soft; and two fair maids were strolling, arms locked. How wise was I to go to Chatsworth before Haddon.

Sunday, August 1st, he spent the whole afternoon, until late, in the Pavilion Gardens of Matlock, which he found particularly instructive as being developed chiefly from New

England-like copse wood. On the 2d of August he went on to Buxton, where he explored the Pavilion Gardens made by Edward Milner. They are owned by a company, as at Matlock. Admission four-pence. Concerts are given in the glass Pavilion; and there are tennis grounds, a bowling green, a "lake" for boating, a Rose garden, a rockery, and so forth, — too many features, for the ground is taken up with them to the destruction of breadth of effect.

I found out many names of plants from an old gardener; and took note of much in a small way. Herbaceous plants are well used here in the edges of shrubberies; not in bands as in France, but irregularly. Crowds gathered, — people from Manchester and other cities. There was very fine tennis playing, — one girl a "terror." Buxton is a town of stone villas, hydropathical establishments, etc. The crescent and the terraced hill before it were rather daringly, but successfully, designed. I took a walk out of town into the country visible from the gardens. There were few or no hedges; but rude stone walls. The surface of the country was hilly and tossed, with patches of small wood, and bits of roughish pasture, — altogether, rather New England-like. A beauty Valerian along the roadsides.

He went on to Manchester that evening; and had no sooner dined than he strolled into the street, and took a tram-car marked "Alexandra Park." "A long road through the ugly, smoky town; but the park well worth seeing, being of peculiar design, consisting chiefly of playgrounds with a long, low terrace along one side." The next morning he visited Peel Park.

An ugly, nondescript sort of place in the hideous region called Salford. Back into town again; and another tram out to the Botanic Gardens, so called, where was no botany, but a pretty place enough, owned by a body of subscribers. I took note of the flowers in bloom, and of the general arrangement. There was an iron frame for a tent, wherein to give big horticultural shows; a band-stand green, and a twisting, hidden swan-water. Back again to town; and an afternoon train for Preston, where I had almost two hours in the rather large parks which stretch along the river. These are Edward

Milner's work again, and good. The best features are the natural terrace, and the slopes to river meadows and the river, large open lawns, well-massed woods, a loggia whence views over distant open country, a well-made ravine, an excellent treatment of two crossing railways, a good terrace with a statue above backed by foliage and a fountain below, and Milner's regulation spiral and sun-dial. At 7 o'clock I took train for Windermere. Fewer and fewer were the tall chimneys; and at length, no more smoke. At sunset there was a lovely look across a bay of salt flats at the soft mountains of Westmoreland. The train was delayed, — up grades and rising hills. At Kendal, an influx of lads and lassies from a "gala." Reached a small inn at Windermere at 9 o'clock. No lake visible yet; but a young moon in the sky.

On the 4th of August: —

My hotel was a little one with a small girl to wait, and no other lodger; but a crowd always in the bar. I was rather late getting up the hill near the station by a path through private grounds; but finally got on to the open "Fell;" and then had a delightful view of the whole of Windermere and the mountains roundabout. It was a scene of tenderest beauty, wrapt in softest haze. Helvellyn was very dim, and Langdale Pikes also. The lake was smooth and palely blue, its two long reaches separated by the island-dotted narrows about Bowness. I went downhill again, and on to Bowness; then by steamer, at 3.30, first down the lake to the foot thereof, where I strolled to old Newby Bridge by a road chiefly bordered by coppice; then, in the late afternoon, back by steamer to the very head of the lake, and to Bowness again after seven. All delicious. The next day (August 5th), I left the little hotel at 9 o'clock on a coach for Keswick, where I arrived before one. First, we went up the shore of Windermere by a gently hilly road through much wildish small wood, past many "seats," — a region of the Beverly [Mass.] type. Then to Ambleside; and so past Rydal Water; on past Grasmere, and up into wholly open land in the pass called "the Raise" at the west foot of Helvellyn. Then on, and down past Thirlmere and the works

just begun for taking water hence to Manchester. There was a look down the Vale of St. John. Then we went over a low pass, and down a long hill into Keswick Vale, and to the George Hotel in Keswick just as a shower came down smartly. In the afternoon, between showers, I got out to the foot of Derwentwater, whence was a beauteous view of the lakeside mountains, ranged in lovely perspective of silvery, showery distance. I also strolled about the neighborhood of the village; and, towards evening, enjoyed the striking effects of sunlight bursting from between clouds, and gleaming golden on emerald slopes of purple-shadowed and silver-misted hills, — a sight to make one hold one's breath with wonder. At my late supper I had a little talk with a young man and his wife, — the first talk since Cambridge.

August 6. The morning was cloudy, but clearing; so I took coach at 10 o'clock, with nameless acquaintances of last evening and others, for an all-day trip. We went out along Derwentwater, through rich woods at the foot of ferny heights, past wet meadows and fields of rushes at the head of the lake, past the foot of almost waterless Lodore, through a low pass at the foot of the fine Castle Crag, past Bowder Stone, and into fair Borrowdale. There were meadows and hay-making, one or two tiny hamlets, little stone bridges over clear streams, the mountains around wooded below and rising above in exquisite forms of crag and scar, and steeps of golden green mottled with the deep green of Bracken, and higher up with the brown and bronze of Heather. There were many silver threads of streamlets, and many wet and glistening bits of ledge. About the high peaks were much broken fog and cloud. The walk up the ascent of Honister Pass was long and steep, — a hard struggle for the horses, — first along the wooded course of a rocky stream, and then along the same stream in an open land of rock, Fern, and Heather. At the summit was a corner and an impressive view down the steep and narrow valley at the foot of the Crag of Honister, by which we proceeded on and down, and so to Buttermere and an inn for lunch about one o'clock. Next, I went by boat, with some others, over a bit of Crummock Water close by, and walked part way up the open val-

ley to see a high, slender waterfall, — Scale Force, — issuing from a corner in a grassy mountain, and falling in a narrow, verdurous rock-cleft about six feet wide. At four we took a coach again, passing first over a higher but less imposing pass, then down the Vale of Newlands, and round the foot of Derwentwater into Keswick. Fog and cloud were thickening fast, — no glory from low sun to-night; but an ever memorable day.

This lovely country is just what I imagined it, — mountains of friendliest character, of exquisite highly-wrought sculpturing, of subtlest, gracefullest form, and of marvellous fitful color under this watery sky. The scenery is of a very distinct type, and of its sort the perfectest imaginable.

The next day was dark and rainy.

Just as well, perhaps; for fine weather would have persuaded this sybarite to linger and linger on. I looked at some absurdly inadequate photographs; and then bethought me of the secretary and prime mover in the Lakeland Defence Association, which has fought off two railway schemes and done other service. I got directions; walked a little way from town; and fortunately found him at home. I introduced myself as an American much interested in the work of the Association. He told me that the closing of ancient footways was the chief trouble at present. It was done right and left by new proprietors newly rich; and was hard to prevent, because the burden of proof lay strangely enough with the public; it was also a disagreeable sort of quarrel, because it seemed, in some measure, personal. A new law was wanted to enable the local authorities to fight the battles, instead of the secretary and his Association. Parliament will soon take this matter up along with Mr. Bryce's "Scottish Mountains" bill; Parliament has already affirmed in other matters the principle of the real value of scenery; has refused to charter railways which would have injured scenery; and has required the Manchester Water Works people to save soil wherewith to re-cover their masses of tunnel débris. Mr. R—— asked about my work in America, — if I were in the Law or what; and on hearing my trade, made me sit down again and tell

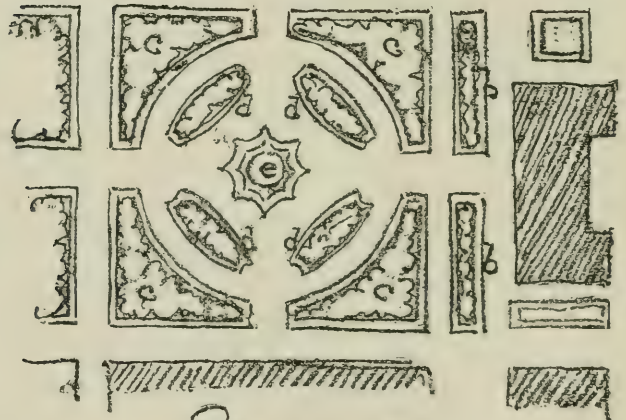
him about the Yellowstone, Niagara, and so forth. Then we looked at his old vicarage garden, — and I fled for the noon train.

Out of the mountains and to Carlisle. The day was clearing up; so that, on crossing the low land at the head of Solway Firth, I could see the fine group of Cumberland Mountains very well. We crossed some wet moorlands, — very bleak. There was a long ascent through bare hill country with not much cultivation, but occasional plantations of Spruce. In the hedge-rows were Scotch Pines instead of Elms. The Scotch names of stations seemed familiar. Once "Ecclefechan" flashed past, — Craigenputtock must be somewhere behind these dreary hills, thinks C. E. Two or three castles, with plantations around them, appeared in valleys of these moors. We went up and over a dull pass near the source of the Clyde and Tweed; and on, down into a country of chimneys, and to smoky Glasgow. After dinner I took a short stroll about the cold, windy, and deserted streets, empty because the shops were closed. It was Saturday afternoon, and the dismal pall of Sunday had fallen already.

On Monday he went by tram-car to the south verge of the smoky city to Queen's Park.

I had been urged to be sure and see it; but I found nothing worth while, — much carpet bedding, every plant numbered, and a printed list under glass set alongside! I journeyed back again, and out another way to the Botanic Garden. It is chiefly a pleasure garden, with much bedding again, and shrubberies stiffly edged. A small plant collection in one corner I looked over thoroughly, since it afforded a review of some of my labors at Kew. Next, I looked at the outside of the University buildings, and at the park below it. During a shower I looked into a museum. Rain coming on, I discovered an interesting photograph exhibition in the Public Galleries. I am weary of mists and showers; and believe I have seen enough of British gardening. . . . I shall skip to Edinburgh to-morrow. Glasgow is unprofitable and ugly.

Dalkeith.
a = Pelargonium zonale scarlet
b = Lobelia Erinus speciosa
c = Cerastium tomentosum
d = "Bedding plants."



PORTERRE.
bb Rockwork
dd Annuals.
e Statue,
cc Perennials & Shrubs.

The ride to Edinburgh, on the 10th of August, was through a dull open country of hilly pasture, broken by dirty mining villages and smoking chimney stacks of huge "works." His enjoyment of Edinburgh was interfered with by very bad weather. On his one fine day he explored the Castle, High Street, Arthur's Seat, and the Crag, "finding the prospects finer in every way than I anticipated, the effect heightened by the Turneresque atmosphere, and by cloud, haze, and smoke." As usual, he also visited and explored thoroughly the Botanic Garden. With his characteristic love of the seaside, he took a tram-car to Newhaven, where he saw with pleasure the queer fishing-boats and the fish-wives in costume. He also looked into an exhibition which was "called International; but was not. As a Scotch show it was good, the ship-builders' exhibits being particularly interesting." On an afternoon which was only cloudy instead of rainy, he found his way to the long, shabby village of Dalkeith, and to the park gates at the end of its main street.

Explored the said park of Dalkeith, which is curiously different in quality from English places of the same general character. Many of the trees were large and old; but, seen from the house, not effectively arranged. The house stands on the brink of the deep valley of Esk, the opposite bank being richly wooded with old trees. A cove in the bank, at one side of the house, is treated as a "pleasure garden," showing steep banks of Laurel and scattered Yews, and of massed Rhododendrons. A very high, stone-arched bridge is carried over Esk just below, springing from a natural bluff on one side to the made bank on the other, its abutments finely hidden in foliage. Through the high arch one gets a pretty glimpse of the splashing river.

That evening he took the steamer to Hamburg at 9.30 from Leith docks. The passengers were chiefly German tourists going home.

All the persons to whom Charles had letters in Edinburgh were absent at the time of his visit. He was particularly sorry not to find Mr. McPherson, of the Scottish Footpaths Society; for he was already interested in the work of that society, and had seen the need of some similar work at home.

CHAPTER IX

LANDSCAPE STUDY IN EUROPE. HAMBURG, DENMARK, SWEDEN, AND RUSSIA

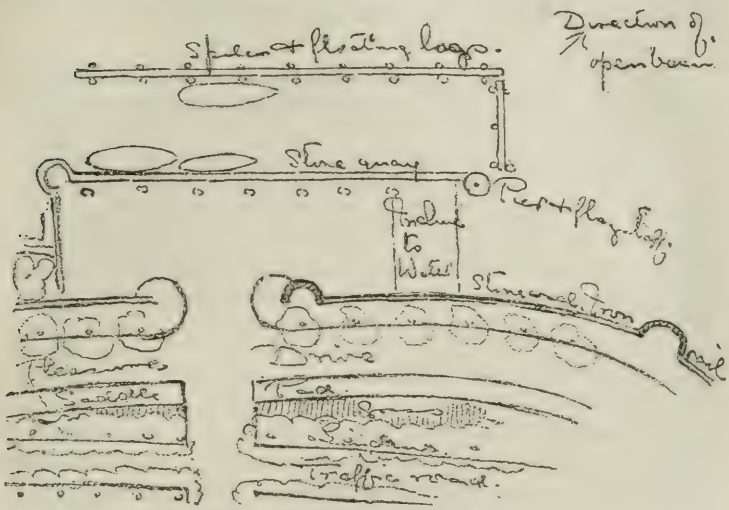
> The more extensive, therefore, your acquaintance with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention, and what will appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions. — Sir Joshua Reynolds.

For twenty-four hours, from Sunday noon to Monday noon, the sea was very rough, and I was sick; but Monday afternoon I got on deck (wet with water shipped in the night), and, as the sea fell rapidly, I soon recovered. We passed red-clifted Helgoland about four o'clock, and a lightship marked "Elbe" two hours later; but saw no land till about seven. It was Cuxhaven with its wooden piers and docks. Thence we proceeded slowly up the river, many odd fishing-smacks coming down with sidelights burning. The evening was very warm, but wettish. When I went to bed the ship was still proceeding against a strong tide. This morning (Tuesday, August 17) I took a cab up-town to the hotel on Binner-Alster. In the streets were women and dogs harnessed in carts, and other queer things. Sad to say, rain and smut as ever.

In the afternoon of the same day the weather cleared, and Charles walked out countrywards along the inner and outer Alsters.

Water parks such as Boston should have made of the Back Bay. I got out into a villa region — Longwood-like — whence a view of the high city spires across long green-edged water alive with boats, small steamers, and fleets of swans. When sunset came and the lighting of lamps, I returned by steamer under the fine Lombards Bridge, across the inner basin to the quay in the heart of the town. There I took an ice in a water pavilion. Hamburg is a delightful town!

These water parks interested Charles greatly. He inspected repeatedly their shores, the landing-stages, and the plantations; and, as usual, took great delight in the intelligent provision for public enjoyment upon the water. "I followed



A water-side arrangement — Hamburg.

the good public gardens which run all round the lines of the old walls to the Botanic Garden and the Zoölogical Garden, both of which are interesting and instructive." He walked through the river-side of the town, observing the old canals and the high gabled buildings; and thence to the steamer-landing just below the mooring-ground of the crowded ships. Here he took a steamer down the Elbe seven or eight miles to Blankenese landing.

The banks are rather high, and wooded and villaed all along, the houses looking westward over the river and the low salt-creeked country beyond. The river is full of small shipping, with quaint rigs and colored sails. Blankenese is very odd, having steep, crooked, paved footways, — a bigger and Germanified Clovelly. Close by is a large park. I entered and rambled in it long. It is a very fine piece of landscape work. Thence I turned towards town, along the high road. Many people were out pleasure-driving; the whole road and the bordering, largish places very Brooklinesque [Brookline,

Mass.], — new telephone poles and all. A steamer from the landing Teufelsbrücke brought me to the hotel just in time for dinner. Very odd soup to-night, having the appearance of broth; but containing, beside numerous vegetables, slices of eels, doughballs, prunes, and much vinegar.

The next morning, August 20th, he spent on Alster steamers, taking notes of the excellent water-side arrangements, and of the water-side villa gardens, the public walks, and the beer gardens. In the afternoon he took the train for Kiel; but found the country dull till near Kiel. There was much open moor, Heather, small Birches, peat-diggings, and fields of grain; few hedges or wooden fences divided the fields, but mainly walls of earth. The houses were steep-thatched, and planted close about with small trees for shelter, making thus islands in the flat expanse. The train passed one large Beech forest and one of Pines. Birches, Alders, Poplars, Wych-Elms, and Mountain Ashes with bright berries were visible. The cottage gardens were full of Dahlias. Charles had stopped at Kiel to see the Botanic Garden, but he found it locked up, and no porter's lodge was visible, the university being in vacation. He visited, however, the Schloss Garden on the shore of the harbor, finding a water-side avenue of Elms and Lindens, a soldiers' monument, and stretches of greensward and massed shrubs, — a homelike scene.

In the market square before a very odd brick church, a throng of country-women were selling produce to townswomen, the country-folk wearing one sort of straw hat, and the townsfolk another. Beyond the Botanic Garden, and still close to the shore of the bay, I found a region of detached houses in Cambridge-like yards, the streets quiet and tree-planted, leading down to the old avenue along the shore, whence were pretty pictures of coasters, ironclads, and small boats on blue water.

At eleven o'clock, August 21, I took the steamer "Augusta-Victoria," bound for Scandinavia. The craft was excellent, and the passengers very civilized, — chiefly tourists, Germans going to see Scandinavia, and Scandinavians going home. There were several pretty girls of the Swedish type, and one couple speaking French, in whom everybody was soon much interested. He was dark and Spanish-looking; she

fair and beautiful, like the pictures of Nielson. Their behavior was rather "pronounced," — he lay with his head on her knee; and at table he put a piece of paper in her pretty ear. How the sober, quiet-faced, smooth-haired womenkind looked and looked, and how the men admired! In the Kieler Fjord I saw a navy yard and twelve ironclads in the stream. The shores were very like those of Narragansett Bay. Very soon the open sea appeared ahead, and a tall, white light-tower, and a string of white buoys. The water was utterly smooth and blue; colored sails were becalmed here and there; and the sun was very hot. After midday dinner there was no land in sight. I wrote a letter home, and read. Happy as a clam! Nothing agrees with this child like sailing in smooth water. We were some hours coasting Langeland. It showed low gravel bluffs and beaches, much grain inland, scattered groves, stumpy spires, and stray windmills. Thence we passed into the wide waters of Grosser Belt, Seeland rapidly rising, and showing gravel bluffs and low hills — Long Island Sound scenery. Soon a cluster of red roofs, a narrow entrance to a port, a big railway ferry steamer, a quay, and a custom-house — Korsör. . . . The port is very small, merely an embarking-place, reminding me of Warwick, R. I.; then sunset, and we were off in the train. . . . Through a soft, pretty country — fine Beech woods now and then — but soon dark. Kjöbenhavn [Copenhagen] at 9.45.

Sunday, August 22. Clear and warm. I walked through this town generally. Its streets are stone paved, its sidewalks likewise, with no curbstones. In the old streets is some very quaint architecture; some canals come into the town from the harbor. . . . I followed the fortification promenades northeastward, and came to the salt water side below the harbor quays. Here was a large fort surrounded by a moat — a shaded promenade on a narrow strip between the moat and the water of the harbor, the strip containing a drive, a saddle pad, and a footpath. The banks of the moat were all covered with verdure, and the fort was hidden. Small boats and yachts were moored all along the seaside, and just beyond this was the main channel with big vessels, an island with a harbor lighthouse, and the open water of the Sound each side

thereof. . . . There were many seats, and much people enjoying the harbor scene and each other's appearance. I returned through the aristocratic quarter, which lies strangely near the shipping and the warehouses. . . . From a large irregular "square" in the heart of the town, thirteen streets went out, several with tramways in them. Thence I went to the Botanic Garden, which I found rather large, with trees as well as herbs, and irregular planting. The trees were generally small, and crowded in groups of orders. The herbaceous plants were in scattered beds, and in one corner in a formal arrangement. There were water-side boxes for water plants, and stream plants were similarly grown. There was a special space for Danish plants. . . . Evidently this is no climate for evergreens. The grass, too, was very weedy and brown — quite American. I was twice ordered off it by Garden officers when poking to find labels. What use in labels, if one may not get to read them?

The next day he greatly enjoyed a visit to the Frederiksberg-Have, formerly a royal park, the château now a military school.

This park is unlike anything I have ever seen. Its woods are cut by straightish grass alleys. Its paths twist and curve about, crossing vistas and much crooked water very irregularly. The ground is flat, and comparatively very little of it is in grass. The woods consist of Beech, Oak, Elm, Ash, and a few other trees; and are much trodden by the populace; yet they are generally green with sprouting from the base of the trunks, and pushing of seedlings. The Renaissance château is on an overlooking elevation. Old Linden alleys lead up to it; and immediately in front of it are grass terraces and hedges of Hawthorn. There was a poor zoölogical garden alongside; but I crossed over the road into the park of Söndermarken, where was a water reservoir in place of a château; but otherwise it was like Frederiksberg. There were some masses of very fine woods, and a good Linden avenue; but the grassed vistas were too straight and too parallel-sided.

After dinner I sauntered on the lovely Lange Linie. There were yachts about and much people; soldiers in

blue, all Christy's first cousins [Christy — a Dane — was his father's coachman for several years]; old ladies, very old-fashioned; all sorts of young women, — countrified with flat black straw hats and ribbon hanging behind, to stylish creatures almost Parisian. The great majority were soberly dressed, hearty, and good-faced; the children were of very American appearance, — young boys in unbound felt hats, sailor-suits, and so forth. . . . There were people driving in barouches, and on horseback, as well as walking; but these were few.

He was out early the next morning, walking along the empty pavements across the canal, past the ruin of the burnt palace, past the Egyptian (!) (or Etruscan) Thorwaldsen Museum, through the thronged market-place, and along the fish quay of the canal. "It was a very quaint scene, — the crowd of a general mixed color with their blue aprons, straw hats and white handkerchiefs tied over, and the odd gabled buildings around, one of which had a spire of four alligators, their tails twisted up to a great height." At eight o'clock he went on to Helsingör, a pleasant two-hour ride through "a gently undulating grain-growing country in which reaping was going on. The cottages were long and low, and thatched or red-tiled, and white-walled, the outbuildings being often of wood, — the first since Boston. Fences, hedges, or stone walls were few. There were groves and some large woods, chiefly of Beech; but also Norway Spruce, Larch, Birch, and Mountain Ash. There was no rock save boulders. The train passed two or three châteaux of Western Europe architecture set in simple parks." The general aspect of Helsingör is thus described: "The buildings are low and white-walled, — apparently of yellow brick whitewashed; the roofs are of red tile, but some of thatch; the shops are very small; the windows are white-framed, and they open outward in four pieces; and as most of the windows are open, the effect is odd." He went down to the small breakwater port where there was nothing going on; but the Sound outside was full of large vessels.

Here I got sight of a large castle on the extreme end of the point towards the Swedish coast; and to it I went over three several moats and through a complication of military buildings, gates, and shaded moat-side walks. The great building was very striking; its architecture, particularly that

of the roof, very picturesque and characteristic. Following some signs, which I managed to comprehend, I arrived at a small jutting brick bastion, at the angle of a small water battery mounted with a row of small guns. There was a view all up and down the Sound. One guardsman was using a mounted telescope to make out the flags of passing vessels; and the red and white crossed banner of Denmark fluttered from a staff. This was the Platform before the Castle of Elsinore! There were ten barques under full sail standing north, and many smaller craft, some tacking under the Swedish coast, some close at hand. A great fleet was coming up from the far south. A very beautiful sight. The guard had already recorded ten Danish vessels, six Norwegian, one Russian, three Swedish, two German, etc., as having passed this morning. The water was as blue as possible. Thought I should not object to standing watch at Elsinore myself! This is one of the few famous straits of the world. I lingered long, alone with the silent sentinel; no sound but the ripple of water on the boulders below and the gentle slatting of the flag halliards. Presently came the heavy tramping of two large companies of infantry passing out to the drill-ground. I went out after them; and along the north-looking shore to a bathing-beach, hotel, casino, and so forth, called Marienlyst. Here I examined some very unsuccessful recent planting of shore grounds; and then went slowly back through town to the port, passing many high, paintless wooden fences with Lilacs and Virginia Creeper hanging over them, — very American. Next I took steamer to Skodsborg through a small water-side villa region. Helsingör is very quaint from the water: a red-roofed town with a big Slot (palace) and five windmills waving their arms over it. Behind Skodsborg I viewed the large royal forest. It has Beeches young and old, pretty paths and thickets, a Godthaab and a mill-pond with a mill in the midst; then a high open part, and a royal hunting-lodge with a view of the blue Sound over the woods of the shore, big ships appearing above trees. This part of the forest is wholly English-park-like, with broad but browned stretches of grass, deer, and masses of very large trees. I saw Hawthorns, but no Hollies. I reached the

shore again at Klampenborg. All manner of summer houses are strung for miles along the shore road. I looked into many places hereabout; supped under some trees on the shore; and at dark took a steam tramway and a horse-car which brought me to my hotel in Copenhagen at half past nine.

The next day he looked through the Thorwaldsen Museum.

There is sculpture enough for five men's life-work, one would think. Some of large, heroic creatures, very fine; many portrait busts also; but most of the work on rather a small scale, and all in imitation Greek, — even a Pan-Athenaic frieze! What a curious genius out of the land of the Vikings. His body lies buried in the court of the building, which building is Pseudo-Egyptian in design, — Pseudo-Greek sculpture in a Pseudo-Egyptian temple, — and in the same town with such admirable native architecture as that of the Börsen and the Rosenborg Slot. In the afternoon I took tram-cars out on the northern shore road to the Royal Park, Charlottenlund; but there was no admittance to the park, so I inspected the neighborhood, which was partly open forest, partly small summer places, and partly all-the-year-round villages. The summer villas were generally small, low, and pretty, a door in the middle of the long side leading into a large middle room-hall. The front yards had little green-sward, but much shrubbery, with a variety of deciduous things; sometimes some Conifers, but these were seldom successful; and not much flower gardening. Indian Corn was used with other foliage plants; Ivy was rare; but Virginia Creeper and Dutchman's Pipe were very common. The Creeper on wire fencing made high, dense hedges; but there were also hedges of Hawthorn, Privet, and Lilac, and of Norway Spruce clipped. Painted wooden fences were everywhere, of several sorts, — pickets, round sticks, and fancy sawed boarding, — all as about Boston; also American twirling water-sprinklers and hand mowing-machines abounded. There is no green grass now unless watered. . . . The alongshore road is Copenhagen's chief pleasure-drive, and yet there is a steam tram in it. . . . The long road

is all tree-planted and watered, and bordered now by villas, now by open fields for sale, now by bits of fishing village, now by the large Royal Park at the left, and always the Sound close at the right. There are also regions of beer gardens and bathing establishments. For six kilometres the Beech forests of Jaegersborg and Dyrehave are just behind the roadside places at the left.

That evening Charles crossed the ferry to Sweden, making a breakwater port just at dark after a delicious hour and a half crossing the Sound, through much shipping and in the glow of sunset. The train started at ten o'clock. In the roomy compartment, which resembled the Swiss second-class carriage, Charles could lie at full length. The night was warm, and he slept well; but whenever he woke, he looked out to see the country.

I woke at three odd. A young moon shone over moving Spruce tops. There was some light when next I woke. We were passing through forests of Spruce, Pine, and small Junipers; the surface was irregular; and there were rocks and boulders everywhere; white mists were spread far over heathy flats between hills. At my next waking the sky was clear, and the sun was rising; woods and hummocky open land were all twinkling with dewdrops; soon many ponds appeared, quiet, with rocked and wooded shores, and islets, and perhaps a clearing or two (the first time this word has been applicable in my European travel). By and by there was more and more open country; but into Stockholm wild land still predominated. There were rough pastures, woods of small Birches, Poplars, Alders, Mountain Ashes, Pines, and Spruces; small fields of Barley and Oats now reaping, and often big boulders in the fields, — all irregularly bounded by rockiness. The houses were small and low, made of hewn logs; the roofs shingled, thatched, tiled, or slated; the walls colored dark red; and when, as sometimes, finishing-boards were used, these and the window-sashes were painted white. There were big red and unpainted wooden barns; and about the crop lands split-log fences. The little farmsteads looked comfortable. The railway cuts showed barren glacial gravel; and there were big glaciated rocks, mossy and partly bever-

dured. Put me anywhere out of sight of the houses and fences, and I should say I was in Maine. There were whole beds of low Blueberry, and also much mountain Cranberry; crowded young Spruces, some sawmills, and much piled cordwood; but not one town of any size, and not a sign of nabobry anywhere, — what a contrast to dogcart-at-every-station England! Stockholm at 12.30. Bath and lunch.

August 26. At the breakfast station on the railroad this morning there entered three brothers, all in broadcloth, and all in good spirits. The eldest, a sea captain, told me that he and his brothers had united in a visit to their old father, somewhere about Gotenburg, the family not having come together for many years, and that now they were going back to work, — one in the far north of Sweden, one in Stockholm, and one at sea. . . . He said the land thereabout was owned chiefly by the men in occupation thereof, yet there were some very large tenanted estates; that very few were rich, and equally few were poor; that a man with $50,000 was very well off, and one with $100,000 or $200,000 very rich. After establishing myself at the Hotel Rydberg, I bought a map and guide-book, and conned the same with great interest; but had to take a nap, being fagged with fourteen hours' rail. In the afternoon I strolled out to get my bearings, and to take a general survey. My hotel is at the end of the North Bridge, which is the centre of the town, with the King's Palace, (stupid Renaissance) at the other end. There is a tree-planted sort of bastion in the stream beside the bridge, whence steamboats may be taken to other parts of the town. The palace and the old town are on an island and islets, whence the North Bridge leads to the northern new town, and by drawbridges to the southern new town, which latter is built high on a rocky bluff. There is a lock between the drawbridges for the passage of vessels from the salt water fjord below to the fresh Riddarfjärde above. There are quays all about the island of the old town; a mass of wood-boats at one, large sloops with standing gaffs. On this quay are wooden frames, in which cordwood is piled and so measured, people buying it out of the frames. Fishing-boats lie in another part; and one long quay is lined by the bows of as many as thirty small iron

steamers, all with their steam up, and their destination and hour of departure placarded. Country folk were going on board with empty produce baskets, and odds and ends of freight for country stores. These boats navigate the intricate inland waters of Lake Mälaren. I further discovered the Kungsträdgarden ("Tuileries") — rather originally designed with rows of trees and Hawthorn hedge parterres.

The next morning Charles took a small omnibus-steamer at a neighboring quay, and sped out of town.

Pine-clad rocks were in sight from the very North Bridge, and the steamer took me towards them. A tall wood-sloop was coming down through a dark, wooded strait in the west. My boat soon entered a narrow passage; made many stops at tiny landings; put a "bloated capitalist" ashore on his own float, where children met him under big willows; made a call at the gate of the big State Prison; turned sharply around several rocky points of partly behoused islands; passed a ship-yard or two hidden in coves, and landed me at the end of the route. Fare, three cents. There are such voyages in countless directions from the old town. Seeing a rocky, piney hill not far off, I went for it, the road passing over rough ground with wooden houses often set on rocks, a plank walk from ledge to ledge at the roadside; a factory or two near by, — the sort of rawness and awkward newness such as I have not seen since I left Boston. I arrived at unfenced Pine woods — delicious. Going up, I came out on the ledgy top. The Blueberry bushes were already turned scarlet in places. There were beds of Mountain Cranberry, mosses, and in shallow hollows in the ledges and clefts (where low Blueberry and Lambkill grow at Mt. Desert) there were crowded plants of pink-blooming dwarf Heath. I noticed Pines and a few Spruces, Birches, tree Elders, Poplars, richly fruited Mountain Ashes, and a Wild Cherry; also Barberries, Privets, wild Roses, Elders, Hazels, Hawthorns, Scrub Oaks, Willows, Gooseberries; and on open ledges, Raspberries, Harebells, blue Scabious, golden St. Johnswort, and a pink Geranium. From the upper ledges there was a view of the water-girt and water-cut town, and of the dark, sombre girdle

of Pine forest all round about. "The Venice of the North!" The North indeed it is. Descending from the ledges into a narrow road, I passed a long, narrow pond between hills, and so, by aid of the map, to a hamlet with a wooden church, a variety store, a house of battened boarding, and another omnibus-boat landing. After a sail of one minute and a half I landed again on an island, whence I walked over two bridges to the Prison landing, and took another boat to town. All these islets and shores have the character of, say, West Manchester [Mass.]; the rocks often high, with buildings scattered about in odd places. A little further from town, but in sight, the shores are more wooded, and resemble, say, Bartlett Island Narrows [Mt. Desert]. It being now half past five, I crossed to the east quay of the old town, and took a boat on the Saltsjön. Here in the stream between high, partly-built shores, are large vessels at moorings and along the quays. We passed two islands with public buildings and villas, which are reached from the north town by bridges, and in five minutes landed on Djurgarden. There were lumber-yards at the shore; but just behind, on higher ground, a string of pleasant restaurants, beer gardens, etc. This is Stockholm's chief pleasure ground. I selected the very swellest, where a big band was playing good music, and on the piazza dined handsomely. A heavy shower now coming on, I spent the evening in an adjacent circus-theatre, taking a boat to town just after ten o'clock. The night effect of the city was glorious, — lights on the shipping and on many islands, on the heights of South new town, and on the shores of lower North town; bright electrics on the bridges of the old town quays between. My omnibus-boat was full of theatre-goers; but others had taken an open horse-car, which arrives at North new town by going round and over bridges.

The next morning, August 28th, was spent in study of the interesting plantations of the Kungsträdgarden. Here was much Willow of several sorts, and other hardy things. In the Humlegarden and along a new boulevard in a new quarter, he found excellent shrub masses of a decorative sort, suitable for a town way. The arrangement of the whole island of Djurgarden interested him very much, the interior and

much of the shore being wholly public; but parts of the shore still commercial, and other parts, further from town, set with gardened villas. At this extreme end was a sort of fishing hamlet. The ground was of a rough, wild sort, with grassy bits among ledges, and big boulders now and then, —

the West Roxbury Park [Boston] sort, with the addition of water views of great interest. Schooners were beating up the channel; a brig or two was running out; the opposite shore was high and piney, with a few summer houses on steep rocky sides or at the head of coves (as if on Harbor Hill at Northeast Harbor, or on Mr. Curtis's shore, and but twenty minutes from town by boat!). Eastward there was a charming wild scene, — blue water, breezy, and a few sails in the distance among grouped and scattered islands and rocks, — for all the world like the east end of the Fox Island Thoroughfare or Edgemoggin Reach [Maine]. Some of the summer houses were approached from their landings by a tower, thus:

there being, apparently, an elevator inside the tower. At the extremity of the island I found a little quay which looked like a steamer-landing; so I waited awhile, watching the struggles of a big sloop with a square sail which was trying to beat up the channel; and, sure enough, a mite of a steamer shortly appeared from behind a rock point, stuck her nose against my quay, and carried me off along the shore of Djurgarden back to Stockholm.

The next day, Sunday, he took a steamer at nine o'clock for Upsala, — normally a five-hour voyage; really a voyage of six hours and a half.

The bow was piled with country freight. The upper deck was full of passengers quite of the coast of Maine description, including young sailors going home. Within fifteen minutes from the quay we were passing among scarcely inhabited, rocky, and spruce-clad islands. An endless succession of them; through straits of all widths. We passed through two floating bridges; picked up passengers out of rowboats, — sometimes when no houses were in sight; entered

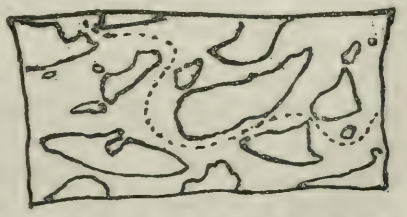
a cul-de-sac, to all appearance, with a low reedy shore ahead; but, lo, a channel through the reeds into another arm of the lake. At the head of one large island was a big four-domed building, and an excursion steamer at the quay flying Norse, Danish, German, French, English, and American flags. Pine woods stretch all round the horizon. At length we came into a narrow river, which at last was little more than a ditch. The country was now flattish and cultivated. A big ugly schloss, and the odd towers of a church appeared above trees and roofs, — Upsala.

The rainy afternoon was spent in viewing the old-fashioned Botanic Garden of Linnæus with its clipped hedges of pyramidal Conifers, the large new building of the University, the ugly but famous brick Cathedral, several public gardens of a very simple sort, and a promenade along the ditch-like river. "There were many students in the streets, wholly American-esque. The voyage of the morning was very pleasant; but the scenery rather same, having not nearly the variety of that from Rockland [Maine] eastward." After dark he took train for Stockholm again.

The next day he took steamer for Helsingfors; but before he left Stockholm he made the following entry in his journal: "Hurrah for the North and Stockholm. Here is no architecture, — not nearly so much as in Copenhagen, or in Boston for that matter, — except the bridges. Nothing great in the way of fine art in any sort. No Parisian fashions; no conspicuous nabobry; no smoke or smut; no rags, dirt, or drunkenness; but men and women of a most sterling appearance."

The voyage to Helsingfors (Aug. 30th) was very prosperous.

The afternoon among the sea islands off Stockholm was extremely interesting and amusing. We twisted and turned in this manner, often passing through passages of extreme narrowness, the islands rocky, darkly wooded, and very sparsely inhabited. The steamer did not get fairly to sea till almost sunset, having started at 3 P. M. We passed through one narrow crack between two modern forts, and



later, just before putting to sea, through a gulch between two islets only just wide enough to admit the ship, — a red fishing village on the southern isle. Out in the open water were some bad ledges, an island with a big day-mark, and another with a lighthouse. All the inner islands were wooded and scarcely inhabited. A few were occupied by summer houses half-hidden away under trees or beside big rocks. We met a few vessels towing up, several wood-boats under sail, a big one-masted craft with no bowsprit, and one pretty sloop yacht. There were very many pretty views up open reaches, with complicated side-scenes of jutting points and woods, and perhaps a sail or two in the far distance. The night was good, and the water smooth; and at breakfast time the low Finnish coast was in sight, with three Russian iron-clads on the horizon. Rounding an outlying rock the ship headed shorewards about ten o'clock; passed an islet with a lighthouse, and slowed down to pass a very narrow passage between the islands of Sweaborg, — high, white-rocked, and covered with strong forts. Helsingfors with two big Greek churches came in sight on rocky ground at the head of the bay, well sheltered by islands. There was a blue-turnip church on Sweaborg itself. We landed on the quay in the midst of a market. . . . The people had rather a cadaverous and villainous look, being plainly very poor. The men wore colored shirts not tucked in, with perhaps a waistcoat or coat over same, — odd effect. The women had a meek, mild appearance, and a very light complexion. Swarms of children were almost white-haired. These were the Finns. The townspeople were chiefly Swedes. Russians were not so common; but were generally more barbarous-looking than the Finns, being short legged, and short necked, and having snub noses.

After lunch I explored the broad and straight, cobble-paved streets, with sidewalks rudely paved with stone, but having no curbs. The streets had a bleak, cold, and ugly look altogether, and all were very empty of people. One planted boulevard was more cheerful, being lined with coldly ambitious Frenchy buildings. The suburban parts were very dishevelled. The streets pushed out with difficulty among

raw ledges. There were views up and down the ragged coast, which was low, with many rocks and islets and occasional fishermen's hovels. The whole had the rather dismal character of the region about our Carver's Harbor [Penobscot Bay], for instance. On the water-side, at the back of the town, I found a public garden, with groves of Birch, Poplar, and Alder in swales among rocks, and some groupings of hardy shrubs. The Botanical Garden of the university was close beside and decidedly interesting; small and soon explored, but surrounded by a superb hedge of American Crataegus coccinea. I made note of the trees and shrubs which looked thriving, — a short but hardy list. . . . The climate must be rougher than ours of Boston, — probably much like that of our northwest, — and some Siberian things should be of use to us in those parts. The glass-houses were on a small scale, hardly up to little Harvard's. I walked thence to the villa region at the extremity of the town point towards Sweaborg islands. Here were wooden houses, battened or made of matched boards, some with much jig-saw work, — all with piazzas and canvas shades. The more modern houses were rather good, of bright wood, — these being in the latest Russian style, as an architectural picture-book in a shop window showed me. There were painted fences of too fancy patterns, and rather desperate shrubberies; and hardly any trees but white Birches and Mountain Ashes. There was much bare ledge about; and from the top of one I saw a cold sunset. How these cold shores must shiver in winter, when they say there is a regular road across the gulf to invisible Reval on the Russian side opposite. Turning back, I followed the shore into town, getting the last reflections of the sun from the gilt turnips of the big church, and from a sort of minaret in the town behind.

September 1st. I rattled over the cobblestones to the station for a 9 A. M. train in a droshky, driven by a villain of the deepest dye. It was a strange vehicle, with no traces and no breeching to the harness. The train passed slowly through what the guide-book calls the most thriving part of all Finland, — that is, the best settled part; but it is a poor enough country, more like some of the interior of New

Brunswick than anything I have ever seen. Then we came to wilder parts, to stations where there was no house in sight, — only a few muddy carts, perhaps, with the horses hitched to the fence, — to endless forests of dwarf trees, — mostly Spruces and Pines, — to great mosslands where no trees grow, and now and then to ponds, to rocky regions, and rarely to some poor farms with small weather-stained log-houses, the people harvesting the dwarf grain. So on all day. . . . I read "Vanity Fair" most of the way, and was glad enough to arrive at Wiborg at 7.25. A droshky carried me into a very uninviting sort of town, — cobbles and rawness in the main street even, and many houses of logs. At the hotel I was shown to a room through a stable-yard, several store-rooms, and a kitchen; but it was good when I got there. The house was only one story high, like most of the town; and the rooms were arranged round an interior court, there being no such thing as a hall or entry.

The next day Charles wished to see the Nicolai place; and started to do so in spite of low clouds and a high wind; but finding himself somewhat ill, he turned back, and took the next train for St. Petersburg through more wilderness. His first remarks about that city are as follows: "Long, cobble-paved streets, wide Neva, not enough people to fill the frame of the city, — a huge, long-distance town."

Having taken a general view of the city, and presented certain letters of introduction, on the cool and bright 4th of September Charles took a horse-car over long, straight roads, across a semi-suburban region, over a bridge or two crossing branches of the Neva, and arrived within a short walk of the Botanical Gardens, which proved exceedingly interesting.

Arriving at the apparent headquarters of the garden, I marched up and asked for Dr. Regel, having a letter to him from Professor Sargent. He was within; and proved to be engaged in sorting apples. He talked to me briefly in French, and on learning that I was a landscape architect, he gave me an introduction to a person at the Park of Pavlofsk, and then handed me over to a youth who conducted me through endless greenhouses, and finally into a big botanical library. Here I met Maximowicz, who was cordial and

talked English remarkably. Here also appeared the younger Dr. Regel, presumably sent by his father, who showed me more greenhouses, and, at length, something of the outdoor garden. But it was now half past five; and I bade farewell to get back to half past six dinner by another tram and a rather long walk.

The distances here are enormous; the streets straight and wide, with many and large open squares; the buildings are brick, but stuccoed and tinted, and generally covered with big signs, quite in the New York manner. The outer parts of the city are very poorly built, — log buildings are now and then mixed up with brick blocks, and open land, mud-holes, and board houses abound; so that the general effect is very like that of some squalid American suburbs. Beyond St. Isaac's and one or two other churches, and a Florentine palace or two, there is no architecture worth looking at.

The next day, in accordance with an invitation from one of the gentlemen to whom he had a letter in St. Petersburg, Charles took a ten o'clock train from the Baltic station (reached by a droshky over endless cobbles in half an hour), and was met by his new friend at the first station out. The country was flat and dreary, and sparsely peopled; but there were some summer villas near this first station. They went together two or three stations further to Peterhof, the railway thus far being patrolled by infantry, because the Czar was in Peterhof.

We alighted, and in a rickety vehicle drove about the imperial domain. There were many made ponds; and in one of these a stucco Roman villa on one island, and an Ionic ruin on another. On a little hill, at a distance, was a sort of Parthenon, built on top of an ordinary dwelling; and here were terraces, and Greek statuary, and a very distant view of the Gulf and of the gilt dome of St. Isaac's. There was only one other small hill in sight. We visited various parts of the large park, finding a birch cottage, a thatch cottage, and an "English palace in an English park," and so down towards the Gulf side by way of a made "ravine;" and to lunch in a restaurant. We walked in the afternoon in the inner park, roundabout the big, ugly palace, seeing more toy

buildings, — Monplaisir, Marly, and so forth, — and a great many elaborate fountains and step-cascades scattered about in the scrub woods on the plain between the palace and the Gulf shore. Finally we went up to the palace front on a terraced bluff, and through more stupid pseudo-Versailles gardens behind it, to the station for the train back to Ligowo; whence a half-hour's walk through a brick avenue brought us to a little wooden house hired for the summer by my friend's cousin.

Here Charles was pleasantly entertained by a small colony of English people. The region was characterized by Birch woods and a mill-pond, one side of which was a region of villas all built to let.

September 6. Still bright and cool. A morning of prowling in the poor public gardens of the inner town. In one were many labelled specimens. Another was made by Peter the Great in the formal manner; but its trees are now in a wretched condition. A third was in English taste; and the best. . . . In the afternoon I took notes in the garden of the Admiralty. I find the interpretation of Russian lettering difficult but amusing; though frequently impossible. It is the first land I have got into where signs on horse-cars are of no use to me. Words that are Greek are decipherable; but much of the alphabet is not Greek, and the combinations have a strange appearance.

On three different days in St. Petersburg Charles sought diligently for an entomological paper by a Russian savant, which was much desired by his friend Roland Thaxter at Cambridge. Through the kindly assistance of two or three Russian men of science, he at last procured the desired article. He gave part of every day, however, to the gardens. Thus, on the 7th of September, he explored again the Botanical Garden, but was disappointed, finding little of profit to him. On the next day he took a long journey by tram across the "islands," and then walked through the park of Yelagin Island, —

where water was all around, and also much within the island; so that the effect was unique. Evidently it was once a flat, boggy ground, which has been made usable by digging

deeper the wettest parts, and raising the roads and paths with the material so obtained. The roads of this park were unusually well planned; and the trees are the best I have seen about St. Petersburg. The general effect of the mixed water, greensward, and wood is very pleasing; and there are pretty outlooks up and down arms of the Neva and across the same to occasional villa regions. Also, there is a yacht-club house; and a fleet of craft.

He visited the Hermitage picture gallery for the greater part of a rainy day.

A glorious collection, with good representatives of every school. No end of fine Rembrandts, and Dutch and Spanish pictures in quantity; but for me the Italians are better than all else. There were two or three very poetic Salvator Rosas, only one Angelico and one Botticelli, but both good. Some supposed da Vincis were no more pleasing than others I have seen; but there was a lovely Luini, good Tintorettos, and a Veronese.

On September 7th Charles wrote to his mother: —

The droshkies are the life of the streets. They are driven very fast, even in the Nevsky Prospekt, where they are thickest, — there being nothing in the way. A big bearded officer alone in one of these, his great winter coat always on his shoulders, and he being rushed and rattled over the endless cobbles — this is typical St. Petersburg. The army is everywhere; and a shabbily uniformed and dirty lot are the common soldiers, but good fighters evidently. The common people are dirty and of strangely primeval appearance, so to speak. They might be Cave men, most of them — long-haired, and completely unkempt, and hungry-looking.

Friday, September 10. Bright, blue day. Visit to Pavlofsk. The first forty-five minutes by train were through an open, flat, wet, almost useless country; but the low hill land of Pulkova was in sight at the right. I got a strange view of the clustered domes of the many Greek churches in St. Petersburg, and of one or two huge domed structures out of town set in swamp. The terminal station is in the midst

of the Imperial park. The park village is at a short distance, all being the private property of the Czar. The park lies on the first upland, a stream descending to the swamp level through a winding hollow. There is no rock anywhere; yet this valley is picturesque. The highway is carried over the valley on a granite bridge, a low dam under the bridge holding back water which forms an irregular pond. This pond is surrounded by country places; and there is much boating on the pond. Below the bridge, on the brink of the valley, is the Palace, flying a big Imperial banner. There is no admittance to the grounds close about it; but all of the large park behind is freely opened. I walked far through this park, and returned to the valley some distance downstream. The park is exceedingly good. It is very flat, and the soil is rather poor; yet, as a whole, it is a very charming piece of scenery — incomparably more interesting than any wholly natural scenery to be found about St. Petersburg. There are but few sorts of trees and shrubs; but these are admirably grouped and massed, and great intricacy results therefrom. The water is carried about in an irregular way, running now into green meadow, now into wood, and is often come upon with surprise. This water is held, occasionally, by low dams hidden under bridges, as in the case of the main stream in the valley. Finally there is a rather deep gulch in the woods by which the park water runs down to meet the main stream, and flows into the lowland. The lowland and all the exterior country is shut out of view; but there are amply long vistas and varied perspectives within the park itself. The roads and walks are few and narrow; but they are well and always reasonably curved, and all appear to have definite destinations. Near the palace is a formal park with straight hedged alleys, a "rondpoint" with statues at terminations, and massed wood. There are dark alleys with openings at the ends into the light of the valley; and stone, shaded seats on the brink of the valley bluff, with pretty views up and down the stream.

After lunch I rambled about a village of villas; but saw little that was good. The small yards were cut up by very unreasonable paths, and were dotted all over with separate

young Birches, Mountain Ashes, Poplars, Spruces, or Pines. There were too many mirror-balls and flagpoles, and very little good keeping. The houses were mostly one storied and wide spreading, with large windows and large panes, and cool-looking rooms within. . . . The park had many people in it; and the train to St. Petersburg was full of excursionists; but the people from the train were soon lost in the city's wide, dusty spaces among these cold, stupid blocks of stuccoed buildings. The emptiness of St. Petersburg's endless streets is strange. There are soldiers' barracks and engine houses all about, and many domed churches, and elaborately roofed and glazed shrines, before which people stop to bow and bow and cross themselves many times over — even men on the tops of horse-cars. Everybody is dirty, including the soldiery and the long-haired priests; and a great many are almost shaggy and wild-man like. People of the upper classes are very scarce. In the public garden of the Admiralty young ladies may be seen smoking cigarettes in the late afternoon. There seems to be very little heavy carting, — or perhaps the distances dissolve it; what there is goes on in very rude carts hauled by single horses more or less barbarously adorned, which carts always proceed through the streets in caravans. . . . As I write, I can see such a procession full half a mile away, crawling along a straight, cobble street, and nothing between here and there save three or four foot-passengers moving like ants at the foot of the long salmon-colored walls.

It must be obvious to any one who compares Charles's description of the state of the French population with that of the English, or of the Swedish with that of the Russian, that his feelings toward any given community were much influenced by its physical surroundings, or in other words by its architecture, landscape, and climate. This was no new thing with him; as the following description of an American city bears witness: —

July, 1883. The city and people are very interesting to me. The system of streets is rectangular, but also radial. Most streets and all avenues are planted with trees — chiefly Maples — and there is considerable variety in the plans of planting. Very few dwellings are built in blocks. There

are miles upon miles of cheap but decent houses, each within its little plot of land. A few streets contain more pretentious houses; but these are also of an appalling architectural sameness — French-roofed, square, brick, stone-trimmed dwellings, unhomelike and "stuck-up." No Greek-portico houses, and as yet no Queen Anne. It is a commonplace and very communistic-looking city, but, I suppose, a fair type of many cities in the West.

The dull flatness of the country in which the city lies, the oppressive lack of interest and variety in the city itself, and the sameness of the people — here are three phenomena to be set down as closely connected.

CHAPTER X

LANDSCAPE STUDY IN EUROPE. GERMANY, HOLLAND, AND HOMEWARD

> I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius and those who are most capable of art are always most fond of nature: on the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is the least natural. — THE GUARDIAN, 1713.

CHARLES mailed no part of his journal in Russia, fearing that it might be taken for newspaper correspondence and so be detained. From St. Petersburg he rode straight to Berlin, the journey requiring about thirty-four hours. The first day's ride was

as dull as possible. Interminable small wood, wet heath or mossland, with occasional open spaces, partly in grass and partly in grain. There were small villages of primitive appearance now and then; but they were scarce. At dusk I noticed small camp-fires at short distances along the line, a sentinel at every bridge and culvert, and other soldiers along the line, their bayonets gleaming in the light of the full moon. Doubtless the Czar is to pass this way to-night. There were only four cars in the train — one sleeper, one first-class, one second-class, and a luggage van; and this is the great express between Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg.

The ride through Prussia on the second day was still very dull; but there were more towns, and some of picturesque aspect. The Vistula and Oder were stupid and slow rivers where the railroad bridges crossed. There were miles of browney, whitey stubble on light sandy soil; and the dust was horrible — fine and suffocating. Berlin, with its brilliant lights and good pavements, seemed a great contrast to St. Petersburg. Charles's first object of interest in Berlin, apart from a general survey of the great city, was the Botanical Garden, which he found very rich and fine; glass-house

plants set out in groups by continents, collections of annuals and biennials specially arranged, and great numbers of new-planted trees and shrubs sadly crowded. The Conifers were very prettily grouped; the Sequoia gigantea large, but covered in winter. The garden was adorned with some fine old trees. The city squares — for example, the Königs Platz, Pariser Platz, and the older-planted Leipziger Platz — were very good indeed. The streets were smooth and clean, as in Paris; and there was a general air of great prosperity. Most of the gentlemen to whom Charles had letters of introduction being out of town, he took refuge at the opera and in an art exhibition — the Centennial of the Berlin Academy.

The finest collection of moderns I have ever seen. All countries but France are represented; and it offers an encouraging contrast to the Salon. Here are very few sensational pictures, very few horrible, and no low realistic. There is landscape from "China to Peru," and North Cape to Sahara, and human life from huts to courts, and from babyhood to death — a sort of summary of life and of the scenes that life is lived in. It is more educative than any school, and in America it would be impossible. There is no end of patriotic cartoons for town halls; Kaiser Wilhelm, Bismarck, and Moltke glorified in all ways. Here were Makart's lunettes from the Academy at Vienna; some striking symbolical friezes; and a few pleasing fanciful pictures, — such as one called "The Loves of the Waves."

At Berlin Charles enjoyed for two days the company of Dr. Carl Bolle, who was good enough to guide him personally through much of the government park and forest work about Berlin.

September 17th, with pleasant Dr. Bolle I had a long tram ride out to Dorf Tegel, Schloss Tegel, and the graves of the Humboldts. We walked along a lake-side through Pine woods on sandy soil, with government forests all about, and the Berlin Water Works on the further shore, to the charmingly wooded and very secluded island owned by Dr. Bolle. Here in a new brick villa we had a primitive déjeuner prepared by a sort of "Laura" [of Northeast Harbor] in charge. Then we had a long and interesting inspection of

Dr. Bolle's plantations. There were numbers of rare trees, among them many Americans, planted during the last twenty years. Dr. Bolle's talk about his trees was highly instructive. The climate is evidently milder than Boston's; but less favorable than Hamburg's. After coffee in a garden, we took a rowboat around the island, and down the lake, and came as the sun was setting to Tegel again; and thence I went to town, while Dr. Bolle went back to his island.

In a letter of the 24th of September Charles wrote to his mother: —

You should have seen me going about with that completely bald-headed and very kindly Dr. Bolle, — short-legged, and with a very old coat and a black slouch hat. He ambled along, and I continually had to stop my headway, because of his halting to finish a sentence. We talked about trees and shrubs chiefly; and he seemed to like it, for he spent one whole day and two half days in taking me about. . . . His knowledge of trees and plants was something marvellous. I could hardly name an American plant that he had not had growing in his island of Scharlenberg. I know he showed me what was best worth seeing near Berlin. . . . But my time was very short. I begin to feel driven. . . . I am sorry if my letters from the North of England gave an impression of illness; but I was only "feeble;" and since then, save a few very hot days, I have been very well, but I shall come home corporeally, at least, the same creature you last saw, — very thin, the right shoulder higher than the left, long-footed, and all. People stop outside my door to view my boots, and exclaim, "Wunderbar."

Charles had the usual varieties of fortune with regard to letters of introduction. Sometimes the persons to whom his letters were addressed were out of town; sometimes they received him politely, but gave him but little time and few valuable directions; sometimes they put him into the hands of incompetent guides about gardens, nurseries, or parks; sometimes they took the pains to copy out for him extracts from printed books which he had in his trunk; and sometimes he was indebted to them for instructive guidance at their own homes, and for invaluable indications as to what he

had better search for in places near his future route. To the end Charles remained in doubt as to whether it was profitable to be conducted through interesting places, even by experts or owners. He needed no one to point out to him the merits or defects of scenery; and in any garden or park where the plants were named he always thought he could learn more alone than in company. His experience, however, might not be a very good guide for other people; for he had an extraordinary facility in the use of maps, guide-books, and time-tables, and found his own way about very easily in any country where he could speak and understand a little of the language.

From fine Berlin Charles rode, on the 21st of September, by rail through a much cultivated country, occasional government forests, and the pretty region of Spreewald, — green meadows with haycocks, much branching of the river, red-tiled villages, dark-stained old windmills built to be turned bodily about, many idyllic groups of peasants at work in fenceless fields, barefooted women digging potatoes, and oxen at work. Towards night he took a branch road to the station Muskau, and landed there in great darkness with woods all about.

A small boy showed the way to the Hotel Hermannsbad, — woods — at length a building with one light; much pounding, but nobody comes; small boy smiles much, and I suspect him of wanting to take me to some other hotel; more pounding on door and windows, but all dark and still, and rain beginning. Finally I commanded the boy to take me to Hotel Stadt Berlin, whose omnibus I had seen at the station. More dark woods, then a narrow, cobbled street, an ox-cart blocking the way, a little square with an ambitious lamp-post in the centre by a water tank, an archway and a door indicated by the boy. The door was open and — behold, men beering and smoking. A pleasant woman in black exhibited astonishment at my not having taken the omnibus. A little supper upstairs was served by Marie in friendliest fashion.

The next morning was lost through a heavy rain; but in the afternoon, —

the clouds breaking, I went out with an umbrella, having first planned my walk by the aid of a map in the hotel. The village is surrounded by a park, the Schloss standing close

beside the village, near the river Neisse. My walk was long and most interesting. This is landscape gardening on a grand scale, and the resulting scenery is extremely lovely. Altogether it is the most remarkable and lovable park I have seen on the Continent. There are no ledges; but steep irregular slopes of river bluffs, and hills beyond. The woods have an almost American variety of species, and many American plants are very common, — such as wild Cherry, Acacia, and Cornel. I found even Clethra, Hamamelis, and Diervilla. There are many large Oaks, and much Juglans (walnuts), Liriodendron, Magnolia, Negundo, Tilia, etc. One valley is all Conifers. A long stream, derived from the river, is exceedingly well treated; its varied banks are covered with Cornus, etc., and masses of American Asters, Eupatorium and Golden-rod. The water about the Schloss is also most exquisite with a tiny island or two, a water terrace, and a landing under a far-reaching Negundo. The distant parts are wholly naturalesque, with well-designed roads and paths, and charming views from capes of highland over the river valley and the almost hidden Muskau village. By sunset the clouds were all broken, and the light from the low sun was very beautiful. The hotel at dark, weary but happy. This work of Fürst Pückler is of a sort to make me very proud of my profession! For here in a land of dull, almost stupid scenery, Nature has been induced to make a region of great beauty, great variety, and wonderful charm.

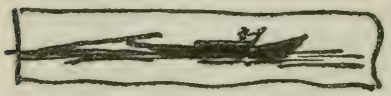
Charles spent the whole of the next morning in the park and in the Muskau Baumschule; and in the afternoon went to Dresden. Ever since Stockholm, the letters Charles wrote home had shown a strong desire to turn homewards himself. On the 27th of September he wrote to his father: "To tell the truth I am now in a hurry to get home, and wish I was going on the 12th of October instead of the 19th." Dresden, September 24 —

An almost frosty night. In Muskau there had been a severe frost on the 17th of September. This morning I found the Botanical Garden here dilapidated by the same fiend. Many of the greenhouse plants set out were utterly lost, and the whole place was very dismal. I explored the

Bürgerwiese, a strip of park running into the city; and looked about the Grosse Garten. And after lunch, just as a heavy shower came down, I turned into the picture gallery. Again glorious Italians, and a vast collection of Dutch things, and Raphael's "Sistine Madonna" and "Santa Barbara." . . . My hotel is almost empty but good, my room looking on the Augustus Brücke and the river Elbe. The centre of the roadway of the bridge is given over to the use of little carts drawn by girls and dogs, to country women carrying great baskets strapped to their backs, and to frequent squads of soldiery.

The next day he took a horse-car to the river-side suburb of Waldschlösschen, where he examined many private grounds, the houses being finely placed on a hillside above the Elbe. He noted many good pergolas and some excellent terrace gardens. Parts of the hillsides were used for vines on terraces. The distant views were good; and the showery sky very lovely. In the afternoon he searched for photographs; but found "naught of professional value. I bought a few picture photographs; but, as usual, found photographs a snare and delusion." Sunday, September 26th: —

I took a steamer from the quay below Brühl Terrace for a voyage up the river. There were few passengers, for Dresden's season is evidently over. Rafts of logs and many long canal boats were drifting down the stream. Long tows were being pulled up by chain-winding craft. The ferries were queer, and the rowboats queerer with a long oar fixed at the stern for rudder. The river is winding, the bank sometimes high and "villaed," oftener low and set with willows. The hills at the east are pretty high and wildish; and at Pillnitz where I landed (told to by Dr. Bolle), not far off. There is a water-side Schloss, a part of its grounds pseudo-Japanese, enclosing a formal Renaissance garden with old oranges in tubs, high hedges of the labyrinth variety, and a good avenue of Horse-Chestnuts. Between the Schloss and the foot of the high hills is an arboretum of moderate-sized specimens, mostly well grown and including all the



modern introductions. Here I rambled long. After lunch in a river-side restaurant, whence was a charming view over river meadows to the distant blue hills and the fantastic rock forms of the foot-hills of the "Saxon Switzerland," I went back through gardens again, and alongshore past several country-seats to the steamer, which took me back to Dresden.

That evening Charles went on to Leipsic, where, on the next afternoon (September 27th) he examined carefully two parks, Rosenthal and Johanna Park. "The first is large and very simple; flat, with woods, winding roads and paths, some long, narrow vistas, and much broad, open grass. American Oaks were set out from wood masses, and looked well. The Johanna Park is small, with a circular tour-drive, a small irregular pond, and some good intricacies of shrubbery. Children and maids were everywhere in flocks." Leipsic happened to be full of commercial men. A fair was going on. Every square was filled with booths, — one given over to shows, candy booths, and merry-go-rounds; another full of Jews. The hotels were full of advertisements, and exhibitions of products were numerous. "The booksellers' windows were also very interesting. Plainly Germany excels the world in quantity and variety of printed books."

September 28. Heavy rain. In a big bookstore I looked through catalogues for landscape-gardening books, and bought two. After a long table d'hôte I marched out to the Botanic Garden. It is a small garden, and not over interesting; but there has been no such frost here as at Muskau and Dresden. I came back through the town fair, where crowds were trying to enjoy themselves over beer, cake, and candy, and all manner of shows, including a "grand American theatre." The "Star-spangled Banner" once more! Last seen on the clown in a circus at Stockholm, and before that on a quack doctor's van in the town square of Wells.

Wednesday, September 29. I took a ten o'clock train on the Thuringian Railway for Weimar. There was not much scenery save along the river Saale. Now and then the river had been undermining hills of gray and soft rock, verdurous cliffs being thus formed. Two ruined castles appeared on high rocks. The small, brown-roofed, crowded villages were often placed just under wooded hills at the edge of

the cultivated plain, each with some sort of quaint church steeple. In the afternoon I explored Weimar during a clearing of the sky, enjoying the old church, the good Markt Platz with its old, decorated houses, the quaint old Schloss with its trees and tower, making a charming group, and several old-German streets. The valley of the river Ilm is close beside, and all open as a park. There is one formal part, but almost all is irregular. It includes a winding stream, a few rocky slopes well shaded, some romantic paths at the foot of wooded banks, a künstliche Ruine in a wood, and Goethe's gardenhouse and Römishes Haus, the latter with old American Cedars beside it. There were Tulips, Poplars, and Birches, and American Oaks and Maples in abundance; and some of these had already turned handsomely. Rhus Cotinus and Rhus typhina were turned too. Plainly the summer is over, and this child must put for home. I spent the evening over Jaeger's book — good.

September 30. I looked through the small public gardens of Weimar on my way to the station to take a train which brought me to Eisenach at 11.30. The ride was charming. Castles and views of the Thuringian hills. In the afternoon I explored the town of Eisenach, which is small, crooked, and in parts very quaint. I happened on "Luther's house," and the house in which Bach first saw the light. There is a monument to the latter in the Markt Platz, and also a good war monument behind the old church. On a slope commanding views of the town, the valley, and Wartburg, I found Mr. Eichel's garden planted largely with American trees and shrubs, and arranged to show off Wartburg, which appears as a high, wooded, and in parts steep hill, crowned by an irregular group of buildings and towers. Other lesser hills fall towards a cultivated country lying northward, and become densely wooded with the Thuringian forest towards the south. The garden contains all manner of tree-framings and foregrounds for the picture of Wartburg. The town in the deep valley is mostly planted out. The garden, on the whole, is good, although some very bad use is made of brilliant flowers. I passed down into the town again, and up a valley out of it towards the forest. Here is the charming Marienthal, an

open glade with a stream. At the sides are high, and sometimes bare-rock hills, and also much wood. At first many villas are set on hill-slopes at the sides; but the bottom of the valley is always open and park-like. There are many side paths to view-points and to distant parts, signs being set up by the Waldverein, and seats being provided by the Verschönerungs Verein. Finally the valley grows very narrow, and a path leads up a brook bed into a strange cleft two feet or so wide, long, crooked, and from twenty to fifty feet deep. Here I turned back, the sun having set.

October 1. "Ach du lieber Gott!" The first words from some feminine in the next room this morning. So say I, when I look at the above date. I started out early. The air was very misty; but while I climbed the pretty path up the slopes of Wartburg the mists were dissolving, and all was clear when I reached the top. A delightful climb — the woods fresh and dewy, many birds, and up, high ahead, the walls of the Burg, a square tower, with a big cross against the sky. I arrived on the platform before the drawbridge about ten o'clock. There were two soldiers under the arch, but nobody else was about, and all was intensely still. There were grand views over plains, and over the rough wooded mountains of Thuringia — for Wartburg is some 600 feet above Eisenach town. The exterior of the Burg itself is very well worth looking at, — part is half-timber work, part rude masonry, part handsome Romanesque. There is also, alas! a modern part for the residence of some Herzog. On the spur of the mountain is a little inn, very pretty in mediæval style, and most excellently planned to fit its position on the ledge. With two other lone men I was shown all about the Burg in too hurried fashion. There are many buildings on different levels of the ledge, and of different dates and styles. The Romanesque Schloss is very fine, well restored in this century. . . . From grouped, round-arched windows of every room are wondrous views over hills and woods down into deep valleys immediately below. Luther's room — his table and so on — is in a small side building. In one court was a particularly picturesque grouping of the buildings, old copper gargoyles, and wrought-iron flowery bell-pulls — very good to see.

In the afternoon I set out in a carriage to see Wilhelmsthal, a park in the midst of the Thuringian forest, first made in 1700, and in this century partly remade by Fürst Pückler. It is the summer residence of Gross Herzog von Sachsen. I drove in state out by the Marienthal, on up the narrow Annathal, to the pass called the Hohe Sonne, whence was a distant view of Wartburg through a narrow cutting in dense woods. Thence I went down a skilfully designed road on the further slope to Wilhelmsthal, which is only an inn and a very plain château with outbuildings, in a "park" entirely unfenced and undefined as to boundaries, — the fact being that the whole forest roundabout belongs to the same Herzog. Its principal features are a good made pond, pleasant green slopes running up into the edges of the forest which comes down from surrounding high hills, some fine groups of old trees, some good water-side planting, and a quaint water tank near the house in a grove of very large Norway Spruces. It is a very simple and very quiet sort of place, not more than any well-off American might have — the whole situation being extremely American. I returned to the hotel at 5.30 in part by another and lesser road, leading through the forest and to a grand view-point called Marienblick. Who the "Marie" so often honored here may be does not appear.

That evening Charles went on to Cassel; and the next day (October 2d) was almost all spent at Wilhelmshöhe, an extraordinarily elaborate and artificial hillside park, full of a great variety of curious, interesting objects. He observed the artificial waterfalls, architectural and natural, the sham mediæval castle of great size, the huge nondescript construction at the head of the fine cascades crowned by a big statue of Hercules, one thousand steps leading up thereto from the basin at the foot of the cascades, and a grand "perspective" down these cascades over a long, narrow green, over the château, and on some five miles across the plain at the foot of the hill into distant, faintly seen Cassel.

Altogether this is the hugest work of "landscape gardening" — if such it must be called — I have seen, more impressive through its vastness than Versailles, Peterhof, or Windsor. It is a work, one would say, such as only a despot could have carried out. A high ridge, almost a mountain, is made

use of in bold fashion. Everywhere are steep slopes of forest; and then this semi-architectural alley runs from the château straight up to the crest, with Hercules at the top, almost a thousand feet above the Schloss. Cascades start from his feet! and a huge jet fountain (not playing for me) is in the foreground before the Schloss. There is no end of other water works and "temples," and several "lakes" and caves; and flower gardens are scattered about in the big woods on each side.

Of course Charles needed to see this largest thing in Europe of its kind; but, to his thinking, it was not a good kind. The next day, which was dark and gloomy, he went on to Arnhem, on the Rhine in Holland. The ride of the morning was very pretty, up the vale of Diemel, across the water-shed at noon, and then down the vale of Ruhr. . . .

Wednesday, October 4. "The Hotel of the Sun," immediately upon the Hafen, which holds a heavy barge or two. Beyond is the muddy Rhine, or so much thereof as has not been turned off into other channels, and the green bank of the further side. Now and then a boat passes. I took a tram-car out of the dull, narrow streets — all brick walls, sidewalks, curbs, and roadway, — along an eastward road of villas. I alighted at the end of the route, and explored on foot, finding two larger places having oddish brick châteaux with moats around them, one girt about with straight rows of young Quercus palustris, which are going to be fine. The moats were made more or less irregular with little islands, and were decorated with swans. On the main road was a fine quadruple row of Beeches, the nuts pattering down. The country beyond was very open and green, but not so very wet, and not bewindmilled, as I had expected to see it. Even the side roads were paved with small bricks, and swept of leaves, which are beginning to fall. Going back the car was full of folks, — ladies returning from making calls, and children from an afternoon in the country. These were queer and old-fashioned-appearing people, their bonnets worse than English. Most of them were left at their doors, the houses looking on to the quay of the Rhine. The streets were narrow and very quiet, the clatter of wooden shoes the only noise, save (curious

contrast) the occasional clanging of the bell of the steam tram-car which starts from the door of the hotel.

October 5. I took the steam tram some four miles to the open villa-garden of Hemelsche Berg; and through this to a sort of public ground called Oorsprong — a gully with water and old Beeches. This region is reputed the most varied and agreeable in Holland; but it is very tame and unremarkable, save for the number of small villas in small gardens. These, however, are not peculiarly Dutch. There are no canals and no particular trimness. Most of the gardens, or rather door-plots, are in a Frenchy style, with a semicircular driveway never used as such, and standard Roses along the driveway with shrubs grouped in corners and strung along the fence. The houses also are Frenchy. Only in one sort of dorp did I find Dutch cottages. These were brick and very plain, and the door-plot was all clean gravel with a row of clipped Lindens close to the house wall, and some plants in tubs set about.

After dinner I examined the park of Sonsbeek behind the town. Here are some well-wooded hills, a chain of dammed ponds with old trees en masse about them, and bits of meadow coming to the water here and there. Between the ponds were some poor rockery waterfalls. The woods were thickened with successful undergrowth, and carpeted with Ivy, this treatment being very good. The neighborhood of the house, too, was good. A court between the house and the deer park was formal Dutch, with trees in tubs. In front of the house all was English — a slope to the stream, greensward, massed large trees, and the town of Arnhem only agreeably seen in the distance.

An evening train brought him to the Hague by eight o'clock.

While I could see, we were crossing sandy, heathery country, which the guide-book says extends to the Zuider-Zee. This is not my idea of Holland.

October 6. I first looked about the town, which is really Hollandish this time with its canals and basins, the roads alongside hardly ever railed or parapeted, and the house

windows often not two feet above the water level. There is one basin with green islets; formally arranged trees stand about the straight edges of the water. Soon I rode out to Scheveningen through a long tree avenue, which passes through the royal wood; so I came to the narrow fishing-town "high street." At the end thereof were two huge, brown, lubberly hulls of tub fishing-craft set up against the sky at the top of the sea beach. Eastward were several big closed hotels and some villas, and a huge ruin of a great hotel recently burnt. The sea promenade on the face of the dune is paved with brick; it winds, and travels up and down, and is drifted over with sand. The beach is wide and flat and "unterminated," the coast being here convex. The sea was roughish and hazy. Half a dozen "tub fishermen" were aground in the midst of the surf; and I watched one new arrival put ashore. The fish were unloaded by baskets borne by men wading up to their necks. The fish were then spread in little piles on the beach, and were at once surrounded by a small mob of fishwives, to whom an imperturbable official, armed with an old red, white, and blue staff, sold the fish at auction. There was hot squabbling and jabbering such as I have never heard. I could not see how any one woman knew what she was buying. Indeed, I saw much quarrelling after the departure of the auctioneer. This was a scene as mysterious as that at Monte Carlo; but that is all silent as a church. The women were most picturesquely dressed — tight white caps with pin-like or plate-like side and front fixings, very full skirts, crossed shawls, black stockings (the legs often shown to the knee), and big and white wooden shoes. The men, too, were very odd fellows with loose trousers, hands in their pockets, a sort of short-sleeved over-jacket, and a very small hat — the latter particularly funny on many very old men who were loafing about. I have seen nothing more amusing than these crowds about the fish. Everybody was so utterly unconscious, too; though most of them knew they were being sketched by a Frenchman who was on one knee a little way off. . . . After dinner at the Hague I walked into het Bosch (the wood), a formal arrangement of trees becoming forest beyond. The avenues of old

Beeches were grand. At four o'clock I took the train with a ticket for London. We passed through real Dutch land, green meadows with rows of pollarded Willows, canals above the general level, houses strung along the canals, masts often visible above low roofs or low trees, tanned sails and big hulls apparently sailing over grassland, countless windmills whirling rapidly, in groups and scattered here, there, and everywhere, black and white cattle feeding or drinking from tubs, wooden-shoed children waddling home from school — all merry and delightful. Delft, Schiedam, Rotterdam — a short ride. An omnibus took me through the edge of Rotterdam to the steamer. I supped after the glory of a red sunset was over. The river was full of shipping — after all there is nothing like the picturesqueness of water and water life. The fading light was followed by a pale moonlight. The river is crooked, but well lighted by range lights. There was much slowing of engines, and cautious management to avoid all manner of craft.

The next morning (October 7th) at eight he was in London. "The weather all smut and rain — England." At the end of his journal he gives the reckoning of the seventy-four days spent in Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Finland, Russia, Germany again, and Holland, and makes the cost, including his purchases, $5.63 per day. On the 14th of October he wrote to his father: —

I am in the midst of complications of packing. Books are coming in, and clothes, and so on daily. I managed to spend some ten pounds ten yesterday — awful. I have been out to the village in Essex where Repton, a great landscaper of the last century, lived, this excursion being at Mr. Olmsted's request, who wrote me he would like a photograph of the house if it could be found.[1] In the British Museum I learned

[1] "When you are in England again, if you can find the village of Hanstreet, and it is not much out of the way, you might like to see the present condition of the cottage and its garden that Repton says, at the close of his book, has been the most interesting place in the world to him. The house in which he died a few weeks later. If there happens to be a local photographer there, I shall be glad if you can order a picture of it taken for me." (F. L. O. to C. E., February 25, 1886.) Repton published his excellent treatises from 1794 to 1803. Mr. Olmsted was

[*Facsimile of the last page of a letter to his mother from London, October 15*]

Naught from 17 2. St. — where you must have arrived in the week previous: — you were however very busy of course.

R.T. advises me to elope — as the easiest way of accomplishing the publication of an engagement. He wrote me from the midst of "engrais":

I arrive very soon after this — unless Tarrina imitates Onchora. In case my luggage, but not I, should be landed in Boston — send my professional books to the College Lib.: This is the whole of my "last Will and Testament."

Good bye — for one 2 weeks: a long time I'm afraid it will seem to me. Affectionately

C.T.

from a this-century edition of Repton that the house existed fifty years ago; so I set out, and find it I did. The village has not a new building anywhere in it; and Repton's cottage, as the people still call it, stands between two big Lindens at one end of the street. But nobody seemed to know who Repton might have been, — not even the family living in the said cottage.

His last professional visit in England was to Dropmore and the garden of Mr. Theodore Waterhouse, whom he had met agreeably on the Riviera.

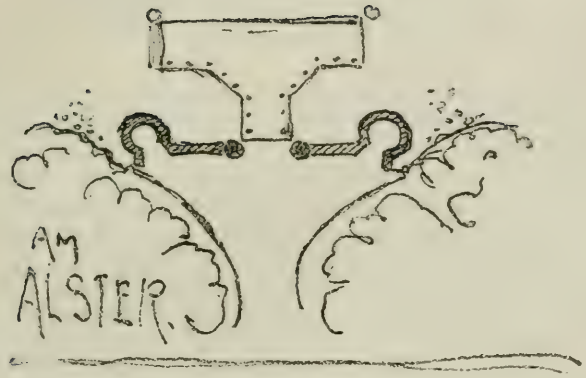
The Pavonia sailed from Liverpool on the 19th of October. On the morning of the 29th, after being in the fog for three or four days without getting observations, she ran on to High Pine Ledge off the shore of Scituate, Mass., ten miles south of the entrance to Boston Harbor. The captain sent a boat ashore to summon assistance from Boston. The tide was rising; and in a few hours her own engines backed the ship off the Ledge. The rocks had, however, broken the skin of the ship enough to admit water to one or more of the forward compartments. The captain being firmly persuaded that he was north of Boston entrance, proceeded southward. Charles had seen and recognized the shore while the ship was fast on the rocks, and had told one of the officers of the deck what land it was. The wind was northeast, and a storm threatened. The captain, clinging to his idea that he was north of Boston, kept on going south towards Barnstable Bay. Fortunately two men in a fishing-boat at anchor shouted to him as he passed that if he went on two minutes longer he would be ashore. From them he learnt where he was, and turned his ship to the northward. But precious time had been wasted. Water was coming slowly into the forward part of the ship, and she settled more and more by the head. The wind increased, and the prospect darkened; for night was approaching. When the ship got within seven or eight miles of Boston entrance, a pilot boat suddenly hove in sight. Thereupon, the first-class passengers were notified by the ship's surgeon that, if they chose, they might go to the pilot boat. The great majority of the first-cabin passengers chose to go, and were set upon the pilot boat by the steamer's boats. Charles remained on the steamer. He had made friends with

not born till 1822; so that two far-away Americans of the second and third generation after Repton were interesting themselves in his local surroundings.

some of the younger officers of the ship, and with some of the Swedish steerage passengers, men, women, and children, whose appearance and manners he had very much liked. The distinction made between the first-cabin passengers and the others, when the pilot boat presented herself, went very much against his grain. Moreover, there were some old and delicate persons of his acquaintance among the first-class passengers who could not be transferred to the little schooner. When his father asked him afterwards why he did not seek safety on the pilot boat, his only answer was that the suggestion did not agree with him. The steamer now proceeded very slowly towards Boston light, her screw coming more and more out of the water as the vessel settled forward. At last it became impossible to steer her; and she was forced to anchor in deep water three or four miles from the entrance to the harbor. The situation was extremely forlorn; and every person on board was filled with the gravest apprehensions. Suddenly from out the fog there appeared a powerful towboat which had been sent from Boston to seek for the Pavonia, in answer to a telegram from the officer of the boat which had landed near Scituate in the morning. This towboat had sought for the Pavonia several hours unsuccessfully, and in despair of finding her was returning to port just before dark. She at once took the Pavonia in tow, and attempted to pull her towards the entrance; but with all her efforts she could effect nothing. The Pavonia could not be steered, and yawed wildly about. At last the captain of the towboat conceived the idea of towing her stern foremost; and this method succeeded. Very slowly in the rising wind and increasing darkness the great steamer was pulled into the narrow entrance. She struck again upon a rock near the lighthouse, but did not stick there. At last she was dragged into the President's Roads, where the water was comparatively shoal. The passengers had been some hours on deck with their life-preservers on. When at last she sank, the water just came over the main deck; so that the whole cargo and all the passengers' luggage, except some small pieces, were submerged.

Charles's family heard early in the morning that the Pavonia had gone ashore; and they had no more intelligence until he arrived late at night at his father's house. At the end of a year's solitary travel, he had run his greatest risk, and passed the day of greatest emotion and most serious meditation, almost within sight of home. All his precious books and photographs remained at the bottom of the Bay for three

days; but by careful treatment after their recovery they were saved in fair condition. A few books had to be rebound; but there was no irreparable damage — even illustrations printed in colors in some of the books on landscape art came out unhurt.



A bastion and landing on the Alster Basin, Hamburg.

CHAPTER XI

STARTING IN PRACTICE. FIRST WRITING

> Consult the genius of the place in all:
> That tells the waters or to rise or fall,
> Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
> Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
> Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
> Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades.
> Now breaks or now directs the intending lines,
> Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.
>
> POPE.

THE very name of Charles's profession was still undetermined in the United States, when in December, 1886, he hired an office in Boston, and offered his services to the public. Mr. Olmsted had always used the term Landscape Architect in preference to Landscape Gardener; because the word architect conveyed clearly the professional idea, and distinguished the designer of landscape from the nurseryman or florist. English custom was rather in favor of Gardener, but French and Italian were on the side of Architect. Charles decided to call himself a Landscape Architect.

A much greater difficulty in his path was the almost universal ignorance as to the function of the profession. Few persons knew what a landscape architect could do that was desirable and worth paying for. People knew that it was profitable to employ architects; for that profession had been recognized, even in the United States, for nearly a hundred years. But what is this so-called landscape designing? they asked. Does not Nature make the broad landscape, and the gardener decorate the house-lot? A building should doubtless be designed; but can the building's surroundings and approaches also be designed? Moreover, there was no established method of charging for the services of a landscape architect. A physician received a fee for each visit, a lawyer charged a lump sum for his services in each case, a sum bearing some proportion to the values at stake; and the architect charged a percentage on the total of the contracts made and executed under his supervision. Should a landscape architect charge for his time by the day or hour, or for a design by the

number of acres it covered, or should he proportion his charges in a general way to the importance of the work planned by him? A still graver question was this: Shall the landscape architect take contracts for executing the work he has himself planned, and so add the profits of a business to the income of a profession? Of this last method Charles had seen successful examples, pecuniarily considered, both at home and abroad; but it had seemed to him that in all these examples the artist had been well-nigh lost in the man of business. Charles, therefore, resolved to follow the example of his master, Mr. Olmsted; he decided not to undertake surveying of any sort, not to take contracts for the execution of his plans, and not to take commissions on labor or materials, or on the amount of a contract, as architects habitually do, but to be in all cases strictly a professional adviser like a lawyer. After an experience of about two years, he described his function, and his way of charging for his services, in the following concise circular: —

Mr. Eliot offers his services to owners of suburban and country estates, trustees of institutions, park commissioners, hotel proprietors, and persons or corporations desiring to lay out or improve villages, suburban neighborhoods, and summer resorts. He is consulted as to the placing of buildings, the laying out of roads, the grading of surfaces, and the treatment of new and old plantations. He designs the arrangement and planting of public grounds, of private parks and gardens, of house-lots and streets.

A visit and consultation is the first step in all cases. Verbal suggestions and rough sketches, embodying a satisfactory solution of the immediate problem, can sometimes be made on the spot; while if plans, designs, or written reports are required, the preliminary visit supplies the information upon which these can be based and their cost estimated. In case a plan drawn to scale is obviously necessary, a surveyor's plat should be obtained before the visit of the landscape architect.

The usual charge for a day visit, made from any principal railroad centre not more remote from Boston than the following named points, is fifty dollars: —

Bar Harbor, Me.	Binghamton, N. Y.	Wilkesbarre, Pa.
Montreal, P. Q.	Rochester, N. Y.	Philadelphia, Pa.

The usual charge for a day visit made from the office in Boston is twenty-five dollars. The expense of the round trip from the chosen centre is in all cases to be added. The charge for designs, and for plans based upon surveys previously obtained, depends upon the amount of detail called for, and cannot be fixed before the problem is examined.

The railroad points mentioned are about a night's ride from Boston.

The first paragraph of this circular simply describes the things he himself did as a landscape architect; but it defines perfectly the function of this new profession. A little later he used a somewhat longer circular, which gave a few more particulars, and was better suited to his enlarging practice at a distance from Boston; but he never changed his general method of work, or his method of charging for his services. (See Appendix I.)

Charles's first office was in the southwest upper corner of the southern half of the square house on the corner of Beacon and Park streets, the half which had been the home of his great-aunt, Mrs. George Ticknor. The rooms commanded a broad view over Boston Common to the west and south, and were as sunny and out-of-door-like as any lover of fine landscape could desire. The first decoration he pinned to the walls was a large coast survey chart of eastern Massachusetts and the coast of Maine. That old love warmed the new purpose. Naturally his clients were few at first, and he had some leisure, which he devoted to visiting his relatives, old and young, to making notes on the pioneer voyages to the coast of Maine and the early trading-posts along that shore (notes which he first used in a paper read to the Champlain Society at a meeting held at his office February 9, 1887), and to occasional work on a descriptive catalogue of the plants in the Arnold Arboretum.

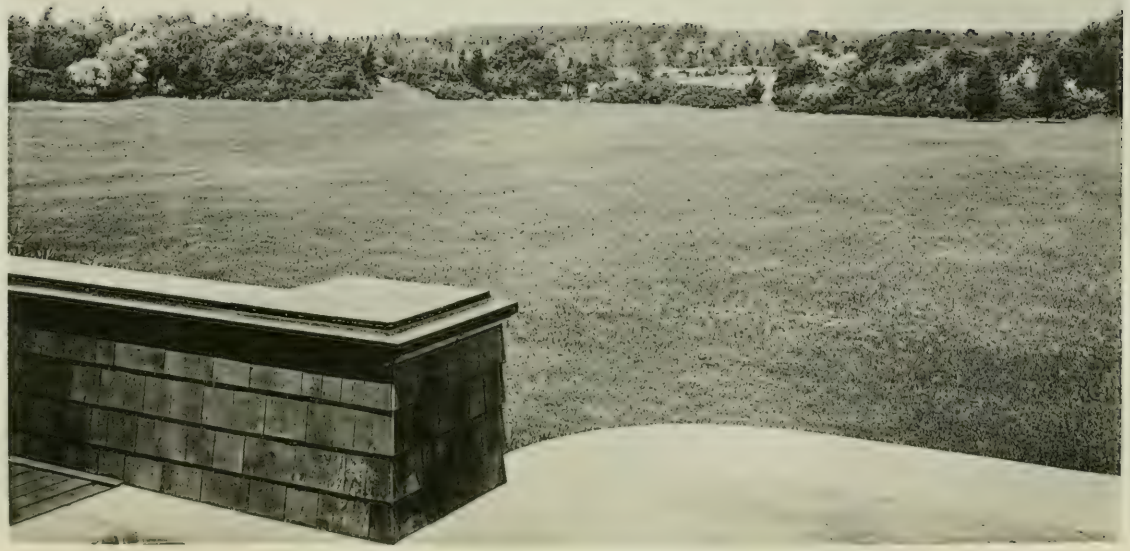
To write for the press was a part of his plan of life; for he had accepted in some measure the opinion expressed repeatedly by Mr. Olmsted and his father that he had a gift of expression which ought to be utilized. Thus, Mr. Olmsted wrote to him on October 28, 1886, a letter to be received on landing from his homeward voyage, in which the following passage occurred: "I know that you will feel more than most men what you owe to your profession, — that is, to 'the cause.' I mean [something] beyond the zealous pursuit of it. In one way I wish to give you my opinion, derived from reading your letters chiefly, that you are able to serve it

MR. JOHN PARKINSON'S ESTATE AT BOURNE, MASSACHUSETTS, 1887

The bare field with some of the first plantings

MR. PARKINSON'S ESTATE AT BOURNE, MASSACHUSETTS, 1901

This view is taken from about the same direction as the preceding one



MR. PARKINSON'S ESTATE AT BOURNE, MASSACHUSETTS, 1901

From the doorstep. All the near plantations are artificial

better than any living English-writing man. . . . You will not think it flattery, if I say that you can easily give the public what the public most needs much better than any other man now writing." In an earlier letter Mr. Olmsted had written: "I have seen no such justly critical notes as yours on landscape architecture matters from any traveller for a generation past. You ought to make it a part of your scheme to write for the public, a little at a time if you please, but methodically, systematically. It is a part of your professional duty to do so."

The first private place for which Charles made a design was the estate of Mr. John Parkinson at Bourne, on Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts. The house was already built close to the shore, and about it was a bare, wind-swept, sandy field of pleasing surface, covered with an old sod and low bushes. From the front door of the house one looked straight into the broad stable door, four hundred feet away. Charles planted at various distances from the house, in front and on the right and left, masses of small Willow, Maple, Linden, cork-barked Elm, Poplar, and Sumac, with some Stone Pines; but reserved about three acres between these detached groups for an open lawn. These plantings were all made in the spring of 1887; and the general plan has never been changed, although some of the groups have been somewhat increased in size, and additional nurse trees have been planted to secure effectual protection against the heavy winds. The first of the three accompanying illustrations shows the aspect of the field when the plantings were just made. The next illustration was taken from the same point of view fourteen years later; while the third, taken from the doorstep of the house, shows the lawn as bounded on the north and west by the plantations as they appeared in June, 1901.

All the plantations have been assiduously tended; but no wooden shelters have ever been provided against the formidable winds. When the house was built, there was only one tree on the field (it appears on the left of the first illustration), so that the owners thought of naming the place "Single-Tree." They did name it "Plainfield." The transformation of the scene from the house within fourteen years is remarkable.

Charles's first article for the press, dated March 12, 1887, appeared in the Boston "Transcript" on March 16th, under the title, "The Duty of the Season." In the following March the same article, recast and shortened, appeared in "Garden and Forest," under the title, "The Suburbs in

March." The doctrine set forth was of course applied by its author in all the suburban plantings of which he had charge; and in the spring and fall of 1887 he had the opportunity of giving a conspicuous example of the effect of his principle in suburban planting; for he was employed by the Treasurer of Harvard University to direct the expenditure of five hundred dollars on shrub plantations in the College Yard at Cambridge. It was the first time that any considerable amount of decorative planting had been attempted in those much frequented grounds, — except indeed with trees.[1] The gist of the advice is not to dot the ground with single plants, but to plant thick masses along the fences and close about the house. His teaching of this old and simple method seemed to have a quick and widespread effect in the vicinity of Boston, where the planting of front yards and other small enclosures soon afterwards showed great improvement. The article is here printed as it appeared in the "Transcript," but with four emendations, including the title, drawn from the revision in "Garden and Forest."

THE SUBURBS IN MARCH.

In the suburbs this is the ugliest season of the year. The snow lies only in dirty patches; the bare earth is alternately frozen and thawed; the grass is colorless; the houses in their forsaken enclosures stand cold and forlorn.

Large districts of Dorchester, Jamaica Plain, Brookline, Newton, Brighton, Cambridge, and Somerville are now in this dishevelled state, more accurately described as this disgracefully naked state. For it is not our pitiless climate (as we commonly persuade ourselves) that is chiefly responsible for this bleakness. If we will walk out into the country, we shall have to recognize this: there March is not ugly — far from it. If our surroundings are unhappy, we ourselves are to blame; we who have built streets and houses all through the fields and woodlands which once were beautiful the year round, and, having by so doing destroyed that original beauty, have as yet done nothing at all to win back what we may of it.

[1] By 1901 much of the planting against the low fence about the Yard had been destroyed; but the plantings against the buildings have for the most part survived, although never properly tended for lack of money.

In these woods and pastures grew a great variety of trees, shrubs, and herbs; some which attained their perfection only in summer, others which were especially the delight of winter. Of the former our public and private grounds, our front yards and back yards, hold far too few — our sins of omission in this respect are surprising — but of the latter almost none. Where can be seen planted about houses the richly colored red Cedar, or the Arbor Vitæ (except rarely as a hedge), or the prostrate Juniper, or Bayberry with its clustered gray fruit, or red-twigged wild Roses, or yet redder Cornels, or the golden-barked shrub-Willows? How seldom appear white Birches, or any of the American Firs and Spruces? Where about Boston do any of the trailing evergreens cover the ground at the edges of shrubberies? Where are the houses which have bushes crowded about their bays and corners (as the field-bushes crowd the stone walls) till they seem to be fairly grown to the ground? Where is any suggestion of those thickets of mingled twiggery and evergreen which once adorned the very fields our houses stand in? We have destroyed, and we have made no reparation. Speaking generally, we have reduced our bits of ground to mere planes of shaven grass, from which the house walls rise stiff and unclothed. We expend from $3000 to $20,000 and upwards upon the shell of our abode, and indefinite sums upon its interior appointments and decorations, but outside we leave it all bare and unbeautiful, and spend only for the gaudy brightness of geraniums in summer. No wonder March is ugly in the suburbs.

Let us look to ourselves and see if this year we cannot better things a little. The remedy is the planting of appropriate and numerous shrubs and small trees. Between this writing and the coming May are the weeks of later April, during which trees and shrubs can be moved with safety. Now is the time to plan our plantings. Close at hand are the tree nurseries crowded with plants — our native species and those of all similar climates. Here are a hundred sorts of trees, not counting the forest kinds which grow large, species and varieties of every form, habit, and color; among them such fine-blooming sorts as the Yellow-wood and Locust, the Tulip-tree and the Magnolias, the double Apples and Cher-

ries, the Catalpas, the Redbud, and the flowering Dogwood. Of shrubs there are some two hundred sorts, including about a dozen really hardy broad-leaf evergreens, and another dozen coniferous evergreens; beside some fifty fine-blooming deciduous varieties. Beware of the nurseryman's "choice specimens," many of which will need to be protected by boards during five months of the year; and do not make the common mistake of dotting the ground with single plants. This, at any rate, is not the way to make March dooryards less bleak. Rather may we spend the same money in planting mixed and somewhat crowded thickets, here of high and there of dwarf bushes, along the fences and close about the house. To clothe the nakedness of the ground and of the fences and buildings should be our aim. Large trees, such as our suburbs are full of, cannot do this; neither can scattered specimens of smaller sorts; neither can sparse, stalky shrubberies: we must plant our bushes thickly, so as to hide the dirt beneath them, and we must carry the grass under them as far as possible. Then, even though we use few evergreens, our yards will appear well furnished and sheltered, and no coming March will ever seem so bleak as this has been. Moreover, when summer comes, we shall find we have exchanged our geraniums for varied banks of foliage set with a succession of flowers of vastly greater interest, which too will bloom season after season without further expense to us. The twentieth part of the cost of a house will do thoroughly well such planting as I mean. Where house-lots are very small, we can form "planting clubs" of our neighbors, and so get shrubs enough for all at wholesale prices; but under any circumstances the cost of such planting is by no means so great as to excuse us from attempting it.

9 Park Street, Boston, 12 March, 1887.

In June, 1887, The Directors of the Longfellow Memorial Association called upon Charles to present a plan for laying out their grounds, lying between Brattle and Mt. Auburn streets, Cambridge, directly in front of the Longfellow house. Within ten days Charles prepared a plan, a descriptive letter, and estimates of the cost of executing the work he suggested. The essential parts of his design are described in the following passages of the letter to the President and Directors: —

Your land is sharply divided into upland and lowland by a steep terrace-like bank. The brink of this bank commands a pleasing prospect over the Charles River marshes to the hills beyond. It is plain that whatever memorial monument you may determine upon should be placed here.

By the terms of the deed of your land you are required to build certain roadways leading from Brattle Street to a point about 80 feet from the spot just mentioned as the fittest for a monument. Houses will in time occupy the lands abutting on these roads, and grocers' carts as well as pleasure carriages will use the driveways. Thus this part of your property is destined to be a wholly public place, — not a highway to be sure, but a long court with a road about it and a grassy space in the middle.

I suggest that the grass space be made 55 feet wide, the roadways 20 feet, the sidewalks 10 feet, — the latter including a strip of turf 3 feet wide between the walk and driveway. In this strip I would set a row of Elms or Sugar Maples (the latter would live the longer in your gravel soil). Their tall trunks and their boughs bending over the roadways would frame to its advantage the Southward prospect from Brattle Street. If you may not plant trees on your land, perhaps the adjoining private owners would permit them to be set close to the bounding line. The edge of the sidewalk I place three feet from your line to allow of the widening of the sidewalk by so much whenever increase of population may demand it. On the roadway I would have no curbstones; except at the termination near the monument, where carriages will stop. Along Brattle Street I have thought a dwarf wall of stone necessary, to keep people off the central grass space and to make a handsome finish. So much for the portion of your land which on my plan is called "the green," — from its approximate resemblance to the village green of old times.

From the end of the green to Mt. Auburn Street the land is yours to treat it as you may please, and certainly you can do nothing better than to adapt it to the use and enjoyment of all orderly citizens, and of women and children in particular. On my plan this part is called "the garden," and

because a public garden (unless it be expensively lighted by electric light) had best be closed soon after sunset, I propose a wall with a gate in it at the end of the green, and another wall with a gate on Mt. Auburn Street. But the larger part of this portion of your land is at present very wet, — water now stands upon it at ground level. The city dumped much gravel upon it some years ago, but its level is still some 4 feet below Mt. Auburn Street, and about 10 feet below Brattle Street. To make it usable as a pleasure garden, its drainage must be improved and its surface somewhat raised.

After showing how the drainage could be effected, and how the material needed to raise the level of the lowland could be advantageously taken from the upland, the letter proceeded : —

On my plan I have assumed an exedra and placed it facing squarely South. From its terrace-like Southern edge you will overlook the lower garden, and, Mt. Auburn Street being screened by bushes, you will look off across the marshes.

At the foot of the wall there is a gravel walk connecting the two main walks of the garden, — so that promenaders may not have to pass through the exedra. This bit of walk, under the sunny wall of the exedra terrace, will be a warm spot in Spring and Autumn, and two buttress-like wing-walls, jutting from the main wall as shown on the plan, will shelter it yet more completely and make it a favorite "children's corner." People sitting on the exedra terrace will look over the heads of those standing on this path, — and will not see them unless they stand close to the parapet. All this the long section shows plainly.

The lower garden I would treat extremely simply. Let the water of the spring be led across it as a little brook, — its edges set with the wild plants of brooksides ; let the nearly level grass-land spread away from the brook to the edges of scattered masses of shrubs ; let Mt. Auburn Street be hidden by dense shrubbery, and let trees rise from behind shrubs on the East and West boundaries ; for here there can be no question of interfering with the view from Brattle Street.

A single wide path, its gravel generally hidden by the shrubs, will lead one all about the place. It must be wide enough to permit of couples of promenaders passing each other easily, and there will be baby-carriages to be avoided too. Ten feet will do.

Two sheltered corners may be given up to children's playgrounds; a third corner should some day contain a small building provided with closets, for the use of which a woman in charge might collect a small fee, as is done in Paris. The fourth corner of the garden is high, being part of the terrace bank, and the prospect hence over the river marshes is lovelier than that from the proposed exedra because the wooded hills and the tower of Mt. Auburn are included in the scene. If you owned more of the high land at this point, perhaps this would be the site for the exedra or other monument, but your boundary line on the Northeast is only 20 feet from the brink of the bank, and on the East it is still closer to the finest point of view. I propose, however, that this point be made accessible for the sake of the view alone. A broad level walk will lead to it from the exedra, and at its termination in a dwarf terrace of boulders a flight of steps will descend to the lower ground. This walk will be nearly 100 feet long, and every foot of it will have command of the river view. It will be immediately overlooked by the house which will some day rise on the lot of land just behind, but the owner of the latter will doubtless see the advantage to himself of shutting out the sight (if not the sound) of the walk in question, and it will not be difficult to do so.

My plan makes no provision for flower gardening, save in the bit of land between the exedra and the gate which opens on the green. The lower garden, as I at present conceive it, would be spoilt by flower beds. It is to be a very quiet and restful little scene. Near the gate back of the exedra, where the path branches in a formal manner, there is opportunity for flower gardening if you desire it, though it is not at all required there.

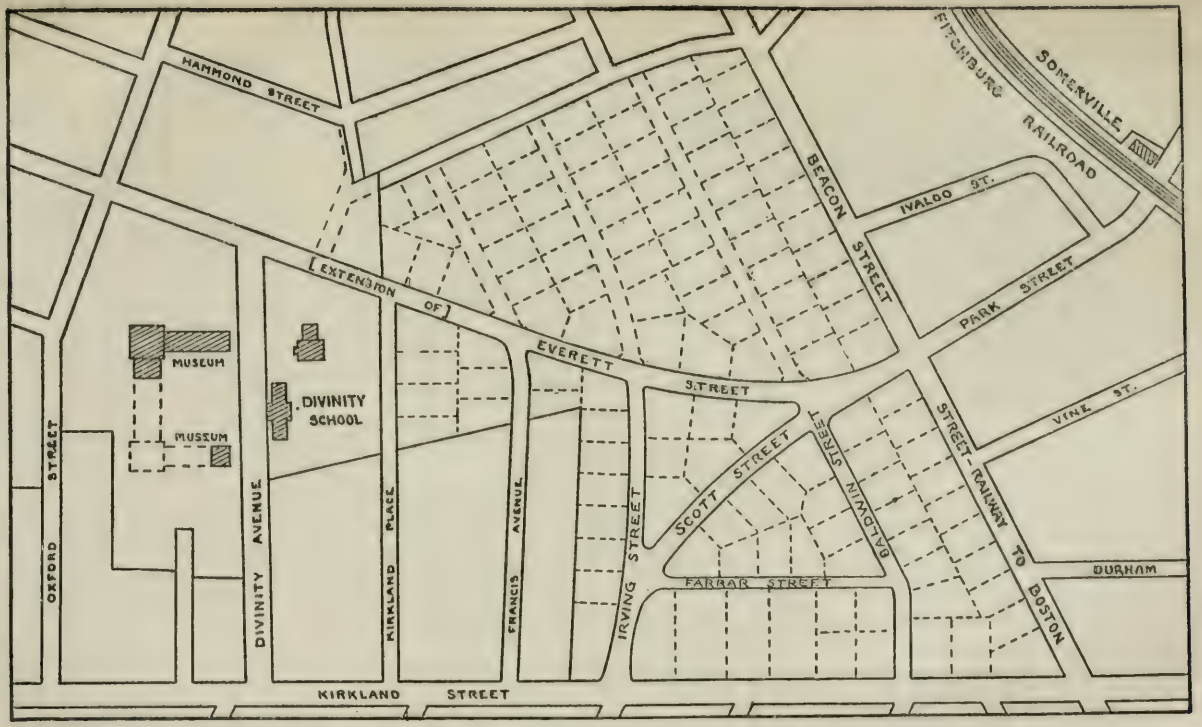
This scheme commended itself to the President and Directors; and considerable portions of the work were executed before winter set in. Later the Directors decided to build

at the descent from the brink of the terrace to the garden below a more considerable structure of masonry than Charles had imagined. This work was designed by Messrs. Walker & Best, architects, and was executed under their direction. Some of the details of Charles's plan for the low garden have never been carried out from lack of money; but the principal features of this memorial to Longfellow are as he designed them.

Charles was well content with the variety of his work during the first year of his practice. He made designs and gave advice for private places in Bourne, Cambridge, Brookline, Winchester, New Bedford, Gardner, Lenox, and Waltham, and for public grounds in Cambridge, Newburyport, and Concord, N. H. On the 23d of November he wrote thus to Miss Mary Yale Pitkin, the young lady from Philadelphia and New Hartford, Conn., whom he had met with great pleasure a few times in Europe, and again a few times during the recent summer: "Professionally speaking, my works of this season are about done. I am neither disappointed nor much encouraged. I enjoy the work and it suits me, — and this is more to me than money-making. Perhaps this is because I know I was not made to be a money-maker."

The year had been one of some family and social perturbation and excitement. His father and mother were travelling about the Mediterranean from January till September; his brother was also away from Cambridge the greater part of the year, but announced his engagement to Miss Frances Stone Hopkinson as soon as the family was reunited in September; and Charles was himself keenly on the watch for opportunities to meet Miss Pitkin, opportunities which came but rarely because both her winter and her summer home were at a distance from Boston, and the families had few common friends. At last, in January, 1888, after an acquaintance of more than two years, these two young people became engaged to each other, just as Miss Pitkin was leaving Philadelphia to spend the winter in California for the benefit of an invalid sister. The course of true love had already been much impeded, and now the whole wide continent was to divide the lovers.

In the late autumn of 1887 and the winter of 1888 Charles made plans for laying out the Norton estate in Cambridge in lots suitable for a good class of houses. It was a fine estate of irregular shape and varied surface containing about thirty-three acres, on which at that time only five houses stood. He knew it by heart. The problem was to divide it into salable



DESIGN FOR THE DIVISION OF THE NORTON ESTATE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. 1887-88

The portion of the map divided into house-lots represents the estate

lots of moderate size and with desirable exposures, by streets that should lead well towards the existing lines of railway and the other quarters of Cambridge. Charles rejected the ordinary American method of dividing unoccupied land into rectangular lots parallel to the line of some selected highway, and designed the three principal streets, Irving, Scott, and Everett, in gentle curves, as appears in the accompanying map. These three streets give natural and pleasing means of communication with the steam railway in Somerville, the street railways of Cambridge, and the most important highways in the vicinity. Professor William James, the psychologist, after having lived some years at the junction of Irving and Scott streets, said that the daily sight of the curve of Scott Street added much to the pleasure of living in his house, or indeed in the neighborhood. There are now (1902) twenty-one houses on the estate. Charles always disliked a lay-out of streets in squares or rectangles, without diagonals or curved intersecting avenues. He maintained that such a disposition yielded no sightly positions for buildings which needed to be seen from a distance, and inflicted on all the inhabitants and their animals a perpetual waste of effort in passing over the two sides of a right triangle instead of the hypothenuse. He held that the rectangular layout, made without regard to the natural surface of the ground, was responsible for the permanent disfigurement of several important cities at the West.

At the end of December, 1887, Charles wrote the following article to illustrate and enforce an idea which was always a favorite one with him, — the idea, namely, that park work should conform to the climatal and soil conditions of the place where it is situated, and should never attempt to produce an exotic and unnatural beauty.

ANGLOMANIA IN PARK MAKING.

Within the area of the United States we have many types of scenery and many climates, but in designing the surroundings of dwellings, in working upon the landscape, we too often take no account of these facts. On the rocky coast of Maine each summer sees money worse than wasted in endeavoring to make Newport lawns on ground which naturally bears countless lichen-covered rocks, dwarf Pines and Spruces, and thickets of Sweet Fern, Bayberry, and wild Rose. The owners of this particular type of country spend thousands in destroying its natural beauty, with the intention of attaining to

a foreign beauty, which, in point of fact, is unattainable in anything like perfection by reason of the shallow soil and the frequent droughts.

I know too many of these unhappy "lawns." Ledges too large to be buried or blasted protrude here and there. They are bare and bleached now, though they were once half smothered in all manner of mixed shrubbery; the grass is brown and poor wherever the underlying rock is near the surface, — all is ugliness where once was only beauty.

Moreover, if the lawn were perfect and "truly English," would it harmonize with the Pitch Pines and scrub Birches and dwarf Junipers which clothe the lands around? No. The English park, with its great trees and velvet turf, is supremely beautiful in England, where it is simply the natural scenery perfected; but save in those favored parts of North America where the natural conditions are approximately those of the Old Country, the beauty of it cannot be had and should not be attempted.

To be sure, the countries of the continent of Europe all have their so-called English parks, but the best of these possess little or none of the real English character and charm. The really beautiful parks of Europe are those which have a character of their own, derived from their own conditions of climate and scene. The parks of Pavlovsk, near St. Petersburg, of Muskau in Silesia, of the Villa Thuret on the Cape of Antibes in the Mediterranean, are none of them English, except as England was the mother of the natural as distinguished from the architectural in gardening. The Thuret park, if I may cite an illustration of my meaning, is a wonderland of crowded vegetation, of deep ways shaded by rich and countless evergreens, and of steep open slopes aglow with bright Anemones. Between high masses of Eucalyptus and Acacia are had glimpses of the sea, and of the purple foothills and gleaming snow-peaks of the Maritime Alps. In the thickets are Laurels, Pittosporums, Gardenias, etc., from the ends of the earth; but Ilex, Phillyrea, and Oleander are natives of the country, and Myrtle and Pistacia are the common shrubs of the seashore, so that the foreigners are only additions to an original wealth of evergreens. The garden also has its Palms

of many species, with Cycads, Yuccas, Aloes, and the like; but the Agaves are common hedge-plants of the country, and strange Euphorbias grow everywhere about; moreover, the more monstrous of these creatures are given a space apart from the main garden, so that they may not disturb the quiet of the scene. M. Thuret saved the Olives and the Ilexes of the original hillside. He did not try to imitate the gardening of another and different country or climate, but simply worked to enhance the beauty natural to the region of his choice.

At the other end of Europe all this is equally true of Pavlovsk. Here, at the edge of the wet and dismal plain on which St. Petersburg is built, is a stretch of upland naturally almost featureless, but which, thanks to a careful helping of nature, is now the most interesting and beautiful bit of scenery the neighborhood of the Tsar's capital can show. A considerable brook, in falling from the plateau to the plain, has worn in the gravel of the country a crooked and steep-sided valley, and this, the only natural advantage of the park-site, with its banks darkly wooded and the stream shining out now and then in the bottom, is the chief beauty of the completed park. The dead level of the plateau itself is broken up into irregular strips and spaces given to water, meadow, shrub-land, or woodland, — a pleasing intricacy. The grass is only roughly cut, the edges of the waterways are unkempt, the woods are often carelessly beset with Cornus, Caragana, or Siberian Spiræa. In the woods are only hardy and appropriate trees — Oaks, Alders, Poplars, Pines, and the like; — few trees are handsome enough to stand alone, but there are Spruces, pushing up through Scarlet Oaks, and White Birches set off against dark Firs, and Prostrate Junipers spreading about Birch-clumps, and no end to the variety of similar thoroughly native and appropriate beauties. Here is no futile striving after the loveliness of England or any other foreign land; no attempting the beauty of a mountain country, or a rocky country, or a warm country, or any other country than just this country which lies about St. Petersburg; here also is no planting of incongruous specimens and no out-of-place flower-bedding.

The park of Muskau teaches the same lesson, and under

conditions closely resembling those of our Middle States. Indeed, American trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants are very numerous in this noble park; the Tulip-tree, Magnolia, Wild Cherry, Witch Hazel, Withe-rod, Bush Honeysuckle, Golden-rods, and Asters are harmonized with native plants on every hand. It would be next to impossible to find an American park in which these things have been planted as freely.

Our country has her Russias, her Silesias, her Rivieras; and many types of scenery which are all her own besides. Are we to attempt to bring all to the English smoothness? Rather let us try to perfect each type in its own place.

This article illustrates very well Charles's method of contributing to the adoption by thinking people of an old and sound, but to them unfamiliar idea. The fundamental idea is well expressed in the following passage from Fürst von Pückler-Muskau's Andeutungen über Landschafts-gärtnerei, Stuttgart, 1834, which Charles copied into his commonplace-book at the British Museum in 1886: "In the park I make it a point to use only native or thoroughly acclimated trees and shrubs, and avoid entirely all foreign decorative plants. For nature beautified must still preserve the character of the country and climate in which the park is situated; so that its beauty may seem to have grown spontaneously, and without betraying the pains which have been spent on it." Charles first cites a conspicuous American example of the violation of this principle, and calls this wrong method Anglomania, and then describes vividly and with sufficient detail three examples on the continent of Europe of happy conformity to the true principle. The reader feels as if he had himself seen all three of these famous parks, and is much disposed to accept forthwith the conclusion, — "Rather let us try to perfect each type in its own place." In the same sense he wrote to a gentleman in Michigan for whom he had made planting-plans and lists, and who was disappointed that the plants ordered were not larger, showier, and less common.

I cannot possibly prescribe plantations made up of fancy trees. My plan and my lists suggested backgrounds of massed and harmonious foliage against which the rarer and more striking plants of the list should stand. Quicker growing trees were suggested for these masses. Among them were many natives of Michigan, and the lists were sent to you

before any order was given to Temple expressly that you might strike out from them or add to them what you pleased. When you wrote me to order the whole list called for by the plan, I gladly did so, believing as I do that "natives" on the whole do vastly better if taken not from the woods but from a nursery row; and by "do better" I mean get established quicker, and grow quicker, and last longer. I also believe that for quick effect it is generally far wiser to plant smallish trees thickly rather than large trees thinly or thickly. Small trees will almost surely get a good start at once, and will continue to thrive, while trees of ten feet and upwards are almost sure to remain in an unhappy state for a long time before they can establish themselves to grow. Massed shrubs give quickest effect of all.

Nobody was better aware than Charles that the founders of the modern landscape art from Thomas Whately to Hermann von Pückler-Muskau had in the course of two generations (1770–1834) laid down all its fundamental principles. He knew that his own function could only be to make intelligent application of their principles under the new and various American conditions, and to persuade some of his countrymen of the significance and value of those principles. Accordingly in December, 1887, he prepared a short list of books and papers by the founders of the art, and introduced the list to the readers of "Garden and Forest" with some observations of his own.

Sir, — I send you a short list of books and papers which influenced, or recorded, the beginnings of the modern art of landscape gardening.

The list is headed by Bacon's familiar Essay, in which some directions for the making of a wild garden are given; but long before Bacon there were plain signs of the coming of the day of naturalistic gardening. The poetry of Dante (1321) is full of sympathetic feeling for the beauty of the natural world, — for meadows, woods, streams, and flowers, even for the sea and the distant mountains. Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, and Tasso betray no such fresh feeling for Nature as does their great predecessor. Yet in Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered" (1595) is the following remarkable description of a garden scene: —

"Everything that could be desired in gardens was presented to their eyes in one landscape, and yet without contradiction or confusion — flowers, fruits, water, sunny hills, descending woods, retreats into corners and grottoes — and what put the last loveliness upon the scene was that the art which did it was nowhere discernible. You might have supposed (so exquisitely were the wild and the cultivated united) that all had somehow happened, not been contrived. It seemed to be the art of Nature herself, as though in a fit of playfulness she had imitated her imitator." (Leigh Hunt's translation.)

But it was in England that the love of Nature took firmest root. Chaucer (1400) and Spenser (1599) sang of the things of nature with a very fresh delight; and Milton, in the fourth book of "Paradise Lost," imagined a garden which was an Eden indeed. England also raised up Shakespeare, whose love embraced the

> . . . . . "daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty;"

and Cowley, whose delight was that characteristic one for an Englishman, "a small house and a large garden;" and, later, Thomson, Cowper, Gray, and Wordsworth.

Meanwhile the art of landscape painting had been growing up. Titian, its founder, composed the first landscapes upon canvas in the days when Tasso was imagining the garden of Armida; Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa, and Poussin were contemporaries of John Milton. Well might Wordsworth write (1805) to Sir George Beaumont: "Painters and poets have had the credit of being reckoned the fathers of English gardening;" and he adds, "they will also have, hereafter, the better praise of being fathers of a better taste."

"Bacon was the prophet, Milton the herald, of modern gardening; and Addison, Pope, and Kent the champions of true taste," — thus the Rev. William Mason in 1772, when the sort of landscape beauty long imagined by the poets was beginning to be realized in the English parks. Addison and Pope, each in his few acres, practised what he preached — Addison at Bilton near Rugby, Pope at Twickenham near

London. Bridgeman, a professional gardener of the period, is said to have been converted by Pope's paper in "The Guardian," and thenceforth to have abandoned the clipping of trees; while Kent, a painter, gave up his art to become the first landscape gardener.

The first complete treatise on the new art was Whately's still indispensable "Observations," published in 1770, and immediately translated into French and German. A few years later appeared Girardin's excellent French work, and Hirschfeld's six volumes printed in German and French. Later came Gilpin's delightful accounts of his English tours, which had great influence in waking the popular interest in natural scenery, and Knight's and Price's vigorous attacks on the smooth monotony which characterized the landscape work of Brown and his imitators.

Shenstone, Whately, Girardin, Walpole, Knight, Price, and Laborde, all worked out their ideas on their own estates; and it is interesting to know that Rousseau, the contemporary of Gray, who yet was the first modern Continental author to write feelingly of natural scenery, was a frequent guest of Girardin's at his Ermenonville.

To close the list we have the writings of a few of the first landscape gardeners themselves, — Repton and Loudon for England, Viart and Thouin for France, Sckell and Pückler-Muskau for Germany.

I hope to see printed in "Garden and Forest" numerous extracts chosen from these books. I am sure you can do us Americans no better service than thus to advance "the better praise" of the founders of the art and their principles.

Boston, March 1, 1888.

A LIST OF BOOKS ON LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

1625. Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. — "On Gardens," one of his "Essayes or Counsels Civill and Morall."

1712. Joseph Addison, essayist, Secretary of State. — "On the Causes of the Pleasures of the Imagination arising from the works of Nature, and their superiority over those of Art." In "The Spectator," No. 414. — "A Description of a Garden in the Natural Style." In "The Spectator," No. 477.

1713. Alexander Pope, poet and essayist. — On Verdant Sculpture. In "The Guardian," No. 173.

1731. Alexander Pope. — "An Epistle to the Right Honourable Richard, Earl of Burlington." London, fol.

1764. William Shenstone, poet and essayist. — "Unconnected Thoughts on Gardening." In his collected works. London, 8vo.

1768. George Mason, "a classical scholar and critic." — "An Essay on Design in Gardening." London, 8vo. — An enlarged edition, 1795. London, 8vo.

1770. Thomas Whately, Secretary to the Earl of Suffolk. — "Observations on Modern Gardening, illustrated by Descriptions." London, 8vo.

1772. Rev. William Mason, poet, Canon of York. — "The English Garden: A Poem in four books." London, 4to. A new edition, 1785. London, 8vo.

1773. Ch. Cai. L. Hirschfeld, "Counselor to his Danish Majesty, Professor of the Fine Arts at Kiel." — "Anmerkungen über Landhaüser und Gartenkunst." Leipzig, 12mo.

1774. Claude Henri Watelet, Receiver-General of Finance, Member of the Academy of Sciences. — "Essai sur les Jardins." Paris, 8vo.

1774. Sir William Chambers, F. R. S., architect. — "Dissertations on Oriental Gardening." London, 4to.

1776. J. M. Morel, architect. — "Théorie des Jardins, ou l'Art des Jardins de la Nature." Paris.

1777. L. R. Girardin, Vicomte d'Ermenonville. — "La Composition des Paysages sur le terrain, etc." Geneva, 8vo.

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1780. Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford. — "On Modern Gardening." In his "Anecdotes of Painting."

1783. Daniel Malthus. — An Introduction to a Translation of Girardin's "Essay on Landscape." London, 8vo.

1783-1809. Rev. William Gilpin, M. A. — "Observations relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty in many parts of Great Britain." London, 8 vols., 8vo.

1785. William Marshall, estate agent. — "Planting and Rural Ornament." London, 8vo. — A second edition in 2 vols., 1796. London, 8vo.

1791. Rev. William Gilpin. — "Remarks on Forest Scenery, etc." London, 2 vols., 8vo.

1792. ——— ———— ———. "Three Essays: On Picturesque Beauty, On Picturesque Travel, On Sketching Landscape, etc." London, 8vo.

1794. Richard Payne Knight, "a gentleman of great classical attainments." — "The Landscape: A didactic poem." London, 4to.

1794. Sir Uvedale Price, "a gentleman and scholar of great taste, who has greatly improved and beautified his own estate." — "An Essay on the Picturesque, etc." London, 8vo.

1794. Humphrey Repton, landscape gardener. — "Letter to Uvedale Price, Esq., on Landscape Gardening." London, 4to.

1795. ———— ————. "Sketches and Hints on Landscape Gardening, etc." London, fol.

1803. ———— ————. "Observations on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, etc." London, 4to.

1803. John Claudius Loudon, landscape gardener. — "Observations on Laying out the Public Squares of London." In "The Literary Journal."

1804. John Claudius Loudon. "Observations on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening, etc." Edinburgh, 8vo.

1806. ——— ——— ———. "A Treatise on forming, improving, and managing Country Residences." London, 2 vols., 4to.

1808. Alexandre Louis Joseph, Comte de Laborde. — "Descriptions des Nouveaux Jardins de la France." Paris, folio.

1812. John Claudius Loudon. — "Hints on the Formation of Gardens and Pleasure Grounds." London, 4to.

1818. F. L. von Sckell, Landschafts-gärtner. — "Beitrage zur bildenden Gartenkunst." Munich, 8vo.

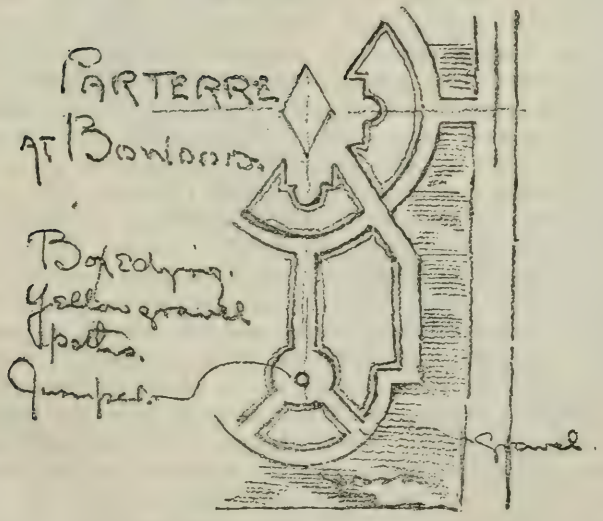
1819. Gabriel Thouin, architecte-paysagiste. — "Plans raisonnés de toutes les Espèces de Jardins." Paris, folio.

1819. ——— Viart, architecte-paysagiste. — "Le Jardiniste Moderne, etc." Paris, 12mo.

1822. John Claudius Loudon. — "An Encyclopædia of Gardening, etc." London, 8vo.

1832. William S. Gilpin. — "Practical Hints on Landscape Gardening."

1834. Fürst Hermann Ludwig Heinrich von Pückler-Muskau. "Andeutungen über Landschafts-gärtnerei." Stuttgart, folio.

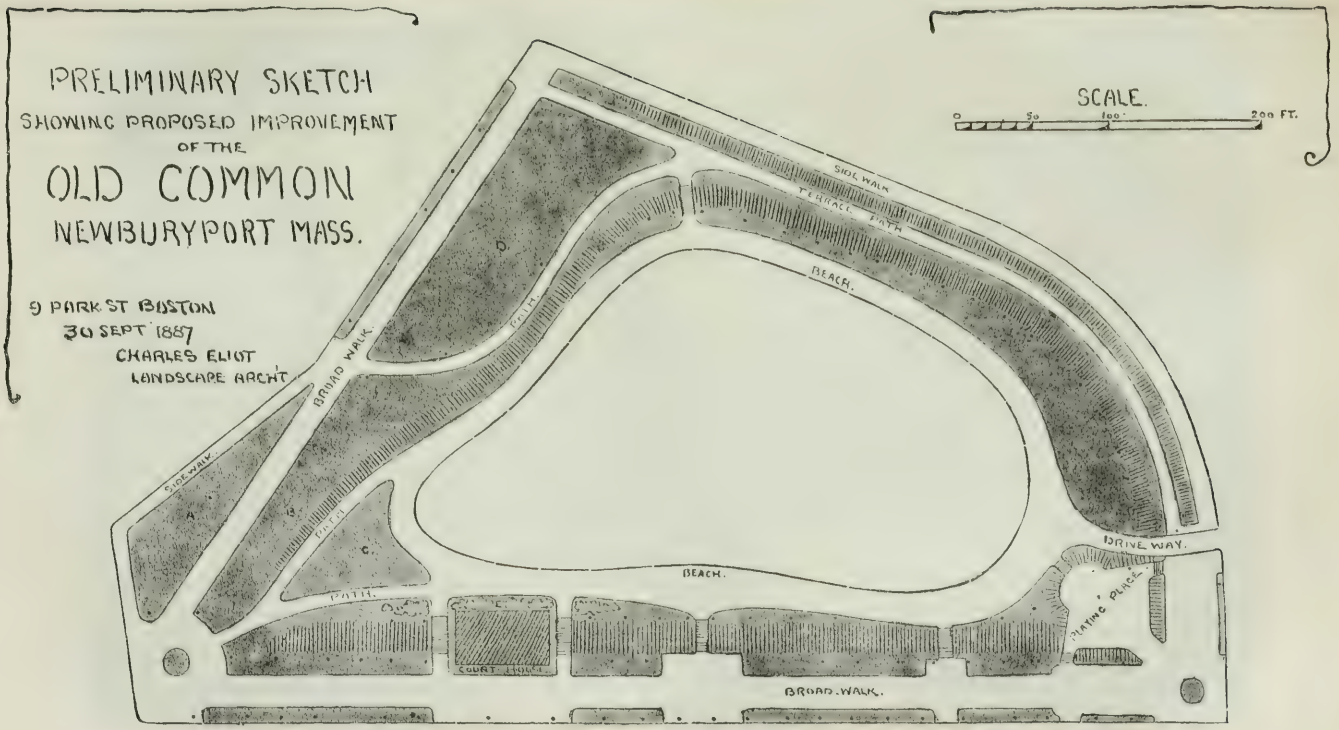


CHAPTER XII

THREE CONGENIAL UNDERTAKINGS. TWO PARKS AND A CHURCH SITE

> Laying out grounds, as it is called, may be considered as a liberal art, in some sort like poetry and painting: and its object, like that of all the liberal arts, is, or ought to be, to move the affections under the control of good sense; that is, of the best and wisest. . . . No liberal art aims merely at the gratification of an individual or a class; the painter or poet is degraded in proportion as he does so: the true servants of the Arts pay homage to the human kind as impersonated in unwarped and enlightened minds. — WORDSWORTH.

In September, 1887, Charles prepared a plan for the improvement of the ancient Common at Newburyport, the town from which came his great-grandmother, Catherine Atkins, the second wife of Samuel Eliot of Boston. This Common included a deep pond of variable level, sunk between steep banks. On one side of it, at the top of the bank, was the Bartlet Mall, dating from 1800, and this Mall was adorned with two rows of trees, still handsome, though much injured by ice storms. In general, the pond and its surroundings had been defaced and neglected; so that the whole Common was an eyesore. An association, called the Mall Improvement Association, was organized to reform the place; and this association procured plans from Charles. His general scheme was to contract the pond somewhat by filling parts of its lowest shores; to leave about it a broad, clean, gravel beach, because the changing level of the pond made any other shore impracticable; to provide an adequate number of flights of steps down the steep banks, and two sloping approaches to the beach, one a footpath, the other a driveway; to repair and protect the grass-banks; and to plant out the ugly rear of the Court House, which rose directly from the beach on the side of the Mall. These changes involved a good deal of gravel cutting and filling, and the regrading of considerable areas, some with loam and some with gravel. The plans made in September, 1887, were accepted, and were but slightly modified in 1888; the work was actually begun in 1889, and was finished, in its main features, during that sea-


PRELIMINARY SKETCH
SHOWING PROPOSED IMPROVEMENT
OF THE
OLD COMMON
NEWBURYPORT MASS.
9 PARK ST BOSTON
30 SEPT 1887
CHARLES ELIOT
LANDSCAPE ARCHT
SCALE.
0 50 100 200 FT.
SIDE WALK
TERRACE PATH
BEACH.
BROAD WALK.
PATH
SIDE WALK
A.
B.
C.
D.
PATH.
DRIVE WAY.
BEACH.
PLAYING PLACE
COURT HOUSE
BROAD WALK.

THE COMMON AT NEWBURYPORT, NOW WASHINGTON PARK

son. There was not money enough to make all the improvements which Charles had suggested; but enough work was done to effect a conspicuous reformation. The city has added to the area of the park on the southern side, but is as yet unable to make an adequate appropriation for care and maintenance, and the water of the pond cannot be renewed as frequently as is desirable; but the reservation as a whole, from being an eyesore and a nuisance, has become a beautiful object, and a healthful resort for the people of the city. The Association spent about $3500 on the improvements, and Charles received for his advice and plans the modest sum of $88. The first of the following illustrations represents the design, the second depicts imperfectly a portion of the agreeable result.

Until April, 1888, Charles had no assistant in his office. He made all drawings and tracings himself, and wrote and copied all letters and order lists. At that date he procured an assistant whom he taught to draw and letter somewhat in his own rapid and effective style. The spring months this year were very busy; and thereafter he had so much strictly professional work that he had difficulty in carrying out his purpose of writing for the press. Two jobs on which he entered at this time gave him much pleasure from the beginning, — one was the grading and planting of the grounds about the village church at Weston, and the other the laying out of the new White Park at Concord, N. H. The first letters he wrote on these two congenial undertakings are here given in full; because the principles he enunciates in them are characteristic, and are of general application.

26 April, '88.

The following should be the order of work at the church. All of it is work quite necessary to the proper finishing of what has so far been accomplished with such marked success:

1st. Slopes to be so corrected that water will flow away from the building at all points.

2d. Slopes to be brought down to stakes set to mark the curved lines dividing the church land from the surrounding roadways, and to grades to be marked on said stakes.

3d. Paths to be graded to correspond with the slopes of the adjacent plots and to unite with the roadways. Paths to be surfaced with 6 inches of good binding gravel.

4th. After the rough grading, all the grass-plots to be ploughed or otherwise broken up, and 4 inches of fine loam to be spread on the surface.

5th. Pits 4 feet in diameter and 3 feet deep to be dug at points marked for trees [perhaps 3], and loam to be prepared for the filling of the same. A depth of 2 feet of loam to be provided at points marked for shrubs.

6th. After the planting of the trees and shrubs, all the grass-plots to be raked off smooth, and to be sown thickly with a mixture of blue grass and red-top.

If you can make any arrangement for the handling of the job as above outlined, I will give all verbal directions, will set all necessary stakes, will supply you with a sketch plan, will select for you the necessary plants, and will personally superintend their planting, — my fee to be $25 plus $2 an hour for time spent on the ground.

I think the plants might cost you delivered $40 to $50. They will greatly set off the building, and will practically take care of themselves.

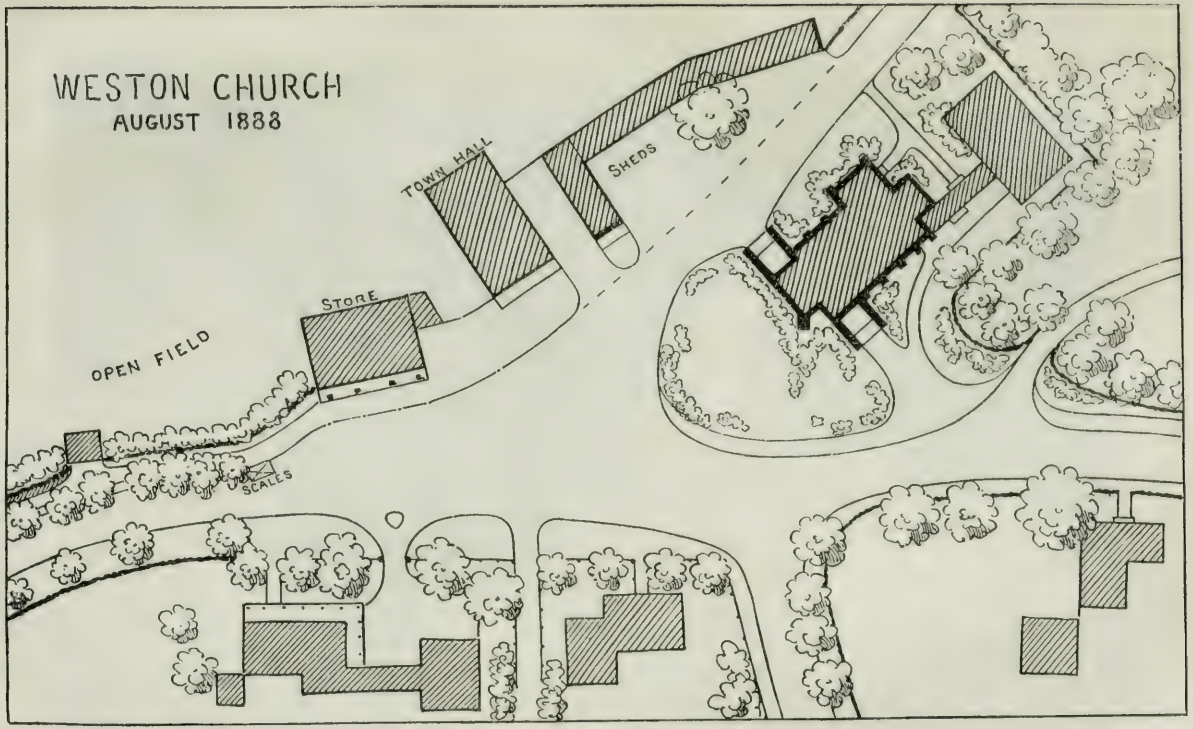
The cost of the grading work it is hard to foresee, but it could not be much.

In the following September he wrote a short article entitled "A Village Church," and illustrated it by a plan and a sketch. The article and plan are here reproduced, and a photograph of the church and grounds approximately in their present (1902) state is given instead of the sketch.

A VILLAGE CHURCH.

Sept. 18, '88.

In the heart of the township of Weston, Massachusetts, four country roads meet at the town flagstaff. Beside the flagstaff stands the village church, and just across the way are the town hall, and a country store, and the sheds for the vehicles which bring the townsmen to Sunday and town meeting. The accompanying plan shows the irregular arrangement of the buildings, the curves of the roadways as they were determined by "the lay of the land," the bounding field walls, the grassy spaces at the roadsides, and the trees and shrubberies which break and partly hide the stiffness of the



THE SURROUNDINGS OF THE CHURCH AT WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THE VILLAGE CHURCH AT WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

buildings. The new church, built of rough field stone, is only recently completed, and the gentle slopes about it are as yet only grassed, but the next planting season will see masses of Mountain Laurel, and of wild Roses, Sumacs, and Barberries, set about the foot of the walls, — native plants beside the native boulders. Our sketch and plan, taken together, well show what happy results can be attained when wise design works to complete what chance and nature have well begun. The latter fixed here the cross-roads and fixed them thus and so; but design placed the church upon the rise of ground and built it of the rough stones of the New England fields. Many a village, both within and without this New England, might draw a useful lesson from Weston.

THE WHITE PARK.

10 May, '88.

Dear Sir, — At your suggestion I have looked over the White land, and I find I shall have to congratulate Concord on her new possession. For the uses and purposes to which Concord must wish to dedicate this gift from Mrs. White, a more attractive piece of ground it would be hard to find. What are these uses and purposes? or, first, what are they not?

Your city is not so large but that all who take pleasure in driving or tramping in the open country may easily get out of the town and into the woods and fields. You have nothing of the great city's need of large country parks. Again, because your city is not large, she would be foolishly extravagant if she desired to make her park a costly flower garden. Public spaces in the style of the Boston Public Garden can only pay for themselves in the largest cities, and even there I should maintain that the large sums spent upon them were wrongly spent unless ample playgrounds and country parks were already provided.

A small park for Concord, then, should have in it no carriage drives, and no decorative gardening. So far, so good; for drives or carpet-beds upon the White land, because of the steep slopes, would be expensive to arrange and construct, and altogether inappropriate.

The park for Concord should be a place of quiet resort for people who cannot take the time, or who have not the strength, to go often to find refreshment in the open country. The tired workers of the city should be able to reach it easily. Women and children should find it near their homes, a pleasant place in which to spend the afternoon or the day in rest or play. Within it there should be all possible quiet, together with everything which may call to mind the happy peace of the country, and make us forget the town. To this end the ground should possess as much natural charm as may be, — some pleasant variety of surface, with both wood and open ground, some water if possible, and perhaps some one point from which to view the world around and outside.

In short, such a park should be a bit of New England country, as beautiful and typical as may be, set aside to be preserved as such, close to the city for the enjoyment of all orderly townspeople.

Looked at with this reasonable end and purpose in view, I am sure it would be difficult to find a piece of land so near the town which presents so many natural advantages as does the White land. Here is a steep ridge, the summit of which commands (through the trees) broad views of the Merrimac valley; here is a flourishing natural wood containing many trees of considerable size and dignity, and many wild flowers from Mayflower to Golden-rod; here, in fact, is that very bit of typical New England scenery which Concord should preserve for her stay-at-home citizens, — which 50 years from now she will pride herself upon exceedingly, provided that meanwhile she does not forget herself, and allow incongruous "gardening" to get a foothold in the reservation. Every city of the new West may have its carpet-bed park, — the capital of old New Hampshire should make good use of this present opportunity to provide for her children something better far.

Park-work is commonly supposed to be extravagantly expensive; and it is so, when (as is too often the case) it consists in destroying nature's scenery to make place for formal lawns and carpet-beds. Not that it will not cost something to make White Park safely usable, and to enhance, as we

may, its natural character and beauty. To make the land serve the purposes indicated above, you will have to make paths through it, else the trampling of people crossing it and wandering in it will wear away too much of the surface foliage. You will also have to drain parts of it, and change the grades here and there. To add to its beauty, you will make a pond in the hollow, which too will in winter give a chance for good skating. To bring out new beauty, you will cut some few parts of the wood, in order to lead greensward into it in places, and you will introduce and plant many trees, shrubs, and herbs not now upon the ground.

To properly set out upon the development of the park in accordance with the purposes dwelt upon above, the first thing required is a survey upon which to base a scheme of draining, path-building, etc. A wise general plan once adopted, work can proceed year by year as money may be appropriated, — the plan being thus worked out part by part. This, of course, is the only way to make sure of a harmonious result in the end.

The survey should be drawn out as a contour-line plan on a scale of 50 feet to an inch, — contours at every 2 feet difference of level. The adjacent streets and their established grades should be shown. Now, before the leaves open, is the time to make this survey.

7 March, '90.

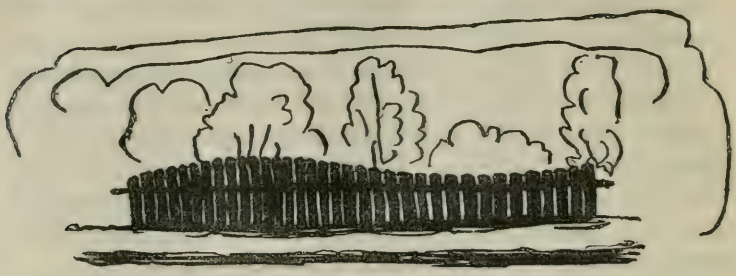
My Dear Sir, — I have your check, — very prompt payment, indeed.[1]

I do recommend a fence. It prevents much destructive cross-cutting, and saves woods and lawns from damage. In every possible way the people should be taught that the park is a bit of New England scenery which is held, close to their homes, in trust for the enjoyment not only of themselves but of all future generations. It can be so preserved only by a public opinion which will condemn all injurious practices like peeling bark, breaking trees, and trampling grass.

The paths offer a means of enjoying the scene without injuring it, — this is the reason they are made. I would have a plain fence of stout pickets, or better of strong boards of

[1] Charles's entire charge for his own work on White Park was $300.

even width, and spaced evenly, and sawed off to give a flowing upper line. The "flows" of this line should be long, —



30–50 feet each. Then I would post a notice to the following effect, though not necessarily in these words: —

City of Concord. Park Commission, White Park.

Notice.

This Woodland — the gift of Armenia S. White — is held in trust for the enjoyment of the citizens of Concord in their successive generations. All who enter here will bear in mind that they are fellow-trustees in this trust, and they will consequently avoid, and, if necessary, prevent any injury to the banks, lawns, trees, shrubs, or flowering plants.

Here might follow in smaller type whatever ordinance you may frame to cover offences of this sort.

I hope your interesting undertaking may move on prosperously.

In August, 1890, when the work on White Park was well advanced, he wrote for "Garden and Forest" the following description of the Park, taking the opportunity to urge that every American city and town preserve for its citizens' enjoyment some characteristic portion of its neighboring country: —

WHITE PARK, CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The capital of New Hampshire is a pleasant city of some 15,000 inhabitants. Its main street lies near the bank of the River Merrimac, and its residence streets stretch along the slopes of hills which rise irregularly west of the stream. Beyond the older streets, but surrounded by modern ways, is

a small tract of land which is in part so precipitous and in part so swampy that all the new roads have avoided it. On this rough land is a fine growth of large trees of many sorts, and although it lies only half a mile from the centre of the town, many of the most interesting New England wild flowers bloom in the shelter of its woods and hollows.

This tract of about twenty-five acres has been presented to the city of Concord, and is named White Park for the donor. A commission of well-known citizens has been placed in charge of the work of fitting the ground for the use and enjoyment of the people, and they have wisely begun their labors by devising and adopting the general plan which is reproduced herewith.

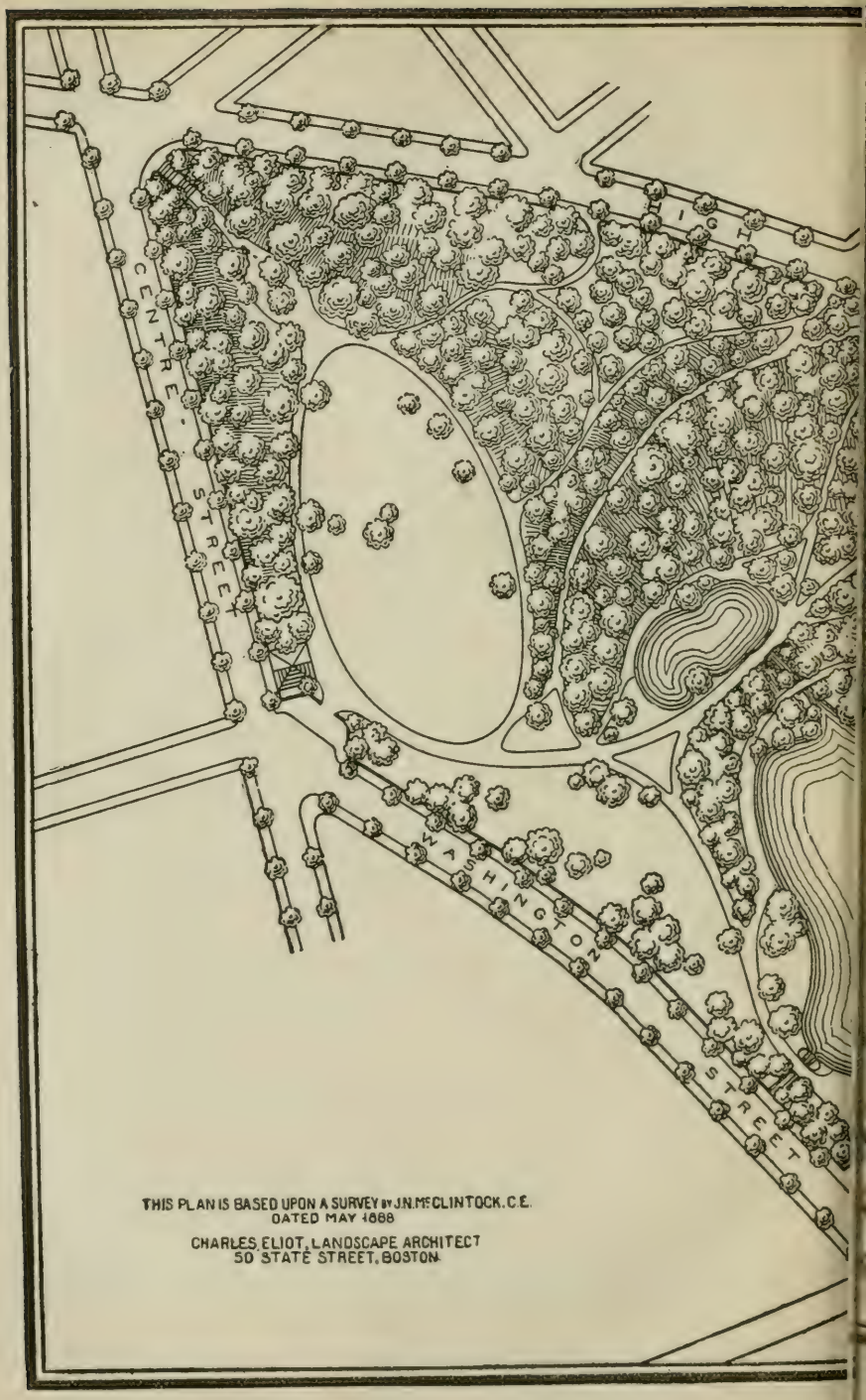
The Commission intends to make the park a place of quiet resort for people who cannot take the time, or who have not the strength, to go often to find refreshment in the open country. No carriages are to be admitted; not only because the acreage is small and the slopes steep, but also because it seems unfair to injure the park for the use of children and pedestrians while innumerable pleasant country-drives are close at hand. No elaborate gardening will be admitted, not only because it is costly, but also because it would be incongruous. Every city of the new West may have its carpet-bed "park" if it so wishes, but Concord proposes to seize her opportunity to provide for her citizens and their posterity something very much more valuable. She will set aside and preserve, for the enjoyment of all orderly townspeople, a typical, strikingly beautiful, and very easily accessible bit of New England landscape. Would that every American city and town might thus save for its citizens some characteristic portion of its neighboring country! We should then possess public places which would exhibit something more refreshing than a monotony of clipped grass and scattered flower beds.

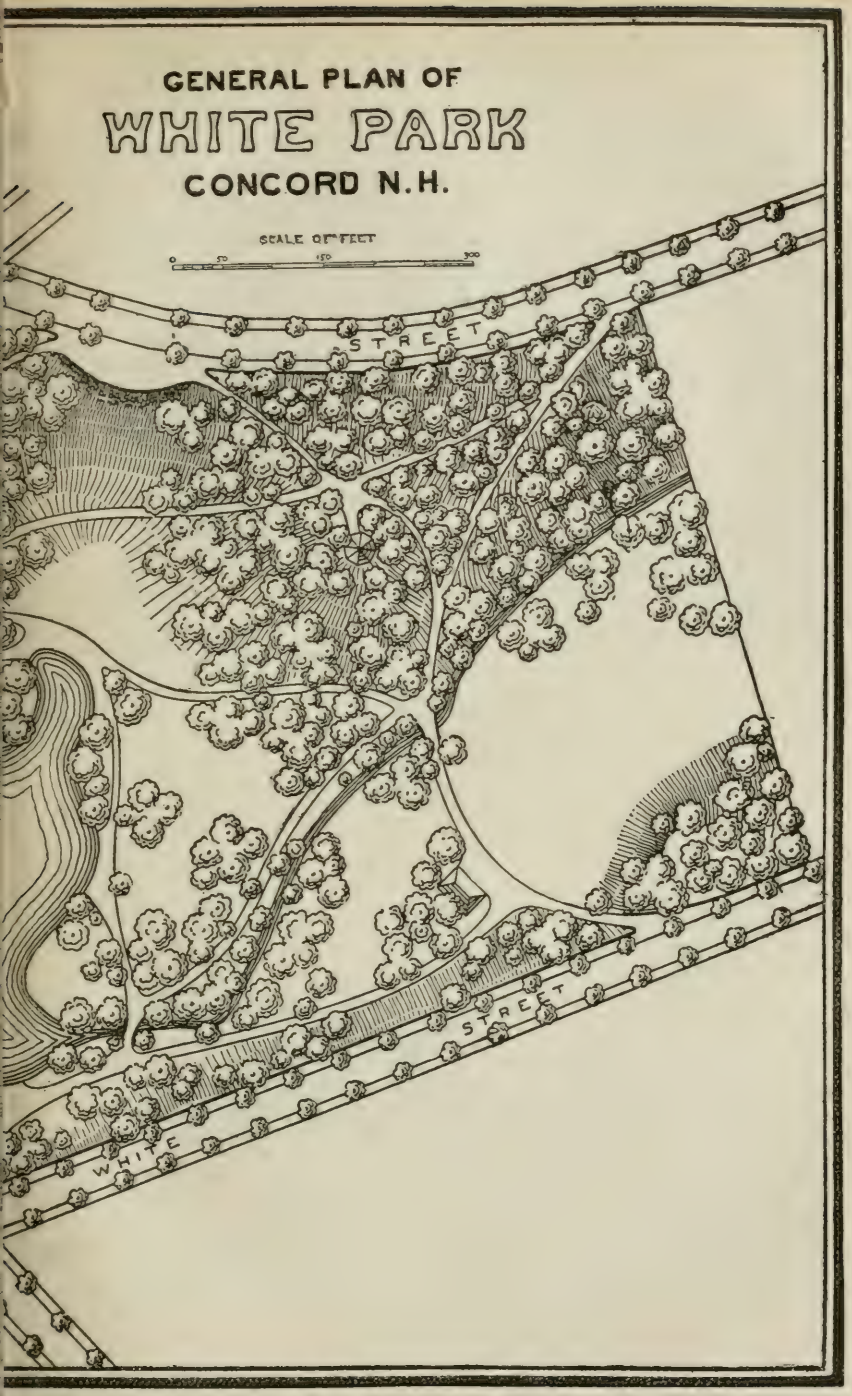
The plan adopted by the Commission provides for the enhancement of the natural beauty of the park by spreading water in the lowland where nature made a marsh, by making grassy glades in two or three hollow parts where nature grew Alders and Birches, by planting a thicket of Mountain Laurel

here and opening a vista to the Merrimac there; and then the plan leads paths in such directions and by such routes as will best display the beauty of the place while injuring it least. In the opinion of the Concord Commission, a path, far from being a chief beauty of a park, is only an instrument by means of which it is possible for large numbers of people to pass through the midst of beautiful landscape without seriously injuring it.

The variety of limited scenery which White Park will present when it is finished is great. Just within the main gate (at the end of the plan on the left) will be a level of greensward, bounded on three sides by rising banks, from which hang thick woods of deciduous trees. At one end the banks draw close together, and here is a deeply shaded dell, from the head of which a path climbs by steps to the street. Two other paths lead up from the green, by little hollows in the skirting bank, to a plateau where Pitch Pines stand in open order, and the ground is carpeted with their needles. A steep-sided, curved, and densely wooded ridge in turn bounds this plateau, and beyond it, and nestled in the curve at its base, is a tiny pond, fed by strong springs, and overhung by tall White Pines. Its waters overflow, by way of a steep and stony channel, into a much larger pond, with shores but little raised above the water, which occupies the southern third of a long level, through which a slow brook meanders. The shore of this pond and all the flat land near the brook are scatteringly wooded with large deciduous trees. Paths reach little beaches on the shore at several points. Beyond the head of the pond a path leads to a "shelter" on a knoll in the midst of deep woods, and thence by a sharp ascent to a high point on the very edge of the park, whence a pretty view will be had of the pond at one's feet and the Merrimac Valley beyond, with the state-house dome in the middle distance and near the middle of the picture. All things considered, Concord is in a fair way to possess one of the most charming small parks in America.

Why are gifts like this of Mrs. White to Concord not more common? Can any more valuable present to posterity be imagined? Perhaps they may be commoner when it comes


CENTRE STREET
WASHINGTON STREET
THIS PLAN IS BASED UPON A SURVEY BY J.N. McCLINTOCK, C.E.
DATED MAY 1888
CHARLES ELIOT, LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT
50 STATE STREET, BOSTON.


GENERAL PLAN OF
WHITE PARK
CONCORD N.H.
SCALE OF FEET
0
50
150
300
STREET
STREET
WHITE

to be known that there are now several park commissioners in this country who do not consider it their first duty to destroy the beauty which nature provides. Real landscape art is nothing if it is not broad, simple, and conservative of natural beauty. It is elaborate and gardenesque only in special circumstances. Its old name of "landscape gardening" must be discarded at once, if the definition in the new Century Dictionary is correct. Landscape art does not consist in arranging trees, shrubs, borders, lawns, ponds, bridges, fountains, paths, or any other things "so as to produce a picturesque effect." It is rather the fitting of landscape to human use and enjoyment in such manner as may be most appropriate and most beautiful in any given spot or region. When this is generally understood by the public and practised by the profession, parks and country-seats will be so designed as to be not only well arranged and beautiful, but beautiful in some distinctive and characteristic way, as is White Park at Concord.

A very low Stone Bridge.

CHAPTER XIII

TWO SCENERY PROBLEMS — MARRIAGE

> With regard to improving, that alone I should call art in a good sense which was employed in collecting from the infinite varieties of accident (which is commonly called nature in opposition to what is called art) such circumstances as may happily be introduced, according to the real capabilities of the place to be improved. This is what painters have done in their art. He therefore, in my mind, will show most art in improving, who leaves (a very material point) or who creates the greatest variety of pictures, of such different compositions as painters would least like to alter. — PRICE.

To illustrate Charles's way of dealing with some of the practical problems which owners of New England country-places may bring to a landscape architect, two actual cases are here given, taken from his letter-book for 1888. The first case is an avenue entrance in stone; and the second a new approach-road to the house on a large estate, with a new lawn and an improvement of the prospect from the house.

The following letter to Mr. Thomas M. Stetson of New Bedford relates to the avenue entrance in stone. The simplicity of the design is noticeable, and its reliance on plantings rather than on masonry. After thirteen years, the result is interesting and handsome, as may be seen in the illustrations (see below, pp. 278, 279) made from photographs taken in 1901.

31 May: '88.

I send you a sketch of an entrance way — with apologies for my delay. I think the sketch explains itself pretty well. Of course the perspective is guess-work, and only intended to help show my idea.

The curved walls should swell a little and attain extra height (without becoming "piers") at the point where the chain is fastened: then the wall should break away in height by degrees and according to the stones that come to hand, till it is finally lost in the grass. Grass should be carried

round between the gravel and the wall as far as may be, and creeping evergreens and such-like plants should here clamber up the stones.

For the wall in general I think of no instructions save that I would set the stones in "stable equilibrium" (*not* on end), and would have no long-continued horizontal joints: no "courses."

The map opposite p. 236 shows on a small scale the new approach-road made to the main house on Mr. Rowland Hazard's estate, called Oakwoods, at Peace Dale, R. I., the new lawn, and the improvement wrought in the view over the South Field from the house, by abolishing the old approach-road, and cutting back the woods on the left of the prospect. For the former avenue Charles substituted the winding road marked "The Water Way" on the plan; and this new avenue is now a great ornament of the estate — almost its chief beauty. It was Mrs. Hazard who imagined it, and Charles who showed how to do it. The Water Way passes with pleasing grades and curves through and under fine Oaks, and gives charming glimpses of the sluice-way and cove on the left and one full view up the mill-pond. As it nears the house, it has on the left the new westerly lawn, and on the right the broad, open South Field. If a landscape artist had been inventing good features for an avenue to the mansion on a great estate, he could hardly have devised more interesting features than Charles utilized in the Water Way to Oakwoods.

The trees which had to be removed in order to widen the South Field on the east had been planted by Mr. Hazard more than forty years before, and many of them had attained a good size. When Charles first proposed to sacrifice them, in order to broaden the southerly view from the house, the family felt that such a course was out of the question. They began, however, with much circumspection to remove a few trees at a time; and since each cutting resulted in a manifest improvement of the prospect from the house, they gradually carried the edge of the woods back to the line which Charles had originally indicated on his drawing.

The two letters to Mrs. Hazard which follow are early letters in a series written to her between 1888 and 1894 concerning improvements she contemplated on this noble estate.

Nov. '88.

DEAR MRS. HAZARD, — I write to you because I have previously done so.

My enclosed sketch shows what you can have in the way of a new approach. Your old way from your house to the bridge near the mills is about 2300 feet long. This new way measures only about 1550 feet, and at the same time is fully 75 per cent. handsomer. It also brings you to your door without throwing dust upon the Acorns! and it might draw the driving public away from the same as well.

You will see I have imagined that all the land between the new Hall and the old house will become part of Peace Park, and that the pond-shore, up at least as far as the brook which enters the cove, will be included. I have also suggested the removal of the barn behind the old house, and the making of a terrace-like point of view or place for seats, on the brink of the high bank near said barn-site.

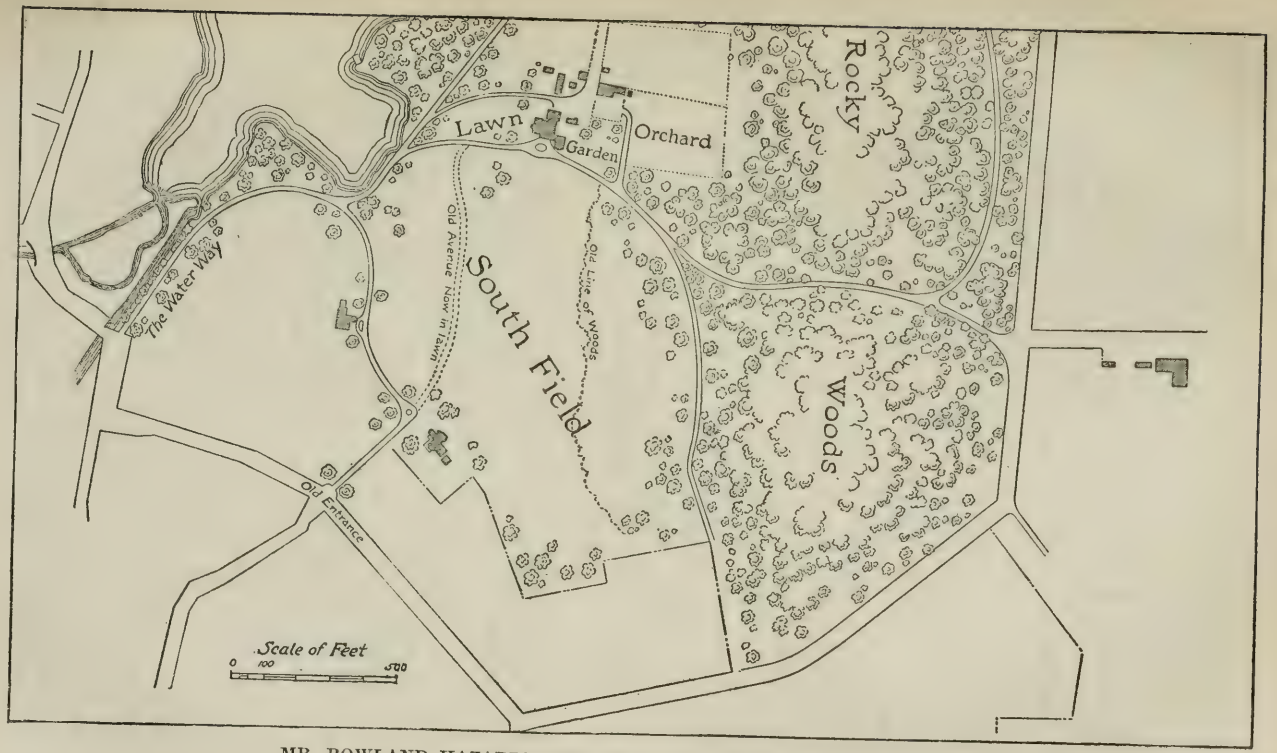
At two points only will there be any difficulty in building your new approach — at the head of the pond cove, where some filling should be done, and at the high bank by the cove-side near the mill-dam — which bank the road should pass on a level about half-way up from the water level and wholly below and on the water-side of two Oaks which adorn the high place.

The way up to the lawn from the crossing of the brook is intended to pass between two considerable trees which there stand behind the Rhododendrons.

Would it not be well to get the surveyor to set some stakes to represent the centre line of the road-curves I have sketched — he can find it by measuring from the various buildings and the tennis court — and then we can see what modifications, if any, it will be best to make.

27 Aug. '88.

DEAR MRS. HAZARD, — I send you a rough sketch showing what I would do for the improvement of the prospect from your new drawing-room. The changes suggested will give you a fair sweep of house-lawn and a look westward through the Oak trunks to the water — two things you have not commanded before. The rear approach-road will be removed to



MR. ROWLAND HAZARD'S ESTATE AT PEACE DALE, RHODE ISLAND

Change of avenue and enlargement of the South Field

a safe distance, and will serve to define the kept lawn. Not all of the old hedge need go. A new piece should be set for the screening of the kitchen yard.

At the edges of the new lawn put some massed bushes; at the corners of the new wing some dwarf shrubs; in the edge of the Oak wood open and thicken the Rhododendrons here and there; through the Oaks get some glimpses of the water.

When you come to start upon your delightful scheme of a village park in connection with the Memorial building, you will be sure to feel the need of a plan of the neighborhood. A plan would also help to solve many problems on your several adjoining estates. I should like to urge Mr. Hazard to procure a thorough survey. An excellent engineer in Newport — Cotton by name — does such work at very low rates.

The first step in the carrying out of the scheme shown by the sketch might be the building of the new road — supposing you should prefer to keep the hedge, for this season. It will take some courage to remove the hedge, and you will choose between seeing it done or having it done in your absence. In one case we would plant this Fall, in the other next Spring.

All through the year 1888 a new flood of happiness was pouring into Charles's heart. For the first six months there flowed between the separated lovers a stream of intimate letters, Charles writing every two or three days and sometimes oftener. In early July Miss Pitkin returned with her father to Philadelphia; and on the 13th the lovers met at Jersey City and went together to New Hartford, Conn., where her maternal grandfather, Rev. Cyrus Yale, had been the minister of a hill-top church 1100 feet above the sea for forty years (with the exception of an excursion of about two years to Ware, Mass.). He was the first scholar in the class which graduated at Williams College in 1811, and spent his life in the Congregational ministry. At his death in 1854, he left to his children his pleasant house and farm near the top of the hill; and they continued to make it the family summer resort. Here Mary Pitkin had always passed her summers with delight; and this was the first place she visited in the company of her lover. After four days in this dear home they went to Boston, and sailed thence in company with one of Charles's aunts to Mt. Desert, where they spent a month at

Northeast Harbor with Charles's family. The large Eliot connection chanced to be rather numerously represented on the island that summer, and they were all glad to be introduced at the same time to Miss Pitkin, and to Miss Hopkinson, Samuel's fiancée. In passing through Boston, Charles managed to write one business letter at his office — the only one in his letter-book between July 10th and August 27th. It was a delight to Charles to show Mary the scenes at Mt. Desert that he most loved, and to take her driving and sailing through and about the beautiful island. Great was the joy of such companionship amid such scenes.

Mr. Pitkin spent a few days at Northeast Harbor at the close of his daughter's visit; and on the 20th of August Mary, Charles, and Mr. Pitkin sailed for Boston, where on the 22d the lovers parted, Mary going with her father to New Hartford. Twice they were together again for three days at New Hartford; but on the 10th of September Mary returned to Colorado Springs, where her sister had spent the summer in the company of their brother.

By October plans for marriage were being actively discussed by mail, Charles meanwhile doing a large amount of professional work and some writing for the press. He found time enough, however, to invent and advocate a plan of going himself to Colorado near the end of November; so that the marriage might take place there about Thanksgiving Day in the presence of Mary's immediate family. This plan ultimately commended itself to all those most nearly concerned; and Mary's dear "Aunt Ruth" (Mrs. Beadle, the matron of the interesting party in Europe in 1885–86) also went to Colorado to attend the wedding. Charles met with two railroad accidents on the way to Colorado Springs, one somewhat east of Chicago which only delayed him, the second a serious collision on the road from Denver to Colorado Springs, in which several persons were injured, and the baggage car was burnt. He arrived at the Antlers, Colorado Springs, several hours late, and with no clothing except the travelling suit he was wearing. Two days later, on Wednesday, November 28th, the simple, happy wedding took place at the house of Miss Price, where the Pitkins had been living.

Before Christmas the pair arrived at President Eliot's house in Cambridge, where they were to pass the winter. There were rejoicings and congratulations at Christmas and at the bride's receptions on Tuesdays in January, and festivities through the winter, in which the Eliot, Peabody, and Hopkinson families took active part.

Charles's first work on returning to his office was the preparation of some articles on "Old American Country-seats," for "Garden and Forest." The seats he selected for description were all eighty years old or more, — that is, they were old enough to have developed completely their original designs, and to have been enriched by the care of successive owners in at least three generations. They showed what was lastingly desirable in landscape design. They had dignity, harmony, and loveliness. To commemorate them was for Charles a labor of love. He visited each place he described, and procured at least one picture of each, and drew a sketch plan of each. With the first three of the six he had been long familiar. These articles constitute the next chapter.

CHAPTER XIV

SIX OLD AMERICAN COUNTRY-SEATS

> Any hard fist can draw iron railings; a hedge is a task for the greatest. Those therefore who want their gardens or grounds or any place beautiful must get that greatest of geniuses, Nature, to help them. — RICHARD JEFFRIES.

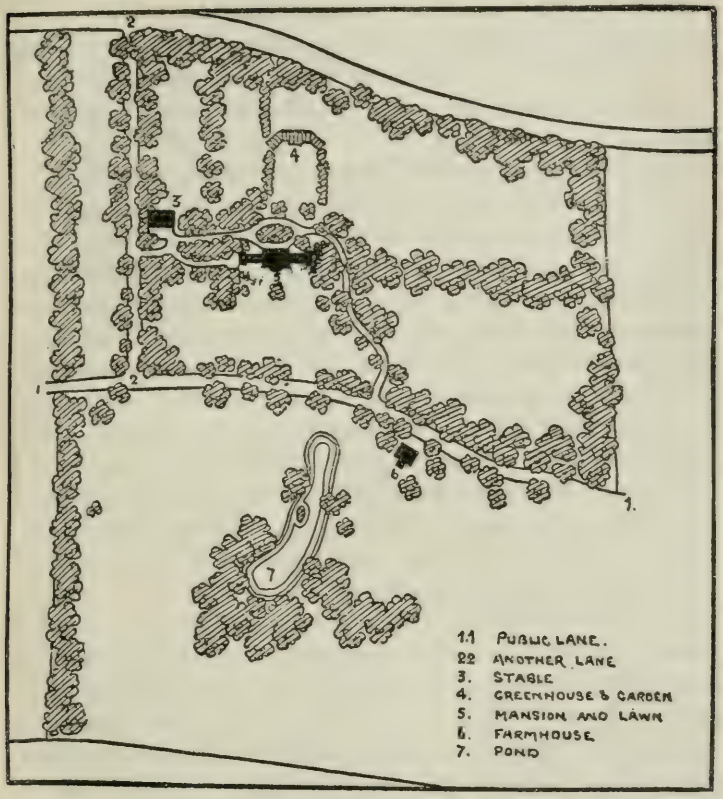
I. — THE GORE PLACE.

JOHN WINTHROP, first Governor of Massachusetts, had his country-place. It lay upon Mystic River, and was called Ten Hills. The pleasures of life there were certainly peculiar, wolves and prowling Indians being frequent visitors; but now that several of the ten hills even have been destroyed, Winthrop's frontier "paradise" can only be imagined, not described. Unfortunately the same must now be said of almost all the mansions and gardens of the later aristocratic time which preceded the Revolution. The rising tide of population has swallowed up the handsome establishments of Tories and patriots alike. The Craigie house, which the Longfellow family preserves in Cambridge, is now almost the sole surviving representative of the terraced and high-walled stateliness of the colonial days.

Boston and her surrounding sister cities grow continually. Farm after farm and garden after garden are invaded by streets, sewers, and water-pipes, owners being fairly compelled to sell lands which are taxed more and more heavily. Before destruction overtakes the few old seats now remaining, it will be well to make some sort of record of their character and beauty.

About eight miles from the State House, one of the roads of the Charles River valley, after passing through a somewhat squalid manufacturing district, suddenly becomes a rural lane, which winds its shady way first past the low-roofed farmhouse

and then past the lawn and mansion of what is plainly an old estate. . . . [The accompanying plan shows the general arrangement of the estate.] The grass sweeps up to the walls



The Gore Place, Waltham, Mass.

of this long south front. No line of any sort breaks the flowing breadth of the lawn, for the approach-road, which leaves the lane near the farmhouse, goes around through the trees to the door in the north front of the house. The simple but well-proportioned building is set off against a background of foliage, and the ends of the low wings are shadowed by tall Pines and Chestnuts, whose brothers, forming noble masses at the sides of the lawn, support and frame the house, and,

joined with it, compose one satisfying picture. On the further side of the lane is an open field and a winding pond, whose distant further end is lost in the shadow of a Pine wood, from out the edge of which a White Birch leans over the water. Larches, too, and small Beeches grow in the edge of this distant wood, and enliven the darkness of the Pines in spring and autumn, while here and there above the tops of the trees appear the crests of low hills, a mile or two away beyond the river.

This strikingly peaceful and lovely scene, so religiously preserved by its present owner that he can say that only the gales have harmed it since he came into possession more than thirty years ago, impresses the most casual passer-by, and teaches owners of country-seats a lesson of first importance. Here is not one rare tree, not a single vegetable or architectural wonder, not one flower bed or ribbon-border; only common trees, grass, and water, smooth ground, and a plain building. The scene is interesting, impressive, and lovable, and it is this solely by reason of the simplicity, breadth, and harmony of its composition. This is real landscape architecture of the purest type, in comparison with which all modern arrangements of specimen fancy trees must always appear ineffective as well as inappropriate.

The lands about this mansion, once a part of the so-called Beaver Brook Plowlands, were first owned by the beloved first minister of the colonial church of Watertown, the Reverend George Phillips. After his death, in 1644, certain of the Garfield family became the owners, and when Mr. Christopher Gore bought "the forty-acre lot," about 1791, he entered upon lands which had been the home of excellent people during a full century and a half. Mr. Gore was sent to England in 1796 as one of the Commissioners under Jay's treaty, and one wing of his house having been burned in his absence, he caused the present mansion to be built of brick and made ready for his return in 1804. It is said that he brought with him an English landscape gardener; and certainly the old place bears every mark of the distinctive style of Humphrey Repton, whose book on landscape gardening was published just before Gore's visit to Europe. The brick

house, which is painted white, contains many finely proportioned rooms. Two doorways open upon a long platform on the north front. Between these doors stretches a hall dining-room, with a marble floor, and fireplaces at each end. The large bay in the south front contains an oval drawing-room; on one side of this room is a breakfast-room, and on the other a parlor; the east wing contains a billiard-room, the west the kitchen and offices.

The carriage-turn, and the whole north side of the house, is crowded with large trees; many Hemlocks, whose soft boughs sweep the ground at the edge of the drive, several Umbrella Magnolias among the Hemlocks, some large Lindens, and many very tall White Pines. Just beyond is the flower garden, carefully sheltered and quaintly laid out in geometric fashion, with great banks of shrubs at the sides, plenty of smooth grass, and large beds crowded with perennials in rich, old-fashioned array. A small enclosure for deer adjoins the garden; two smooth and open hay-fields are close at hand, and around all this forty-acre home-lot stands a dense belt of forest trees, shutting out the commonplace world and affording a pleasantly shady walk of something like a mile in length.

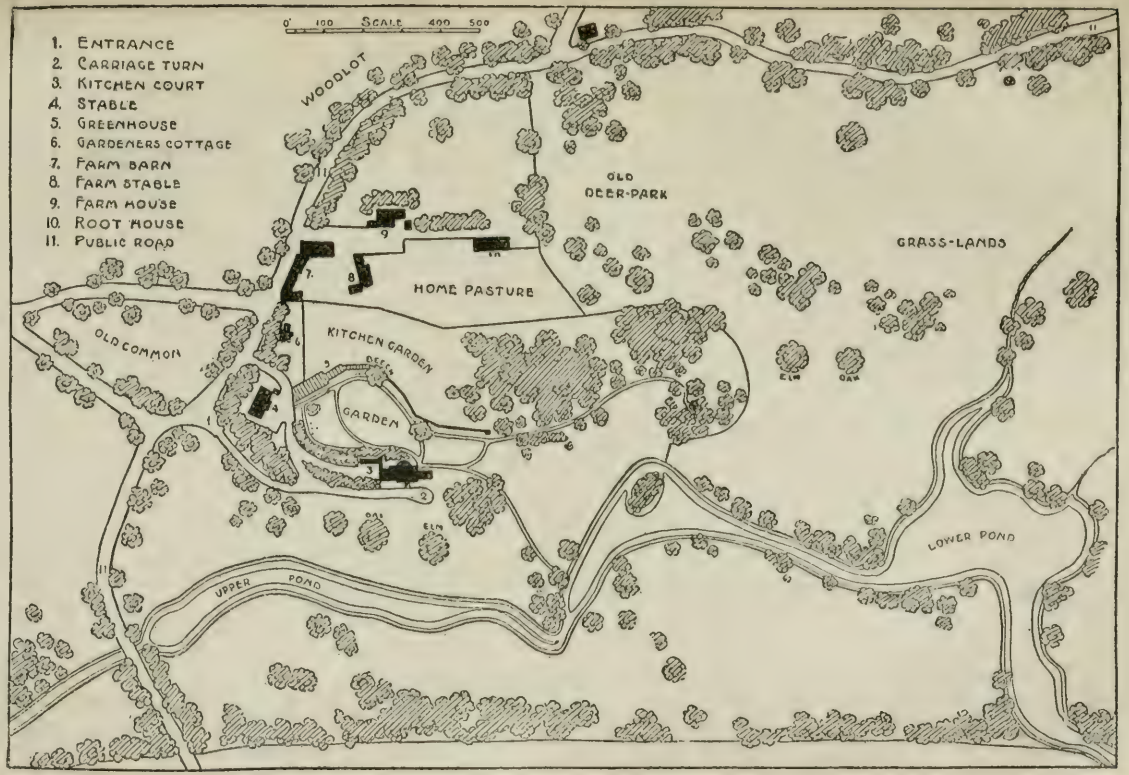
Mr. Gore lived to be Governor of Massachusetts and United States Senator. One of the later owners of the place, Mr. Theodore Lyman, 2d, made the pond beyond the lane, and built the present approach-road, and both he and the present owner planted many trees; but every proprietor since Mr. Gore's time has respected the character which was impressed upon the scene in the beginning; nothing to-day appears incongruous or out of place. If Governor Gore himself could walk about this country-seat to-morrow, he would certainly be very proud to own it his.

II. — THE LYMAN PLACE

Beyond Cambridge and Somerville and about seven miles from Boston Common rises a range of irregular and sometimes rocky hills, from whose summits one may see on the west Wachusett and on the east the ocean. At the southern end of this highland two considerable brooks issue from the

hills and, joining their waters, flow as one stream across about a mile of smoother country to Charles River. Between the western brook and the foot of the rocks is a warm slope having a southern exposure, and here one of the colonists of 1634, by name John Livermore, built his house and cleared the land for a farm. Other Livermores — Nathaniel, Samuel, and Elijah — in turn succeeded to the property; of whom Samuel came to most honor, for he married four times, and served his fellow-townsmen as their clerk, assessor, and captain of the company, and also as deacon of the church, which was built about 1722 "within twenty rods of Nathaniel Livermore's dwelling." Elijah Livermore became the founder of a town in Maine, and sold the farm to Mr. Jonas Dix, of the class of 1769 at Harvard College, who brought his bride to the Livermore homestead, and there lived the quiet life of a schoolmaster and selectman until his death in 1796.

It would be very interesting to know what was the condition of the neighborhood at this time, whether the sheltering hills behind the farm were wooded or no, and what sort of a channel the Chester brook ran in. The place must have been decidedly attractive in some way; for its next owner, Theodore Lyman, a merchant of Boston, bought it with the express intention of making it a country-seat, and forthwith built a mansion which was valued by the assessors of 1798 at the vast sum of eight thousand dollars! This substantial house he placed not upon the highland, where the popular taste of to-day would set it, but upon the flat, and from one to two hundred feet south of the southernmost rocks. Here it was sufficiently high above the brook, which flowed in front about 400 feet away, while behind it space was obtained for a well-sheltered garden. The east wing was built close to a little knoll, which, with the trees upon it, helped to make the house appear firmly and comfortably planted. The west wing also had its supporting trees. The smooth lawn before the house was made with material dug from beside the brook, which was then induced, by the help of a low dam, to flow more quietly and broadly. Plainly, English books on landscape gardening, like Repton's or Whately's, had made part of this American gentleman's reading — the low setting of the house and the



THE LYMAN PLACE, WALTHAM, MASS.

serpentine curves given to the grass-edged shore of the stream furnish proof of this.

At first, the approach-road entered the estate from the southeast and crossed the brook on a stone bridge of three arches, but in after years a new entrance was made in the position shown upon our plan, and then the older way was discontinued, with the unfortunate effect of bringing the driveway to a sudden ending at the house door. No other important alterations of the original plan have been attempted since the designer himself made this change. To be sure, the second Lyman, probably in haste to provide shade in certain parts, planted many Norway spruces; but these his son is now gradually removing, to the great improvement of the general scene; for the deciduous forest trees which these quick-growing conifers hid from sight have now attained a handsome stature and, leaning forward or hanging from the steep banks behind the house and from the knolls, compose a harmonious and striking scene, which the cone-shaped Spruces at present confuse and obscure. A few of the native trees are uncommonly large; for instance, an Oak and an Elm, which stand alone in the grass-field east of the pleasure-ground; and, just before the house, a fine swamp White Oak, which was, doubtless, an aboriginal inhabitant of the Chester Brook valley — its horizontal branches spread 100 feet. Here, too, is an English Elm of uncommonly widespread habit, its many large limbs supported by a trunk which measures fifteen and a quarter feet in circumference.

But the most remarkable tree upon the place — a Purple Beech — stands in the garden behind the house. This little level space is curiously irregular in ground plan. It is bounded on the north by a short range of glass-houses and by a high brick wall, which curves in and out in order to avoid the ledges of the rocky bank behind it. Peach and Pear trees are trained all over this old wall; an ancient hedge of Box accompanies it at some six feet from its base; and many forest trees rise behind it. The garden ground is all one slightly varied level of soft grass, with a few trees of chosen kinds near the edges, a few Rhododendrons and Roses, and one giant White Pine, which seems to guard the open end

of the ground where the simple but picturesque enclosure expands into the still simpler ground outside. With its soft shadows at all hours of the day, its sheltered quietness, its intricacy in one part, and its open outlook in another part, this is a charming spot — a scene which would be lovely enough without its crowning glory, the gnarled Purple Beech. The tree stands close against the brick wall; the circumference of its embossed and tortuous trunk is more than thirteen feet, and its branches extend eighty-five feet. This is a large Beech to be only ninety years old, and it is just possible that Mr. Dix may have planted it and the great Elm before the house; but their stature is more probably to be accounted for by the good soil and shelter.

Many photographs . . . could only partially illustrate the beauty and variety of the larger scenery of the estate — the gentle slopes of grass-land, in the hollow of which lie the ponds, the wide stretches of moist meadow, the occasional passages along the stream where Elms or Willows overhang the water, the sheltering banks and knolls clothed with dense woods, or dotted, as in the remote parts, with dark Junipers and outcrops of rock. The landscape is more appropriate to human use and occupation, and at the same time it is more beautiful than was the original natural scene. The meadows are more meadow-like than they were, the stream reflects more sky, the trees are nobler trees, and they stand in ordered masses, not in uniformly dense array. Here is abundant proof that if Nature is helped and not forced, she will make for us scenery which shall grow to more and more loveliness and character as the years pass.

III. — BELMONT.

Beyond Fresh Pond the road from Cambridge to Waverley ascends a gentle swell of smoothly surfaced upland, enters the shade of arching Elms, and presently discloses on the right hand a green lawn of an extent that is uncommon near Boston. The ground has a beautiful form. It descends a little from the road towards a gentle hollow which holds a small pond, and thence it rises very gradually, and with many slight irregularities of slope, to the wood which bounds the scene at

the north, and to the house at the northwest. The western border of the open ground is a wood of native, deciduous trees through which the approach-road goes to the house. In many places the grass runs in between the surrounding groves, so that only the lower or eastern boundary of the lawn appears in the least degree formal or stiff. A few Hickories rise in the midst of the grass. They are quite in keeping with their surroundings; but this cannot be said for the group of White Pines, or the two or three Norway Spruces, or the big Larch encircled by old plants of Arbor Vitæ, which are the companions of the Hickories in the open ground. Our picture [not reproduced here], taken from a point near the little pond, shows only the upper half of the lawn and but one of these incongruous trees — the Spruce, which appears behind the two Hickories — in the foreground. This Norway is a fine specimen of its kind. Its lower limbs rest upon the ground on all sides; but it should never have been planted where it is, for its formal shape is quite the opposite of every shape around it, and attracts the eye to itself at once in a way which confuses the effect of the otherwise harmonious scene. The stiffly circular clump of Arbor Vitæ is a still more obtrusive object. Thoughtless planting like this has too often injured scenes which Nature made harmoniously beautiful, and to which Nature would gladly add more and more of character and beauty, if she were helped and not thwarted by man.

The house is approached through a wood of trees which arch overhead to form a handsome informal avenue within which the road curves very gently; but as the whole length of the road is visible at once from the beginning, it had better have been made straight. [See the accompanying plan.] At the house is a wide gravel space for the accommodation of waiting carriages, and here a junction is made with the service road, a branch of which leads to the stable. Thus all the necessary gravel spaces are provided at this one side of the house, so that the grass is free to sweep up to the very walls on two sides, — a point of great merit in the plan. The fourth, or north, side is occupied by a walled kitchen-court and a laundry-yard.

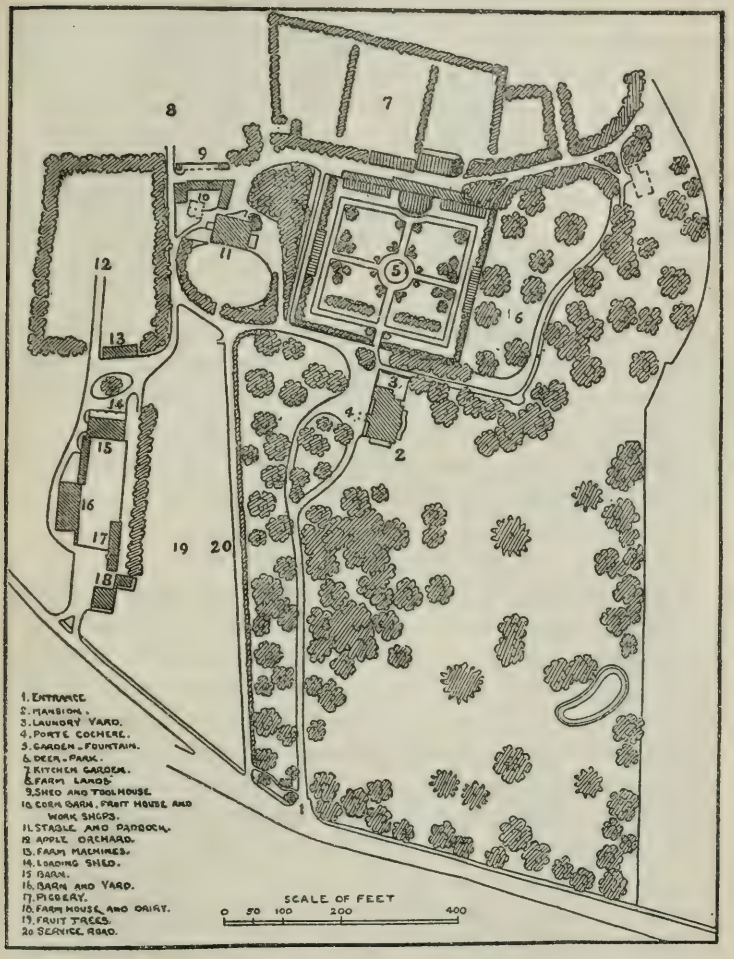
The house is a substantial structure of brick, with verandas built of stone. Its rooms command a view of the ten acres of lawn, on one hand, and of the interior of the wood, on the other. Over the tops of the trees at the foot of the lawn appears the shining dome of the State House on Beacon Hill, five miles away.

A broad walk leads eastward from the house to a point of view which commands Fresh Pond and the intervening diversified farms. Six Purple Beeches stand in a row beside this path near the house, but formality ceases at the view point, and the walk wanders off along the brink of the gentle eastward slope, passes among scattered Oaks of large size and around the small deer-park, and after sending off a branch to a knoll which offers a yet wider prospect over the Mystic River basin, returns to the rear of the garden. . . .

The garden behind the house is an enclosed square measuring 300 feet each way, level, and formally divided by broad gravel paths, as shown upon the plan. A conservatory and two long graperies, behind which are the potting-sheds and plant-houses, front upon the northern side of the garden, while two Peach-houses and many well-trained Pear-trees occupy the east and west walls. Most of the ground is smoothly grassed. There are two large masses of Rhododendrons mixed with similar shrubs; at the sides are long beds of perennials and foliage plants, and grouped upon the grass near the angles of the walks are specimens of such trees as the Flowering Magnolias, the Red-flowering Horse-chestnut, the Weeping Elm, the Swamp Cypress, the Ginkgo, the Oriental Spruce, the Swiss Stone Pine, and the Mountain Pine (P. Mughus). Such specimen plants are certainly quite in place in a formal garden intended to be decorative. They should, however, be chosen for their appropriateness, and grouped with due regard to the effect upon their neighbors. The Mountain Pine just mentioned is too roughly picturesque to appear in a garden like this where elegance is the end and aim.

A glance at the sketch plan will explain the arrangement of the numerous minor buildings and enclosures of the estate. The completeness of the equipment is remarkable. There

are buildings for all purposes, — they are not all named upon the plan, — and elaborate facilities for the growing of everything from the Parsnip and the Potato to the Chrysan-



The Cushing-Payson Place, Belmont.

themum and the Orchid. The land company which is now in possession has cut off the farm-lands, but offers the remaining parts for sale quite intact. These lands made a

country-seat, at least as long ago as 1800, when the owner was a brother of Commodore Preble. One of the daughters of the house married Mr. Nathaniel Amory, who became the next owner, and he sold the property to Mr. R. D. Shepherd, and he to Mr. J. P. Cushing. Mr. Cushing spent many thousand dollars every year upon the place, and made it, thirty-six years ago, the most famous seat near Boston. Mr. S. R. Payson, the last owner, maintained and increased this fame.

To-day the place possesses something of that priceless and poetic charm which so distinguishes the Gore Place and the Lyman Place; it is felt in the deer-park and among the Oaks, but the spell is not so potent, nor does it pervade the whole scene as at Waltham. To define the difference is a little difficult; but it is in part accounted for by the fact that a certain unavoidable suspicion of display attaches to this place, — to the great expanse of clipped lawn, the specimen trees, and the elaborate gardening. On the other hand, the gardening and the specimen planting are generally good in their way, and are placed where they belong, namely, in the garden, and not in the landscape.

IV. — CLERMONT.

New England, in the old days before the growing up of the great cities, possessed many towns in and near which dwelt people of polite cultivation and polished manners, whose sober, but often stately, mansions yet remain. In the seaboard towns especially, such as Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem, and New Bedford, still stand numerous examples of this appropriate urban architecture, substantial buildings, with light and some space about them, and sometimes a court-yard enclosed by a high wall in the English fashion. At Kittery, at New Bedford, and elsewhere, not to speak of numerous, but fast disappearing examples near Boston, mansions of this character may be seen standing well out of town in small parks of their own. It should be noted that the three old Bostonian country-seats, already described in this series of brief papers, have been chosen only because of their exhibiting more than usual breadth of landscape setting, combined with more than usual excellence of general design.

CLERMONT ON THE HUDSON

Passing now from New England to New York, from the region of small hills, ponds, and streams which surrounds Boston to the prospect-commanding banks of the broad Hudson, and again selecting ancient country-seats which excel in point of design, we come first to Montgomery Place, at Barrytown.

Barrytown is itself but a very small village, about ninety miles from New York and some fifty from Albany; and it is so surprising to find here an old seat of the first class, that this number of the series must be devoted to an explanation of the fact. The Hudson River naturally attracted settlers very early. The Dutch established a trading-post at Beaverwyck even before they built their fort at New Amsterdam; and here the Van Rensselaers held sway as Patroons during many years. After the English gained possession of the country, and renamed the chief towns New York and Albany, the river lands began to be parcelled out among such persons as applied for them, and could persuade the Indians to sell their hunting-grounds for coats, hatchets, or beads. Among others who thus obtained a manor was Robert Livingston, an immigrant of 1674, son of a clergyman who had been exiled to Holland for non-conformity. This gentleman married the widow of the Patroon, and was made lord of the manor of Livingston in 1685 by Governor Dongan, who granted him title to 150,000 acres with a frontage of about fifteen miles on the east bank of the Hudson River, opposite the Catskill Mountains. After a younger son of his, also named Robert, had distinguished himself by frustrating an Indian plot, he set off the southern part of his ample domain beside the river, and gave it to his son, making him lord of a new manor, which he named Clermont. The Clermont manor-house stands intact, its stout walls having survived the fire set by British raiders just before Burgoyne surrendered in 1777. It is approached by a long winding road, which descends from the highway through a wild woodland. Near the house the road divides to send a branch to the kitchen door and to the stable, and the main road ends with a turn placed most unfortunately between the house and the river. The house is a square building with two low wings, and stands on a natural

terrace within half a stone's throw of the low bluff which here makes the river's shore. Immediately behind it rises a bank of forest trees, the edge of Clermont Woods, and before it, in an irregular row on the brink of the bluff, stand a dozen huge Locust-trees, doubtless the ancestors of many others which adorn the numerous Livingston properties along the river. One of these great trunks measures six yards in circumference, and shows to this day the marks of British cannon-shot.

From Clermont a short walk southward through an avenue of tall and crowded Locusts brings one to another and more elaborate mansion, situated upon the same natural terrace, backed by the same hanging woods, and commanding the same view of the river and the Catskills. This house was built by that Robert R. Livingston who was a delegate from New York to the Congress of 1776, and became first Chancellor of the State of New York, Minister to France, and a patron of Robert Fulton. The ground plan of his house is in the form of an H. The central hall in the middle of the H is entered from either court; and a long corridor, which looks on the river court, and is hung with family portraits, connects the drawing-room in one wing with the dining-room in the other. The external walls of the house are white, the great rooms in the low wings have long windows opening nearly to the ground, and the two stories of the central block are crowned by an elaborate white railing. Across the ends of the wings and the river court extends a platform at which carriages may draw up, and a carriage-road makes a rectangle about the whole house. A more interesting example of domestic architecture in the formal style does not exist in America. Its owners, men who were conspicuous in the political struggles of the young Republic, were often compelled to make the long journey to New York; but they always returned to Clermont as to their one permanent home, — so strong, even after manorial privileges had been abandoned, was their old English liking for country life and country leisure. Montgomery Place, at Barrytown, was an offshoot of these manorial seats at Clermont. Like several other old seats upon the Hudson, it would never have been

created had not Governor Dongan and his superiors in England attempted to plant in America the English manorial system.

V. — MONTGOMERY PLACE.

Janet Livingston, a sister of the Chancellor, grew up in the quiet elegance of Clermont; but after her gallant young husband, General Richard Montgomery, was killed at Quebec, she chose and purchased for her home a tract of three hundred acres lying upon the river by the mouth of the Saw Kill and a few miles south of the southern limits of Clermont Manor. Here, with the help of plans which are said to have been sent from Ireland by Montgomery's sister, a Lady Ranelagh, a mansion remarkable for its simple but elegant architecture was built, and the new seat was named Montgomery Place. Here in later years the eminent jurist, Edward Livingston, was wont to retire from the cares of office to enjoy the beauties of nature.

Approaching the estate to-day from Rhinebeck or from Red Hook, the way lies through a charming farming country crossed by numerous lane-like roads and by the one highway which leads to Albany. The approach to the house at Montgomery Place parts from the high-road at right angles, and leads, at first straight, toward the river through an avenue of noble trees of various sorts, planted in rows, yet not in pairs. Indeed, not only is there no precise symmetry, but a giant Locust may here be seen standing opposite a Linden, or a great Horse-chestnut opposite a Beech; and in one place, where the road is carried on a stone-walled causeway over a little gully, great Willows throw large limbs across the vista. Beyond the rows of trees, on either hand, lie gently undulating pasture-lands, bounded in the distance by woods. Drawing nearer now to the house, the straight avenue ends just as the roadway passes through a tall hedge into the inner park. Here is a wood of fine forest trees standing well apart, and, as the road curves gently to the right between the trees, a little valley on the left begins to fall away quite rapidly toward the Hudson. The sides of this valley are richly wooded, and serve to frame a first glimpse of the river,

where it is disclosed by the broadening of the valley's mouth. As the road swings still farther to the right, the house comes into view ahead, and branch roads lead on the left to the stable, and to the kitchen-yard, which is concealed by shrubbery and by being sunk to the basement level at the southern end of the house. The main road ends with an ample turn, placed symmetrically before the semicircular portico which marks the entrance. The guest of the house who turns here looks eastward back toward the Albany road across a gently rising lawn bounded, on one hand, by the same dense wood which he before saw limiting the northern pasture, and, on the other, by the more open groves through which he has just travelled. Formerly this sheltered open ground contained the flower garden and an elaborate conservatory; and, on the gentle rise behind this structure, a considerable arboretum once existed, where now only a few scattered specimens are to be seen; but from the point of view of design and general effect the substitution of the existing simple but well-framed lawn in place of the old garden and conservatory is by no means to be regretted. The entrance front of the house, as it now appears, when viewed from the site of the conservatory, may be seen in the accompanying picture; but though the building and the great Locusts near the porch are well shown, the picture gives no hint of the blue distance of hills and mountains which in reality appears through the tree-trunks just north of the house.

If, tempted by this glimpse of distance, the visitor turns the corner of the building and steps into the round-arched pavilion which is attached to the north side of the house, the whole broad panorama of the river and the Catskills is spread before him to the westward; but even here the wide prospect is broken into scenes and framed by the solid piers and arches of the pavilion itself, and by the trunks and branches of great trees, chiefly Locusts, standing on the brink of the irregular grassy slope which falls steeply to a narrow wood on the bluff at the river's edge. "To attempt to describe the scenery which bewitches the eye as it wanders over the wide expanse to the west from this pavilion would be an idle effort," wrote Mr. Downing in 1847. "As a foreground, imagine a large

MONTGOMERY PLACE ON THE HUDSON

lawn waving in undulations of soft verdure, varied with fine groups, and margined with rich belts of foliage. Its base is washed by the river, which is here a broad sheet of water, lying like a long lake beneath the eye. . . . On the opposite shores, more than a mile distant, is seen a rich mingling of woods and corn-fields. But the crowning glory of the landscape is the background of mountains. The Kaatskills, as seen from this part of the Hudson, are, it seems to us, more beautiful than any mountain scenery in the Middle States. It is not merely that their outline is bold, and that the summit of Roundtop, rising three thousand feet above the surrounding country, gives an air of more grandeur than is usually seen even in the Highlands; but it is the color which renders the Kaatskills so captivating a feature in the landscape here. . . . Morning and noon the shade only varies from softer to deeper blue. But the hour of sunset is the magical time for the fantasies of the color-genii of these mountains. Seen at this period, from the terrace of the pavilion of Montgomery Place, the eye is filled with wonder at the various dyes that bathe the receding hills — the most distant of which are twenty or thirty miles away. . . . It is a spectacle of rare beauty, and he who loves tones of color, soft and dreamy as one of the mystical airs of a German maestro, should see the sunset fade into twilight from the seats on this part of the Hudson."

Mr. Downing did well to sing the praises of the Catskill sunsets, and he might have added that this favored pavilion of Montgomery Place spreads its prospects before the visitor to the delightful accompaniment of the music of waterfalls sounding from the depths of the wood near by. Upon entering this wood it is seen to occupy a large and long valley curiously broken into lesser ravines and hollows. Numerous paths lead through the dark shadows of the wood to all the finest parts, and to the falls, — one of them forty feet high — by which the Saw Kill plunges down to join the Hudson. Here are wildness and extreme picturesqueness in sharp contrast with the stately breadth and quietness of the lawns and groves about the house, and the majestic panorama of the river. Well may Mr. Downing have called Montgomery Place sec-

ond to no seat in America for its combination of attractions; and it may be added that its makers and owners — all of them Livingstons, or close connections of the family — have been second to none in the taste and skill which took advantage of glorious opportunities, and in the care which has preserved the essential features of the original design until this day.

VI. — HYDE PARK.

In the days of the Revolution, Dr. Samuel Bard was a leading physician of New York. He was a decided Tory in feeling, yet he was a friend of Washington, and when the war was over, instead of migrating, he retired to a country-house by the Hudson. He purchased his lands of the famous "nine partners," and named his seat in honor of Sir Edward Hyde, one of the Colonial governors of New York.

Hyde Park is to-day the name of a station on the Hudson River Railroad, the first stop above Poughkeepsie. The traveller who alights here looks in vain for any village, and after following the one road a little way, he finds himself beside a foaming waterfall, and sees beyond the stream a widespread and apparently unoccupied country-side, composed of woods, grass-lands, hills, and vales, which he rightly conjectures to be Hyde Park proper. If the public road be followed as it winds up the valley to its junction with the old Albany post-road at Hyde Park Corner, and then the post-road be taken northward, the main gate of the park will be reached; but the park may also be entered from the river-side below the waterfall in Crown Elbow Creek. A bridge, which leads to a landing on the bank of the Hudson, here spans the creek, and a narrow road enters the park in very modest fashion just beyond the bridge. Beginning at this gate, a belt of woodland stretches northward for perhaps a mile along the bank of the river, occupying the summits of the little crags and knolls which here make the rocky shore, and enclosing many charming bits of rocky woodland scenery. Parallel with the river, and just east of the wood, lies a gently hollowed valley of smooth grass-land, beautifully fringed by the waving edge of the dense wood, on the one hand, and on the

other rising with concave lines to meet the sharply ascending curves of a high, steep, and grassy bank, which, with the great trees near its summit, bounds the scene on the east.

The little road which enters by the bridge commands one or two views of this bank and the long, green glade at its foot, and then it turns to follow the windings of the stream which comes dashing down over rough ledges and under shadowy Hemlocks on the right. The valley narrows until there is only just room enough for the stream and the road; and here a footpath breaks off to the left, and taking a rapidly rising open ridge, plainly indicates its intention to gain the summit of the high bank with the great trees which was lately in view. The road continues up the winding glen, passing by several pretty waterfalls; and, by and by, where the valley broadens and the stream is held back by a low dam, it joins the main approach-road, which here bridges the creek on its way from the Albany highway to the house. The united roads next ascend by one easy zigzag to a broad plateau of grass-land, set with numerous and variously grouped and scattered trees of noble age and stature, between the trunks of which the house soon appears in the distance. This level ground is both wide and long, and its strikingly simple, open, and stately effect is greatly heightened by the fact that from every part of it is visible in the west, beyond and behind all the massive tree-trunks, an indefinite expanse of blue distance. (See the accompanying illustration). When the house is reached, by the road just described, or by the footpath before mentioned, it is seen to stand close to the brink of the plateau; in other words, upon the verge of the irregular, mile-long grassy bank the visitor saw first from below. The descent of this bank is sudden, and some of the largest trees upon it — chiefly Chestnuts and Oaks — lean outward from the bank, and most of them grip the ground with a vigor befitting veterans that have long wrestled with the gales.

The view from the bank near the house embraces perhaps ten miles up and down the mighty river, with the varied opposite bank, and the wooded promontories near Staatsburg, and, in the far distance, the blue ridges of the high-

lands below Newburgh, the dark outlines of the Shawangunks in the west, and the pale summits of the Catskills in the north. Foreground, middle distance, and distance are presented here with sharp definition. This is a scene not surpassed on the upper Hudson, unless the better composition of the river view from Ellerslie should place that wonderful picture first.

As the illustration shows, the house at Hyde Park is of a somewhat stiff and cold type; but it is simple and dignified, and in this respect is well fitted to its imposing site. Its south and west sides meet the grass of the park, its east side is the entrance front, and to its northeast corner is attached an ample kitchen and laundry yard, reached by a special road from the Albany highway, which, abreast of the house, has gained the level of the upland. The stables stand apart a little to the north, and the greenhouses, with an enclosed garden attached to them, lie in a similar position on the plateau to the south. Both are entirely surrounded by the open groves of the park.

According to Mr. Downing, André Parmentier of Long Island — the first landscape architect who practised in America — arranged the roads, buildings, and plantations of the estate, under the patronage of Dr. Hosack, who succeeded Dr. Bard as proprietor. No man ever undertook a more responsible service in the realm of taste applied to landscape, nor one in which it would have been easier to fail by spoiling what Nature had so magnificently provided. What a contrast is his work to the usual practice of the modern amateur, who, being a cultivated gentleman, considers himself quite able to lay out his own place. With the help of a jobbing gardener, he too often first despoils the natural scene of much that makes its character and beauty, for the sake of introducing supposedly decorative elements, such as strange trees and the short-lived brilliancy of flower beds. Montgomery Place and Hyde Park should teach us better. The soft and tranquil beauty of the gentle landscape of the first named, and the broad stateliness of the upland scenery of the second, must impress all sensitive minds, as no splendor of embellishment can. Decorative gardening, as it is often introduced in mod-

HYDE PARK ON THE HUDSON

ern country-seats, — that is, in patches scattered here and there, — would at once kill the effectiveness of these old seats. Their power over the mind and heart consists chiefly in the unity of the impression which they make. Their scenery is artificial in the sense that Nature, working alone, would never have produced it; but the art which has here "mended nature," to use Shakespeare's phrase, has worked with Nature and not against her. It has, by judicious thinning, helped Nature to grow great trees; it has spread wide carpets of green where Nature hinted she was willing grass should grow; it has in one place induced a screen of foliage to grow thickly, and in another place it has disclosed a hidden vision of blue distance; and so, while it has adapted Nature's landscape to human use, it has also, as it were, concentrated and intensified the expression of each scene. "Almost all natural landscapes are redundant sources of more or less confused beauty, out of which the human instinct of invention can by just choice arrange, not a better treasure, but one infinitely more fitted to human sight and emotion, infinitely narrower, infinitely less lovely in detail, but having this great virtue, that there shall be nothing which does not contribute to the effect of the whole." Montgomery Place and Hyde Park on the Hudson may serve as illustrations of these good words of Mr. Ruskin.

Two other excellencies of these old seats remain to be mentioned, so that they may perhaps be imitated. First, the roads and paths, instead of displaying themselves and their curves as if they were the chief elements of beauty in park scenery, are rightly made subordinate and inconspicuous, as befits the mere instruments of convenience they really are. When they run straight across level country they are shaded by trees in rows; when they curve, as they do only for good reason, formality of planting instantly stops. They lead to their objective points with directness and without superfluous flourish. Secondly, the makers of these old seats were wise in their generation in that they chose sites for their houses where ample space was obtainable, and where fine trees already existed. Prevailing custom places fine houses on lots of land much too small for them, and many a mansion, architecturally

excellent, is foredoomed to rise in some bare field where it must stand naked during many years. And yet, New England, not to speak of other parts of the country, abounds in accessible park-sites, crying to be occupied, where, if there is no such mighty river as the Hudson, there is great variety of lake, hill, and mountain scenery adorned by fine trees and woods.

CHAPTER XV

THE FUNCTION OF THE LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT

> It seems to be universally allowed that the habitation of man should be distinct from that of the cattle that graze around him. We see this principle acted upon from the palace to the cottage, which with its dwarf wall or garden pales, broken and enriched with the simple creepers of honeysuckle, ivy, etc., is an object pleasing to every eye as well as to that of the painter. . . . "What such rustic embellishments are to the cottage," says Sir Uvedale Price, "terraces, urns, vases, statues, and fountains are to the palace and palace-like mansion." — GILPIN.

CHARLES was always trying, both in public and in private, to explain and illustrate the objects of his profession, and its appropriate services to the community; and he was especially anxious to set forth the relations of the work of the landscape artist to that of the engineer, the architect, and the gardener. This chapter contains a selection from his writings on these subjects.

"WHEN TO EMPLOY THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER."

TO THE EDITOR OF "GARDEN AND FOREST:"

Sir, — May I add a postscript to your recent editorial? It is not long since the American public first began to give thought and money to securing well-designed houses. We had first to realize that our dwellings were not what they might be; and, secondly, to learn that if we would do better, we must ask the help of men specially trained to design happily and to build well. As respects the surroundings of our houses, even most of us who have employed architects are still in the first or unawakened stage. We simply have not perceived that our surroundings might be pleasanter or more in keeping with our abode. While we spend freely to fill the house with things of beauty, we probably leave the spaces round about it wholly bare, or if we attempt something better than nakedness, we do so without thought of general effect —

without regard to any such principles of design as guided the architect in his shaping of the house. Not until we come to see that the surroundings of the house as well as the house itself should be designed — that house, approaches, and surroundings should be planned together — shall we be likely to call upon the landscape-gardener.

February 6, 1889.

THE LANDSCAPE GARDENER.

Irresistible forces are drawing vast populations into the cities. Here, in the busy centres of the great towns, life is lived at high pressure — at such pressure that men are continually compelled to seek rest and refreshment, either in suburban home life, or in frequent flights to the country, the mountains, or the sea. It is to meet this want that millions of dollars are spent upon public country parks, and other millions upon country-seats and seaside-seats, summer hotels, and summer cottage neighborhoods; while, near the cities, the same want causes the region of detached and gardened houses to continually expand. This modern crowding into cities results in a counter invasion of the country; and it is just here that the special modern need of an art and profession of landscape gardening is first felt. How can we add roads, and many or large buildings, to natural landscape, without destroying the very thing in search of which we left the city? How shall we establish ourselves as conveniently as may be, and at the same time preserve all the charms of the scene we have chosen to dwell in? How may we rightly work to bring more and more beauty into that scene?

Questions like these are not easily answered, and many other problems arise equally difficult of solution. How shall we arrange the roads and buildings of a new suburb so as to make it a thoroughly pleasant place to live in? How shall we secure all possible convenience and beauty in the door-yards and gardens of a neighborhood? How shall the rail-road station-yard and the church-yard, the public school-yard and the public square, be made as pleasant as possible to look at, to linger in, or to play in? How shall the public park, to which many hundreds or thousands will resort at one time,

be so made and preserved as to be to all city dwellers a revelation of nature's beauty and peace?

Only special study and long observation will fit a man to solve successfully these problems of landscape gardening. Says Mr. Ruskin: "Art, properly so called, cannot be learned in spare moments nor pursued when we have nothing better to do. To advance it men's lives must be given, and to receive it, their hearts." To the art of preserving, enhancing, or creating out-of-doors beauty, whether natural or formal, the landscape gardener gives his days. One week will find him plotting the half-formal ways and plantings of a city square, and the next may see him working to bring out and to emphasize all the beauty a piece of park land can be induced to yield. One day he is designing a garden terrace for a stately country-seat; another day finds him suggesting ways of perfecting the charm of a rocky wilderness by the seashore, or the beauty of a meadow or pondside or woodside in the country; while a third day may be given to the planning of the plantations which are to make some ugly, windswept field a pleasant place. He shares with the architect the designing of homesteads — fits the part called the house to the surrounding parts, plans the necessary approaches, and works out such appropriate changes in the surrounding scene as trained taste and experience suggest. He plans, with care, the roadways and the footpaths by means of which the people shall enjoy their country park without harming it; he studies sites and surveys, preparatory to laying out new suburbs or new neighborhoods of summer cottages; he devises the surroundings of hotels, hospitals, and public buildings — everywhere endeavoring to supply every convenience of arrangement, and, at the same time, to preserve or to create as much as possible of beauty, be it picturesque or formal. [Garden and Forest, February 13, 1889.]

HORTICULTURE AND DESIGN IN THE SURROUNDINGS OF HOUSES.

The recent enormous increase in the variety of the products of the plant nursery has supplied the designer of house surroundings with much new material, but has not affected the

main principles of his art. Without counting fruit trees, an ordinary American nursery catalogue now offers for sale some five hundred sorts of trees and shrubs and an equal number of herbaceous perennials. The demand for nursery-grown plants — that is for plants trained to bear moving — is great and growing.

Possibly the time may come when thousands of trees will be wanted for timber plantations; but at present in America the first and foremost use for nursery-grown trees is the provision of shelter from cold wind, or hot sun, for men's houses and crops. Almost two thirds of our country must plant trees for this purpose, and Western nurserymen will be called upon to grow vast numbers of quick and hardy sorts. To shade and adorn streets trees must also be wanted. In the more or less arid West they are particularly needed, and there they will be planted even though irrigation must be introduced to support them. In moister climates trees which do not shade a road too darkly will prove best.

A second source of the demand upon the nurseryman is the desire for table fruits. In spite of adverse climates, black rot, and curculio, men will doubtless continue to grow apples, pears, peaches, and berries of ever better sorts and in ever larger quantities. In the West experiment must go on for many years, before the kinds best adapted to the various climates can be discovered and proved; and in the East the limit of improvement is by no means reached.

A third great source of the demand for plants springs neither from the need of shelter nor the desire for pleasant food, but from the love of plants as beautiful or curious objects. Beginning in this country with the introduction of Lombardy Poplars, Lilacs, a few Roses, and a few perennials, the desire for beautiful or striking plants has grown continuously and prodigiously, encouraging nurserymen to discover and grow trees, shrubs, and herbs from every temperate climate of the earth, and prompting them, as each new thing becomes in its turn common or well known, to offer some yet more striking novelty, derived perhaps from Asia or Japan, or else developed from a rare form of some old friend. Fine bloom has been most desired; accordingly sorts which pro-

duce striking flowers have been introduced from abroad in great numbers, and these have then been improved by zealous cultivators, until the parent species has come to seem commonplace. Fine flowering perennials are now offered in innumerable varieties, and the number of conspicuously blooming trees and shrubs exceeds one hundred. Remarkable foliage has also been sought out and developed. Fifty or more sorts of cut-leafed and colored-leafed trees and shrubs appear in the catalogues; many coniferous evergreens are grown for their colors; and the foliage plants of the herbaceous tribes number hundreds. Uncommon form or habit too has its admirers. The so-called weeping and fastigiate trees now number more than thirty, and some of these add fine bloom and pretty foliage to their more or less graceful or graceless shape.

I must leave the horticultural journals and the catalogues themselves to describe, as best they may, the marvellous wealth of beautiful forms and colors which a great plant nursery now contains. Progress in arboriculture and horticulture has become amazingly rapid; and if just now the growing of the familiar but handsome native trees, shrubs, and herbs is sadly neglected, this is the one regrettable tendency to be noted. I know it is often maintained that the growing of "dwarfs," "fastigiates," "weepers," and purple leafed and colored trees is itself a regrettable, not to say a shocking violation of good taste and of nature. It would seem, however, as if these critics of the nurserymen must be ignorant of the fact that all these so-called monstrous forms were somewhere originated by Nature herself, and that it is in the use which is made of them, and not in the art of propagating them, that the possibility of gross sin against good taste is to be found.

Turn now to the scenes which the treasures of the plant nursery are to shelter or adorn. Late years have witnessed great movements of city population to the suburbs and the country. An out-of-town house may be surrounded by something of that country quiet which the tired workers of the cities find so refreshing. It may, moreover, have light and air on all its sides. Once so-called rapid transit is provided, it

is no wonder that thousands make their homes in the suburbs; and it is equally natural that those who can afford it should spend the hot summers in the open country or by the sea. To the architect the country house and the suburban house present problems very different from those he is called upon to grapple with in the city. Out of town he meets with endlessly differing conditions of situation, of exposure, of prospect, and of aspect; and he finds almost unlimited opportunities for the exercise of ingenuity and taste. That American citizens and architects are taking advantage of these opportunities does not need to be said. One well-designed house built in a given neighborhood becomes the forerunner of a dozen others. Such a new birth of interest in architecture and in the principles of architectural design as has been witnessed in America in the last few years, the world has seen only once or twice before.

The out-of-town house has more or less land about it, — land which the city man buys presumably not only in order to keep other houses at a distance, but also for the purpose of providing something pleasant for his eyes to look upon. This ground about the house, whatever be its character or area, must necessarily be more or less altered from its natural state as soon as the house is set upon it. At the very least, its undulations must be brought to meet the rigid ground line of the architectural structure, and its surface must be crossed by the path to the house door. Generally the natural scene must undergo other and more considerable changes. Trees must be felled to make a way for the approach-road or to admit sunlight to the house; slopes must be cut into to allow the road to pass along them and hollows filled so as to remove standing waters; grounds must be made smooth for the growing of fruits and vegetables, and so forth.

If, now, a man desires that his surroundings, after suffering these necessary changes from their natural state, should be, like his house, convenient and at the same time beautiful as possible, he has upon his hands, whether he knows it or not, a problem of very considerable difficulty. When his house is finished, his house scene is by no means complete; and unless his house has been designed as a part of the house scene, —

that is, with careful reference to the parts surrounding it, — the final effect is almost sure to be disappointingly fragmentary and ineffective. Few architects and fewer house-owners yet realize this. Indeed, the ordinary practice is to design and build suburban and country houses without much thought of the surrounding scene, — often without consideration of so practical a matter as the grade of the way of approach. Commonly such necessary appendages as the laundry-yard and the carriage-turn are not thought of until the house is up; when it is likely that they cannot be so conveniently arranged as they might have been, had they been thought of earlier. As for the beauty of the house scene, although it is so generally desired, it is very seldom planned or arranged for. It seems commonly to be regarded as something to be added to the scene, after the house and roads or paths are built, — probably by making a lawn and inserting flower beds and specimen plants, no matter what may be the nature of the ground.

The growing appreciation of design in architecture must work a reform here in time; meanwhile it will be well to insist upon two fundamental facts, — first, that real beauty of scene is never derived from added decorations, but must spring directly from the shape and character of the scene itself; and secondly, that this true beauty can be attained only when the house and its appendages and its surroundings are studied and thought out together as one design — one composition.

Both the country-seat and the suburban lot may illustrate the truth of these propositions. A suburb is a district in which roads and houses dominate the landscape. In the typical case the ground is smooth and flat, the streets and boundaries straight, the separate ownerships by no means large. In such neighborhoods the architect's share in the making of the scene is so predominant that an error in the choice of the style of the house is almost necessarily fatal to the effect of the house scene. Where the surroundings are mostly formal, much irregularity either of building or of ground always seems out of place and affected; unless, indeed, nature has by chance supplied a site which by its steep slopes or its rockiness conquers the surrounding formality and compels to the picturesque. A many angled and many gabled

building on a smooth site in a straight-bounded enclosure is out of keeping; and so also, in the same situation, are a tangle of bushes and boulders, and a sharply curved approach-road. This does not mean that where the streets are curved, or for any reason a house door is easiest reached by a curved line, the curve must be forbidden and the path or road made straight; but it does mean the shunning of all purposeless curvature, such as is often to be seen in most suburbs. Awkward and breadth-destroying lines of approach are the rule in the suburbs, and the architect is often responsible for them; for he frequently places the house door in such a position that the path or road leading to it must necessarily cut the ground before the house into lamentably small pieces, and he does this, too, when a little thought might perhaps have brought about that happiest of all arrangements, in which a stretch of grass as long or longer than the building is brought without a break up to the house wall itself. No subsequent planting can obliterate mistakes in these controlling elements of the suburban house scene, — the house and the approach; and no planting can accomplish what it otherwise might, if by reason of unmindfulness of the effect of the house scene as a whole, the framework of the scene is wrongly put together.

It is seldom that a suburban lot, after the house and approaches are built, retains much of its former vegetation. A few large trees may survive the necessary gradings, but the natural ground covering is generally killed out. On the completion of the grading grass is sown, and from the resulting sheet of green the house walls and the boundary walls or fences rise abruptly. It is exceedingly surprising to see, as one may everywhere, well-designed houses, adorned within with much rich ornament and probably inhabited by people who appreciate art and nature, standing thus naked in naked enclosures. The contrast between a handsome building and bare surroundings is sufficiently obvious in summer, but in winter, in this New England climate, it becomes positively startling; so that it is difficult to understand how educated people can fail to be impressed by it, and how they can longer refuse to comprehend that the house and the house grounds should be treated in the same spirit.

From another point of view this miserable nakedness is equally surprising. Here in the suburbs is an opportunity for adding to all the usual advantages and ornaments of city life the new and delightful pleasantness of verdure, fragrance, and bloom. As a matter of fact, it is an appreciation of this opportunity that causes the first plantings in most suburban grounds. Trees and shrubs, selected for their profuse flowering or their striking habit, are set out here and there, and brilliant beds of flowers are perhaps added. Desire for ornament of this sort, like some other desires, grows by what it feeds on, and causes the pressing demand on the nurseryman for plants of the marked appearance of which I spoke before. The effect upon house grounds resulting from planting undertaken in this spirit is everywhere to be seen, and is generally unfortunate. Specimens of many sorts planted promiscuously on a lawn compose an interesting though ill-arranged museum, but not an appropriate setting for a house. They wholly destroy all that breadth of effect which it is so difficult but so important to preserve in small grounds; if they grow large they interfere with the prospect and the aspect of the house, and whatever their size, they give the scene the appearance of having been adorned to make a show, and remind one of the saying of the Greek sculptor, who charged his pupil with having richly ornamented a statue, because he knew not how to make it beautiful.

An ambition to possess a collection of handsome, curious, and rare plants, like the similar passions for shells, or minerals, or precious stones, is entirely praiseworthy and honorable, and may well be indulged *ad libitum*, provided a place can be set apart and fittingly arranged for the purpose, as cabinets are prepared indoors for collections of curios of all sorts. Out of doors, a flower garden is such a cabinet, and there is no reason that tree and shrub gardens should not be similarly arranged by those who desire to grow many striking sorts. In formal and highly decorated pleasure grounds specimen trees are already used in this way, and with good effect. Before stately buildings and in connection with terraces and formal avenues, appropriate specimens are always in keeping; but in New England house scenes, not especially

arranged to receive them, they destroy the last hope of good general effect.

With what object, then, should the planting of the suburban house ground be planned?

I answer, with the object of helping the building and the other controlling parts of the scene to form an appropriate and pleasing whole. In the very smallest front yards one thing, which should seldom or never be omitted, can be accomplished just as well as it can be in grounds of larger area — that is the connecting of the house walls with the ground by means of some sort of massing of verdure. Shrubs planted near the base of the house wall remove at once all appearance of isolation and nakedness, and nothing can help a building more than this. There, if nowhere else, some evergreens should be used; and it is fortunate that in a climate in which hardy evergreens are few, the stiff sorts like the Box, the Arbor Vitæs, and the Junipers are all entirely appropriate in close connection with a building. The more irregular the structure, the more varied in detail may be these wall plantings, but if the house is of formal design, a hedge-like row of bushes may be best. The older houses in many New England villages often have bushes set thus along their walls; and at the Longfellow mansion in Cambridge the same purpose is accomplished by a low terrace balustrade, half covered by creepers.

In grounds a little larger than the smallest, the securing of some breadth of effect by means of grass should be attended to next after the wall plantings. If there is space enough to get this openness, and at the same time to have some bushes near the street line as well as next the house, so much the better. Plant nothing which will grow to a size disproportionate to the scene. Large trees on small lots are not only inappropriate, but they shade the ground excessively and make it difficult to grow the indispensable ground-covering of shrubs. Maintaining sufficient openness, plant shrubs against the naked fences, or grow climbers on them if space does not permit of anything more. In larger grounds give the house a setting or background of appropriate trees. Where, as in New England, climate keeps deciduous plants leafless half the

year, plant for effect in winter as carefully as for the summer; use all possible broad-leafed evergreens and all the cheerful fruit-bearing and colored stemmed shrubs, and for summer add various sorts of foliage and bloom, but keep the whole scene to its own appropriate style, admitting brilliant decoration only in detail, and conspicuous single objects only rarely, if at all. If many flowers are desired, they should be grown in a garden, or in formal beds close beside the formal building. The permanent scene can be helped only in its details by the temporary beauty of bulbs and herbs.

To appreciate that a house scene depends for real effectiveness upon its general design and not upon decoration, one need only look upon some such ground as that of the Longfellow place before mentioned, where the planting consists of two Elms supporting the sides of the house, creepers covering the balustrade at its base, and Lilacs flanking the balustrade and forming a hedge along the street wall. The open space of grass is well proportioned, and the whole scene is one which — in its formal, symmetrical style — is not surpassed for effectiveness in all New England. Suitable general design is just as effective in any other conceivable style.

Space forbids further dwelling upon the suburban lot, and I must close with a few words about the country-seat. All that has been said of the importance of care for the house scene on the part of the architect is just as applicable here as in the suburbs. Approach-roads may be rightly or wrongly placed, and much depends upon this. The house, if it stands in wild scenery, should either be made to harmonize with the scenery, or it should distinctly contrast with surrounding nature. In this latter case it should be given a setting of its own, divided by terrace, wall, or hedge from the scenery around. Within this setting the rarest and strangest specimens may be handsomely and fittingly displayed, even though the neighborhood be extremely wild and rough. On the other hand, if specimen planting generally works mischief in the suburbs, it is absolutely monstrous in a broader landscape. Small or large scenery can be "improved" by one method only: it may be induced to take on more and more of appropriate beauty and character. What Nature hints at she may

be led to express fully; and, if the genius of the place be continually consulted, there is no scene the natural beauties of which may not be heightened by landscape art. [Proceedings of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, March 23, 1889.]

The following letter was written to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rennselaer, whose writings in the public press on various topics connected with landscape art Charles found unusually discriminating and attractive.

3 Dec. '90.

I have just heard that you are writing on "Landscape Gardening and Architecture," and I write because I think you may perhaps like to think over certain notions of mine on your subject, which notions I proceed to lay before you — without ceremony: — you will treat them accordingly!

The scope and breadth of my profession is not often recognized — it is not comprehended even by architects, much less by the public.

As I understand it, all conscious arranging of visible things for man's convenience and for man's delight is architecture. "A great subject truly, for it embraces the consideration of the whole of the external surroundings of the life of man: we cannot escape from it if we would, for it means the moulding and altering to human needs of the very face of the earth itself." Morris.

The building of convenient and beautiful structures is thus but a part of the art of architecture. The arranging of these structures in streets, in neighborhoods, on sea-coasts, in the valleys of the hills, the careful adjustment of the structure to its site and its landscape, the devising of ways and roads so that they may be either impressive through order and formality, or charming through their subordination to natural conditions, the development of appropriate beauty in the surroundings of buildings, whether by adding terraces and avenues or by enhancing natural beauty — all this is, or ought to be, at least one half of the art and profession of architecture. This is the landscape architect's part: for the field is so wide that it can hardly be comprehended by one man, and two professions seem necessary, each approaching and helping the other.

Landscape gardening is that part of the landscape architect's labor which is directed to the development of formal or natural beauty by means of removing or setting out plants. As a matter of fact, I find it but a secondary part of the profession: the devising of general schemes which shall combine convenience with preserved, increased, or created beauty is the most important part of our work. I know that Mr. Olmsted would agree to this. Felling or planting is generally necessary to the completion of such schemes; but neither can ever cure the defects resulting from ill-considered fundamental arrangements.

Many architects have never conceived of their art in its real breadth and height. Many still build houses in the abstract, with little regard to site and aspect. Many set doors where the necessary approaches must greatly mar the foreground of the prospect — and so on. They "wash in" supporting foliage in their drawings, which they take no pains to secure in practice. They seldom conceive of the house and its surroundings as a whole — their education has fixed their attention too exclusively upon the structure alone.

On the other hand, the broader minded among them are the men who will lead the way to a better general appreciation of Mr. Olmsted's profession. As the value of design applied to structures comes to be understood, the appreciation of design applied to the inter-arrangement and the surroundings of structures must follow. The architects ought to be the chief missionaries of this cause.

In a letter written December 2, 1896, to Mrs. Mary C. Robbins, who had just contributed to "The Atlantic" an excellent article on the function of the landscape artist, but had confounded landscape architecture with landscape gardening, Charles said: —

Landscape architecture includes and covers landscape engineering, landscape gardening, and landscape forestry. A formal avenue or parkway is a work of landscape architecture; so is a well-designed picturesque park. The engineer and the gardener will each have his share in both pieces of work; but each must labor for the perfecting of the general design, if a successful result is to be achieved.

In some undated notes for an article or essay on American landscape architecture, Charles defines landscape architecture to be the art of arranging land and landscape for human use, convenience, and enjoyment; and then proceeds to indicate the conditions under which landscape is evolved. These conditions are first, geological or physiographical — mountains, narrow valleys, wide plains, river-banks, coasts, gaps, notches, cañons; secondly, climatal — arctic, temperate, tropical, wet, dry, windy, cyclonic; thirdly, vegetal, following climate — forests, prairies, arable and pasture lands, and deserts; and fourthly, human — effects of land tenures, building habits, social customs, and prevailing industries. For him, therefore, landscape architecture included the designing of a farmstead, plantation, or ranch, of a country-seat or seaside-seat, of a suburban colony, of the grounds about a railway station or a factory, of a city, or of city squares, playgrounds, parks, and parkways; and American landscape architecture would include all these arrangements of land for human use and enjoyment through a wide range of climate, and under a great variety of physiographical conditions.

CHAPTER XVI

SELECTED[1] LETTERS TO PRIVATE OWNERS, TRUSTEES, OR CORPORATIONS

> To range the shrubs and small trees so that they may mutually set off the beauties and conceal the blemishes of each — to aim at no effects which depend on nicety for success and which the soil, the exposure, or the season may destroy — to attend more to the groups than to the individuals — and to consider the whole as a plantation, not as a collection of plants, are the best general rules that can be given. — WHATELY.

A PLANTING-PLAN FOR HOUSE GROUNDS. — The planting-plan described in the next two letters was made for an area about 600 feet square, on which stood a large house and a stable. About sixty kinds of trees and shrubs were used in the design, all of them being native or thoroughly domesticated varieties. They yielded a delightful succession of bloom and fruitage, and a pleasing variety of foliage; and they were expected to require much less care and annual expenditure than the beds of exotics, which at that time were commonly used for the decoration of house grounds. These plantations were all successful, and have been and are much enjoyed by the family. The accompanying photographic illustrations represent in an imperfect way some of their present (1901) aspects. The accompanying plan is a reduced copy of Charles's design for the shrubberies, the original having been all made by his own hand.

Prior to the plantings of 1889 there was little or no grass on these grounds. The surface was covered with Alders, Catbriars, wild Cherries, Tupelos, and Maple coppice with a liberal admixture of stones and rocks. There were, however, a few large Oaks. Round each Maple stump stood from four to eight sprouts twelve or fifteen feet high. These unsightly

[1] The selection of letters is perforce a limited one. As a rule, many letters were written concerning each undertaking; from such a series only one or two can ordinarily be given. It has been necessary to choose among many pieces of work a few which seemed to be types, or which represented the variety of a landscape architect's labors.

KEY TO THE PLAN OPPOSITE

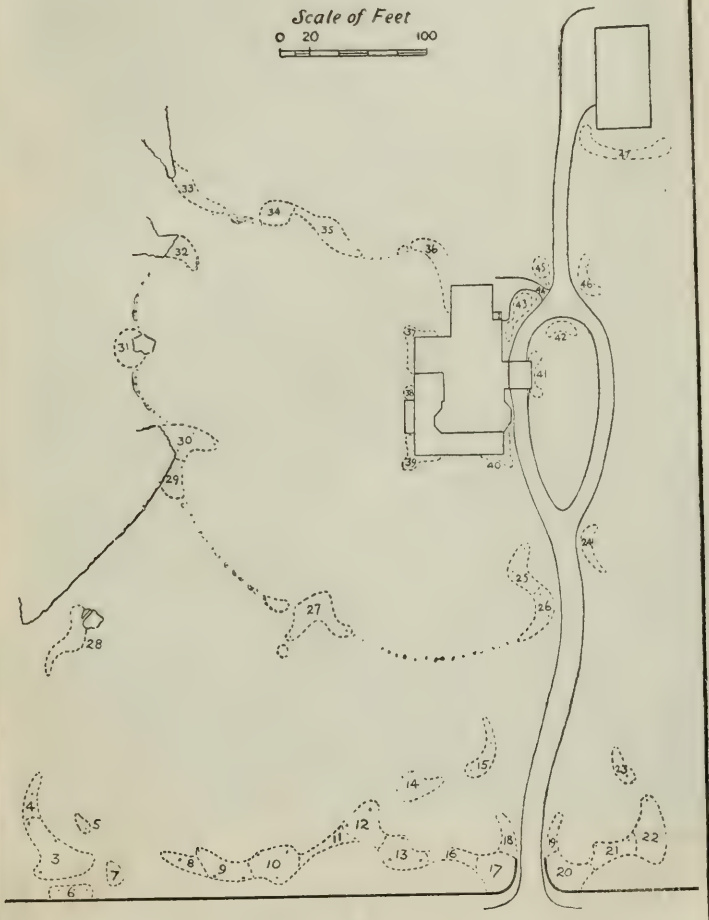
1. Pinus sylvestris 5. Betula alba 2. Caragana. Cornus.
2. [Populus Bolleana 3.] Cornus. Corylus. Sambucus aurea.
3. [Pinus Strobus 3.] Pinus sylvestris 10. Pinus Mugho 2. Tsuga 10. Caragana. Cotoneaster. Colutea. Cornus. Salix. Ligustrum.
4. Betula alba 1. Pinus Mugho 3. Berberis. Eleagnus.
5. Betula alba 1. Forsythia.
6. [Populus Bolleana 3.] Colutea. Forsythia.
7. Pinus Mugho 3. Cornus Mas. Cornus.
8. Ligustrum. Cydonia. Calycanthus. Berberis purpurea.
9. [Tsuga 3.] Tsuga 15. Kalmia 10. Ligustrum. Forsythia. Rhus.
10. [Pinus Strobus 3.] Pinus Mugho 2. Pinus Sylvestris 10. Tsuga 10. Ligustrum. Salix. Chionanthus. Calycanthus.
11. Spiræa van Houttei. Rhus. Berberis.
12. [Pinus Austriaca 3.] Pinus Sylvestris 10. Rhododendron 10. Ligustrum. Chionanthus. Cornus. Calycanthus.
13. [Picea alba 3]. Tsuga 15. Cotoneaster. Cornus Mas. Caragana. Halesia.
14. [Cratægus coccinea.] Corylus. Hamamelis. Forsythia.
15. [Liriodendron 3.] Kalmia 10. Chionanthus. Azalea. Calycanthus.
16. Berberis. Berberis purpurea. Colutea.
17. Salix. Ligustrum. Forsythia.
18. Leucothoë 20. Euonymus 10.
19. Mahonia 20. Euonymus 10.
20. Salix. Cotoneaster. Forsythia.
21. Ligustrum. Hamamelis. Chionanthus. Spiræa sorbifolia.
22. Sambucus. Sambucus aurea. Rhus. Rhus typhina.
23. Hamamelis. Corylus. Cydonia.
24. Cotoneaster. Cydonia. Spiræa Thunbergii.
25. Ligustrum. Berberis. Ribes. Spiræa Thunbergii. [Sophora 2.]
26. Pyrus aucuparia. Spiræa sorbifolia. Zanthoceras. [Koelreuteria 2.]
27. Cratægus. Cratægus pyracantha. Ligustrum. Berberis. Eleagnus. Berberis purpurea. Colutea. Rhus.
28. Tsuga 5. Betula. Cornus. Rhus.
29. Kalmia 10. Azalea.
30. Tsuga 5. Rhododendron 10. Cornus florida. Cercis.
31. Tsuga 5. Betula. Cornus. Forsythia.
32. Cotoneaster. Berberis. Berberis purpurea. Eleagnus.
33. [Cornus florida.] Caragana. Colutea. Calycanthus.
34. [Prunus Pissardi.] Prunus. Ligustrum. Forsythia.
35. Ligustrum. Cornus. Cornus Mas. Caragana. Berberis.
36. [Populus Bolleana 3.] Salix. Cornus. Thuja Wareana 10.
37. Thuja Wareana 3. Thuja pyramidalis 2. Thuja Hoveyi 5. Berberis purpurea 5. Forsythia 5. Deutzia gracilis 10.
38. Thuja Wareana 1. Kerria Japonica 5.
39. Thuja Wareana 1. Rhodotypos 5. Thuja pyramidalis 2. Thuja Hoveyi 5. Berberis purpurea. Berberis Thunbergii. Spiræa Thunbergii. Aralia spinosa.
40. Thuja pyramidalis 1. Buxus 5. Mahonia. Spiræa Thunbergii. Cydonia. Aralia.
41. Rhododendron. Kalmia. Azalea.
42. Kerria. Spiraea van Houttei. Spiræa Thunbergii.
43. Thuja Wareana, pyramidalis, and Hoveyi. Tsuga. Buxus. Cornus.
44. Berberis Thunbergii 2.
45. Caragana. Berberis.
46. Berberis. Berberis Thunbergii.
47. Picea excelsa. Populus Bolleana. Salix. Cornus. Caragana.

[Plots 1 and 2 are not on the accompanying plan: they lay to the left of 3 and 6.]

PLANTING-PLAN FOR

THOMAS M. STETSON, ESQ.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., 1889



rings were reduced gradually, that is in three or four years, to one surviving stem. The soil was fairly good, for additional loam was carted in to perfect grades, and take the place of stones and rocks removed. On the whole, the present aspect of the estate, though apparently natural in the best sense, is really the result of artistic design in the beginning, and intelligent maintenance for twelve years.

21 Feb. '89.

I send a planting-plan [for shrubs] and a price list. The dotted lines outline the proposed shrubberies — the ground within the lines is to be made ready. The black dots show some of the trees of my tree-plan, the crossed dots [not legible on the reduced plan] denote such of the trees as are evergreen. In the list upon the plan these trees are named in brackets. The evergreens in the list are underlined.

I keep the shrubs back from the street wall because you have plenty of room, and they will look so much better from the street. The plantations are arranged to make a pleasing rather than a very picturesque or striking scene, and the plants are chosen accordingly. The small trees are mostly fine flowering sorts. The large shrubs are mostly for foliage. Among them the Privets (Ligustrum) and the Coloneasters are partly evergreen. I can get Laurels (Kalmia) dug from the woods for $3.50 per hundred, and Rhododendrons for $4, and I should much like to try to use them. It would be an experiment — they are not easy plants to handle — shall we try it? You could not possibly wish for better evergreen shelter than they furnish, where they succeed.

The smaller shrubs are mostly for bloom and fine foliage, and they will go in the fronts of the shrubberies. They are not always mentioned in the plan list — neither are the "small trees" — they will be planted as seems best after the main masses are set out.

The Pines and Hemlocks are for shelter and screening. They will generally occupy the centres of the masses near the coniferous trees of last year's tree-plan. They are intended to be removed as may seem best after a few years.

About the terrace walls the plantations are to be low, with an occasional upright shaft of green. Something is needed

MR. THOMAS M. STETSON'S ESTATE AT NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

View of the avenue (1901) approaching the Porte Cochère

MR. STETSON'S ESTATE AT NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

The entrance from the highway

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE WALLED ENTRANCE FROM THE HIGHWAY

MR. STETSON'S ESTATE AT NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

A view of the plantations near the house (1889–1901)

here to connect the house with the ground. The somewhat formal Thujas and the Tree Box are quite in place in such situations.

I shall answer any inquiries you may wish to make and hear any suggestions — both with pleasure. The prices I quote are for small plants — only such can be obtained at such low figures — but shrubs grow fast. The lists in Scott's "Suburban Grounds" and Long's "Ornamental Gardening" contain some information about shrubs. I am sorry I can name nothing better.

25 Feb. '89.

I answer your questions in order.

The dotted line indicates a proposed limit of the cut lawn. The plantations are arranged in part to make this right. It is usually an awkward line — we must not allow it to be.

The planting-spaces should be dug precisely as you describe. I will come down and stick in the outline sticks if you say so. I should probably modify the lines a little if I were upon the actual ground.

Decidedly you want climbers on the wall. I put fifty on the list, but did not name them in detail. I do name them on the new list I send to-night.

We can manage the planting very easily, I think, without any more detailed plan. It will cost you less to have me on the ground for a day or so than to get a detailed plan. I propose that the plants be ordered of the men whose names appear on my list — the conifers from Hooper, who makes a specialty of such things — and so on. Of the four nurseries I would call upon, three are beyond New York (that is, all but Temple). Might not these men express their three boxes to the New Bedford steamer in New York?

If you can prepare the ground, the planting will not take long, and you had best order the whole list. The dug beds will not be kept weeded permanently. The Periwinkle is intended to cover the ground under the shrubs in those masses and groups which are near the drive and about the house. It is a great addition to the appearance of such groups.

Another plant — the fragrant Sumac — is intended for a like purpose — the connecting of tall masses with the grass.

The purposes of all the list of smaller shrubs it would take too long to tell. The Angelicas are to rise through the Japan Barberries near the house — the Sumacs through the Elders — the silver Thorn is to set off the purple Barberry — the formal Arbor Vitæs are to stand with the house walls — so is the Box — and so on.

The sooner I can have authority to order the plants, the better. First come first served in Nurseries!

I hope the list is decipherable this time!

An Improvement of Station Grounds. — An Improvement Society, which had been formed in Beverly, Mass., interested itself in improving the unkempt grounds about the North Beverly Station of the unsympathetic Railway Company; and a member of the executive committee, charged with that part of their undertakings, sought Charles's advice. He described the work to be done in the following letter, the first of a series, for many difficulties arose in getting the plan executed by the three bodies concerned: —

14 Feb. '90.

My dear Mrs. ——, — I have visited North Beverly, and am now prepared to recommend the following order of procedure in improving the Station grounds: —

1. The whole area should be ploughed. 2. The roads should be staked out, and the stakes marked to show the finished grades. 3. The loam now lying in the proposed roadways should be moved to the proposed plots and spread there in accordance with the stakes. 4. The proposed roadways should then be filled up to grade with coarse material and finished off with binding gravel. 5. The few shrubs which the lawns will require should be planted. 6. The Town should complete the work by constructing the sidewalks near the street-railway track, and placing proper quarter-circle curbstones at the entrances to the Station ground from the main road.

This work could be done very cheaply by the railroad if it were equipped, as it ought to be, with a special gang of men used to such work. As things are, I suppose the most economical way of accomplishing the object will be by dividing the labor something as follows: —

The ploughing, staking, and removing of loam from the roadways, together with the finishing touches of grass-sowing and shrub-planting to be undertaken by the Improvement Society, or other local forces.

The hauling, delivering, and spreading of material to fill the roadways to be undertaken by the railroad, which can command a gravel train with ease.

If the work were divided in this manner, I think $250 would pay the Society's part of it. The material and road gravel to be delivered by the railroad would amount to about 600 cubic yards.

The western proposed grass-patch lies beyond the stone bounds, and so I suppose belongs to the Town. If the Society should leave this to be graded by the Town, it would save money.

The gravel-bank across the tracks from the Station can easily be covered with loam by the railroad. Nobody else can get at it. It is not included in what I have written above. Neither are the sidewalks mentioned under No. 6, which should be built by the Town.

Much of the ground is at present too low. This must account for the considerable amount of filling I propose.

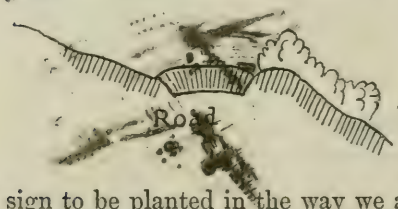
Charles's suggestions could not be carried out completely; but through the persistence of the agent of the Improvement Society enough was done to make the station grounds tidy and pleasing. The careful arrangement and decoration of railroad grounds has now become much more common than it was in 1890.

In the summer of 1889 Charles began to advise Dr. Carroll Dunham, of Irvington-on-Hudson, about the grading of his new estate, the disposition of its roads and paths, and its planting-plan. The place was of limited extent, — about six and a quarter acres, — but it was to be the site of a large house and stable, the ridgepole of the house, on a line nearly east and west, being ninety-two feet long. The available dimensions of the rough, bare field were 460 feet from north to south by 325 from east to west; and the house site was about twenty-two and one half feet above the highest available point of the contiguous highway, which runs approximately north and south. The lot was therefore too small for the house; and its elevation gave it a full view of the highway

and of the neighboring structures. The first problem was to construct from the highway to the house an approach-road which should not have too steep grades or too sharp turns. The next was to regrade the field which sloped southward from the house, so as to give the future lawn slightly concave curves. The following extracts from two letters from Charles to Dr. Dunham show how these problems were approached: —

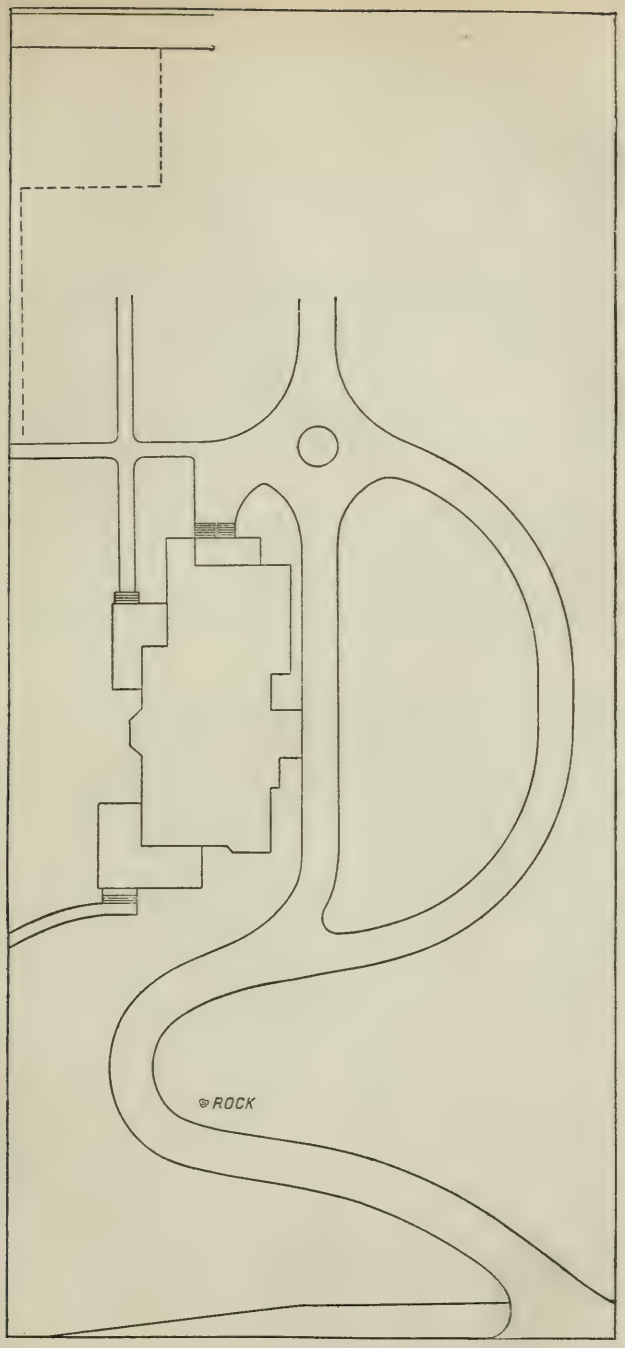
26 July, '89.

Your first problem seems to be that of the turn in the approach, and then that of the service-road and the turn-round. If you still think the turn [near the rock on the plan] in the approach too sharp, you can of course do some more deep cutting and give the turn a radius of twenty feet instead of fifteen — but I don't think I would do more than this, else the bank between the house and the road at the east end of the house will be so sharp as to be ugly, and it will be impossible to make it blend southward into the natural bank, as my contours were intended to suggest that it should. On the sketch I send I have drawn the turn with a twenty foot radius, and the reverse towards the house door with a thirty foot radius — and I think this will seem about right to you. The "falling off" feeling can, you know, be greatly alleviated by making the outside edge of the turn in the manner I previously suggested in section thus: —



By all means I would hollow the lawn to the south — preserving always a flowing surface — no sharpness at the sides. These sides I would design to be planted in the way we at first spoke of. A narrow path might certainly wander through this planting, and I will consider its lines when I come to take up the planting. . . .

I hardly like your suggested way of starting these lawn paths from the house, and I feel a little shaky about the height of the water-table above finished grade. Perhaps I do not quite understand you on this head. I would have the building set as low as may be, and the piazzas as near the ground as may be. Then I would if possible lead the paths



PLAN OF DR. CARROLL DUNHAM'S HOUSE AND APPROACH ROAD, AT IRVINGTON ON HUDSON

from the piazzas without bringing them between the house and the lawn. The more intimate the connection between a building and a lawn of your gentle sort, the more pleasing the scene — to my eye, at least. . . .

25 Sept. '89.

. . . The cuts necessitated by the roadway you will probably find deeper and longer than you expected, and the cutting required to make an easy lawn south of the house surprised me, and may perhaps alarm you. If you, however, will regard my figures as indicating extremes of cut, and will proceed with the work gradually and evenly, you may be able to get a good surface short of the figures of my plan. I think it likely that you can. . . .

You will have an interesting problem also in saving handling of material by preparing successive portions of completed sub-grades upon which loam from portions to be cut can be placed at first hauling. I am assuming you are to be your own "boss"!

Then it remained to conceal the boundaries of the estate by plantations; to plant out undesirable objects; and to connect, to all appearance, the plantations on these six acres with the groves and thickets on the neighboring estates, so that the eye should be carried easily far beyond the boundaries of the house-lot, towards pleasing objects at a distance. These problems were all successfully solved. The easterly gable of the house was only 160 feet from the highway, and the front door was only 125 feet from the northerly border of the estate; yet the approach-road, leaving the highway at the northeastern corner of the estate, rose gently with a grade of only 7 per cent. to the front door, before which an ample turn-round enclosed a grass-plot larger than the entire area of the house. Dr. Dunham himself superintended all the road-making, grading, and planting required by the design, and has ever since taken assiduous care of the plantations, rejecting the shrubs which did not accommodate themselves to the soil and the climate, replacing feeble plants with strong ones, and paying attention to the preservation of the original curves and surfaces of the avenues, paths, and grassed areas. In March, 1890, sixty-two kinds of trees and shrubs were set out on the estate; and in the following autumn Charles provided another list of 725 plants, this list embracing fifty-two kinds, many of

which were, however, included in the preceding sixty-two kinds. The following spring another list of 520 plants was used by Dr. Dunham.

The results obtained in about ten years are certainly surprising, and very pleasing. In driving down the avenue there is no sense of danger, — no apprehension of falling off on the down side. The accompanying cut shows the descent at the

turn below the house. The surface of the lawn is singularly pleasing, as it descends towards a natural grove of trees on a steep bank at its southern extremity; and from the house and its vicinity one does not perceive at all the boundaries of the place. The accompanying illustrations represent but imperfectly the results achieved. The first one exhibits the entrance and the ascending avenue with planted slopes on either hand; the second depicts the house and stable when the first plantings were made; the third the present aspect looking towards the house. The fourth illustration shows how plantations not far from the house lead the eye across the broad sunken highway to the woods and thickets on the neighbors' lands. Yet it is only 160 feet from the house to the highway. All the surfaces and plantings depicted in these photographs are artificial, yet their effect is natural and altogether pleasing.

DR. CARROLL DUNHAM'S ESTATE AT IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON

The avenue seen from the highway

DR. CARROLL DUNHAM'S ESTATE AT IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON

The bare house and stable in 1890

VIEW OF THE HOUSE AND STABLE FROM NEARLY THE SAME POINT IN 1901

DR. CARROLL DUNHAM'S ESTATE AT IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON

View from the lawn over the invisible highway

The making of this beautiful residence on a site originally unpromising illustrates the resources of landscape designing when applied year after year by an owner of intelligence with a real love for out-of-door art.

A NEW COUNTRY-SEAT NEAR BOSTON. — In 1889, while Charles's office was still at No. 9 Park Street, he began to give advice about his new country-place to Mr. Henry S. Hunnewell, of the firm of Shaw & Hunnewell, architects, whose office was in the same building. Mr. Hunnewell proposed to make a handsome place gradually out of a rough, rocky, and rather barren wooded tract in Wellesley. The house site was to be selected, the approach-road laid out, all the lesser buildings and enclosures provided for, the gardens designed, the woods improved, and new plantations made. Mr. Hunnewell, being an architect, was accustomed to the use of drawings and to superintending work. Charles's way of attacking this complex problem would have been to get first an accurate topographical survey of the estate with contours at intervals of five feet of elevation, and then on this survey to plan simultaneously all the principal features of the finished seat. But Mr. Hunnewell preferred to solve each problem as it arose, and chiefly by study on the ground. He liked to get Charles's ideas by consultations on the spot. In that way Charles gave advice without any engineer's plan, about placing the house and laying out the roads, grading the lawn (made out of a "burnt swamp"), felling trees, opening vistas through the woods, and setting out shrubs and trees. For nearly five years Charles gave such advice at intervals, and also supplied planting-lists almost every spring and fall. He was studying successive garden plans for Mr. Hunnewell in March, 1891, in October of the same year, and again in January, 1892. The following letter, written after Charles had become a member of the Olmsted firm, and therefore signed Olmsted, Olmsted & Eliot, describes the garden which was ultimately made, and the tracing therein mentioned is reproduced in the next illustration.

21 December, 1893.

The accompanying tracing shows a suggestion for a hollow grading for your new garden glade which we should like to see carried out. The circuit path is made to follow the outside edge of the gentle hollow. Shrubbery and gardenesque trees would fringe the path on the outside. Garden shrubs and perennials would border it on the inside. Inside of all would be a glade of grass of varying width. To effect the

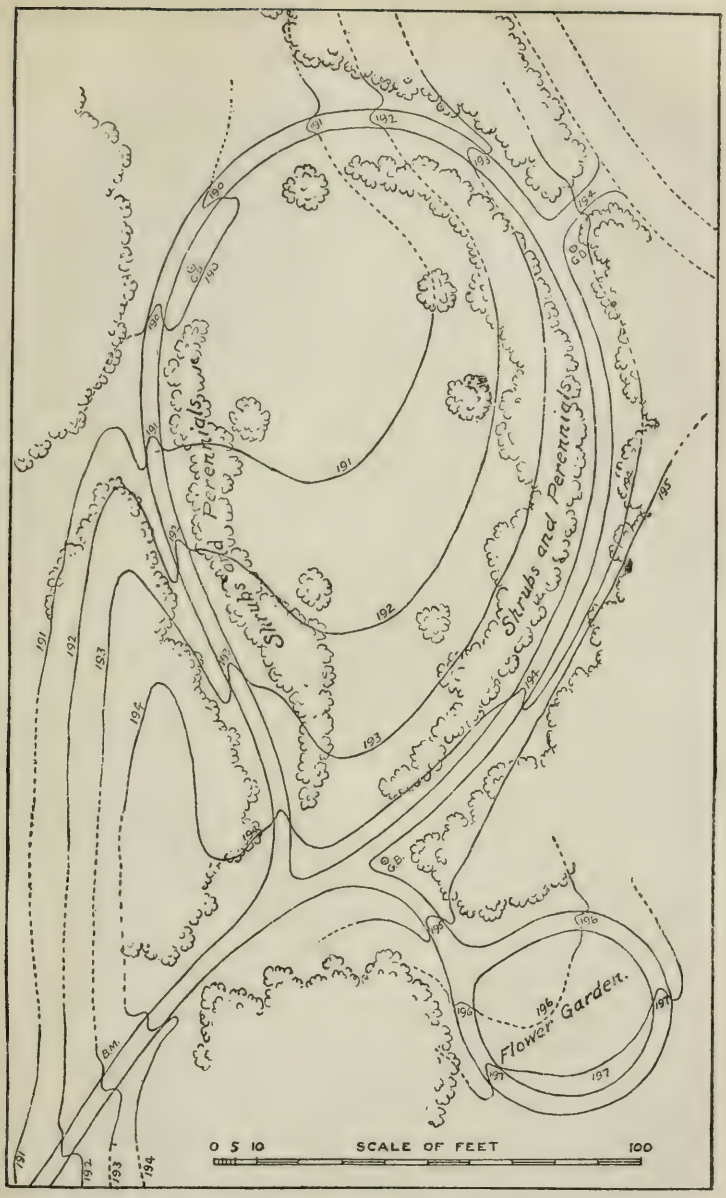
hollow appearance it will be necessary to excavate about a foot in the middle in some places, and to pile up at the sides a little here and there. The perennial beds should be rounded up a little, so that the path will generally be in a very slight depression.

This treatment will give a pleasing effect, and furnish ample room for perennials. If you would prefer to make a jumble of the whole place, — not a bad thing to do, — we, of course, cannot assist you further.

The making of this garden proved to be a long affair, so that it was only finished in 1899. The upper garden, marked "flower garden" on the plan, is larger than there shown and circular; the lower garden is almost exactly as drawn. The few trees in the latter were really planted without the plan in hand; but when, later, the sites of the trees were compared with the plan, they were found to correspond to the drawing.

This is a favorable example of the creation of an interesting country-seat in ten years of steady labor under the direction of an owner able to give much time and thought to the subject, and unusually competent to make good use of slight sketches, and of oral advice given by an expert on the spot. Charles was glad to take part in such a delightful work on his friend's terms; but he always thought the method employed extravagant, and unsafe even in professional hands. This is the only case in his practice where he coöperated in large work carried on in this manner.

A Town-site on Salt Lake, Utah. — On the 23d of July, 1890, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, asked Charles to go to Utah with him to advise the railroad company about a town site and hotel at Garfield beach on Salt Lake. The job had been offered to Mr. Olmsted, and declined on account of other engagements; but Mr. Olmsted advised Charles to accept it. The expedition was entirely congenial, and the work to be done looked attractive; so Charles postponed his appointments in Boston, notified his wife at New Hartford and his nearest relatives, and on the 24th started in pursuit of Mr. Adams, who had already left Boston. On the 30th he solved to his satisfaction the problem presented to him, gave two days more to the study of its details, and on the morning of August 2d started for home. The engineers of the railroad made the surveys required by Charles's preliminary design, and their drawings reached him in the middle of September.



MR. HENRY S. HUNNEWELL'S GARDEN-PLAN

1 November, 1890.

C. F. Adams, Esq., President Union Pacific Railroad Co.

Sir, — I beg leave to report upon the plan for the development of your Company's property at Garfield, Utah, devised by me at your request, during the past summer.

A few words will describe the general situation.

The Great Salt Lake extends about ninety miles in a northwest and southeast direction. At right angles to this line of its greatest length, the southern shore of the lake stretches northeast and southwest for thirty miles, having at either extremity a wide and very low-shored bay, but in the middle of its length a distinctly bold, rocky, and projecting swell of coast, immediately behind which rises the exceedingly steep Oquirrh Mountain. The total length of this bold and handsome portion of the southern shore is about three miles; and all this stretch of shore, with what inhabitable land lies back of it and much of the mountain side which towers over it, is the property of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The surface of this tract, like that of all the land about the lake, is full of salt; it bears little or no vegetation except sage-brush; it is in parts exceedingly stony and in other parts exceedingly steep, and the steep parts are subject to destructive gullying whenever a cloud-burst strikes the mountain overhead. On the other hand, this shore commands the finest possible view of the surface of that Great Lake which, in the almost waterless region of the Great Basin, must always be a wonderful and moving spectacle. The prospect is both very broad and very far. Most of the lake-shore is so low and flat as to be indistinguishable at a distance, so that the blue waters appear to stretch from the foot of the lofty and notched Wahsatch Mountains twenty miles away in the east, to the foot of the similar Desert Range as many miles distant in the west, while northward, between the parallel ranges which form the islands called Antelope and Stansbury, the lake appears to stretch into infinity, no land being in sight. The mountains and the reflecting lake are daily decked in changing colors under the influence of shifting lights and shadows, haze, and sunset glow; but the unique glory of the prospect

from Garfield must always be the grandeur of its perspective of mountains retreating towards a vanishing-point where water meets with sky.

Your company already operates a railroad along this favored shore. At present the line runs upon the upland at varying distances from the water's edge, but it must obviously be moved elsewhere if the narrow strip of land between the lake and the mountain is to be developed into a handsome pleasure resort. Left where it is, the railroad would not only cut the usable land into awkward pieces, but it would cut off access to the shore except by dangerous grade crossings; moreover it would be an eyesore throughout the whole length of the foreground of the lake view. To move the line to the rear of the site of the proposed pleasure town would make it very inconvenient for the thousands of would-be bathers in the lake which the railroad will bring daily from Salt Lake City. Therefore the plan of the new Garfield shows the railroad shifted to the only other possible position, namely the foot of the lake bluff, in which location it will be easily crossed above grade by means of light bridges springing from the brink of the bluff and reaching the beach on the water-side of the tracks by stairs. Thus all grade crossings will be avoided, and the tracks will be put comparatively out of sight. The principal station will stand at the top of the bathing-beach between the tracks and the water, and from this station direct access will be had to the bath-houses, and to the pier or piers from which the crowd will view the bathing. Stairs and bridges will lead over the tracks to the brink of the bluff, where will be found a long, straight, and level esplanade from which the grand view over the lake will best be had. The same view and the same breezes will also be had in the second story of the station building, where a half-open hall or loggia may be made the principal restaurant for excursionists. Immediately behind the middle of the esplanade, and separated from it only by the roadway which is necessary to enable carriages to approach the station, will be a large reservation, extending to the county road at the foot of the mountain, and so preserving a view of the steep and shadowy slopes thereof which will be appreciated by all who stand upon the

esplanade or the piers. The mountain rises so close at hand and so steep that low buildings may occupy this reservation without hiding any appreciable part of its great mass, and so the plan shows a shelter building for the use of excursionists and picnickers, to consist of a gallery or pergola surrounding the four sides of an irrigated garden, and in the rear of this a court surrounded by carriage sheds and such stables as may be required. East and west of this reservation, and extending from the county road to the esplanade, the plan shows streets of summer villas so arranged as to ensure for all direct access to the esplanade and the station.

Such is an outline of the scheme for the development of the central or bathing-beach section of the new Garfield, — a section planned particularly for the enjoyment of excursionists from the city. For the accommodation of others who may wish to spend more than a day in the presence of the grand panorama of the Salt Lake, our scheme must include a Hotel which shall be set beyond the reach of the excursionists and as removed as possible from the railroad.

At first sight it might seem that some point upon the mountain side would best fill these conditions, but the mountain is everywhere so steep that it would be very difficult to place an accessible hotel upon it. It would also be extremely difficult to provide the view from a hotel so placed with any sufficiently strong and handsome foreground: moreover, even if site and foreground could be arranged, the unavoidable overlooking of the whole pleasure colony below would detract from the impressiveness of the prospect over the lake. For these reasons it seems best to place the hotel upon the immediate lake-shore rather than upon the heights, and if upon the shore, then upon that part of it where it is possible to place the building in front of the railroad, that is, between the tracks and the water. With the waves playing immediately below the terrace or piazza on the one side, and an unobstructed view of the threatening mountain wall upon the other, the hotel will be well placed.

Most fortunately, a situation of this sort presents itself about one third of a mile west of the bathing-beach. Here a long hotel building may rise at the edge of the water, having the

railroad in a cut in its rear. The principal rooms will occupy the whole width of the structure, thus commanding the lake in one direction and the mountain side on the other. Two low wings in the rear may contain the laundry and the billiard departments respectively, and stretching towards the county road these wings will help to enclose a rectangular court or irrigated garden, which will add much to the attractiveness of the house. No buildings should be allowed upon the mountain behind this hotel site, and it would be well if the Company could buy the whole slope in this part. The widest gulch in all this side of the Oquirrh Mountain is here in full view, having at present a growth of Pine on its upper slopes, and presenting as each day passes a succession of ever changing effects of light and shadow. The view up this steep-sided channel in the mountain side, with its parched ledges, and its naked slopes of débris contrasting with the luxuriance of the hotel garden below, will be as striking in its way as the broad panorama of the lake in the other direction. A well-planned house built on this site cannot fail of being an attractive and refreshing resting-place.

West of the hotel site the mountain wall approaches the shore more and more closely, until there is no more than room for the one county road and the railroad, and then it again retreats so as to leave a narrow strip of usable land along the highway. Throughout this mile and a half of the Company's property no other road than the county road will be required, for when villa lots are sold here, they will all front upon it necessarily.

Returning now and going east from the central or bathing-beach section, we come first to a somewhat elevated yet sufficiently smooth region having a slightly irregular shore line, in front of which stands a solitary bare rock called Black Rock. Several small and crumbling buttes rise above the general level of this section, and the main body of it is considerably higher than any other part of the habitable area between the lake and the mountain. This is obviously the best site for a handsome colony of summer villas. Accordingly the plan shows a broad avenue sweeping nearly at one level around this swell of upland, and connecting with the

county road at both ends. Another avenue will bisect the curve of the first named, and will lead straight down the slope to the railroad station at the water's edge. This arrangement will provide many fine house sites commanding good views; it will ensure a handsome general effect when the houses shall be built; and it will secure this effect with no sacrifice of convenience.

Further east again, your Company's property increases rapidly in breadth, at the same time becoming rather low, flat, and monotonous. The mountain has here begun its retreat towards the south, and the lake-shore has begun its long sweep towards the northeast. At one point your land extends more than three fourths of a mile back from the lake. Here also the railroad leaves the shore, and strikes off across the plain for Salt Lake City.

This is a site for a considerable town, if people shall ever flock to the lake-side in such numbers as to demand a town; and the plan shows a system of streets arranged as concentric half-circles with their ends upon the lake-shore. Every main street leads by a tempting curve to the lake front; that is, to the prospect and the breeze which will ever be the pleasures of the possible town.

The foregoing are the principal considerations governing the arrangement of my plan for the proposed development of the several natural divisions of the property at Garfield, namely, the eastern town section, the Black Rock villa section, the bathing-beach section, the Hotel, and the western strip of shore.

The survey upon which the plan was based, together with a survey of the proposed new railroad location, was made in the summer by the Division Engineer's office. The new plan was then drawn out in his office from my directions, then sent to me and slightly altered, then submitted to you and returned to Salt Lake, where I understand it may soon be necessary to make copies for filing.

Nothing came of this project, for Mr. Adams, soon after the date of this report, retired from the presidency of the Union Pacific Railroad Co.

The Yard of Harvard College. In 1887 Charles was

employed to design some new plantations of shrubs for the College Yard at Cambridge, and this work went on slowly for three years; but Charles was not satisfied with the results obtained, although the aspect of the grounds and buildings was decidedly improved. The soil was thin, the beds for shrubs were not thoroughly prepared for lack of money to spend in that way, large trees standing near sent their roots quickly through the beds, and the growing shrubs were not kept in shape by competent pruning, or properly fed with fresh soil and manure. A more serious difficulty, in Charles's view, was the lack of a general plan for roads and building-sites on the twenty-two acres of ground lying between the bounding streets. He expressed his views in the following letter to the Treasurer of Harvard College on December 31, 1890.

In sending you this bill, let me report that I am ignorant as to how much of the $500 appropriation remains. I suppose it is a large part, for the Arboretum could supply but few shrubs and little was done. Eveleth [the foreman], I think, was puzzled to know how to draw a line between his regular and my special work. If in the new year I am to be allowed $500 plus what remains from this year, what are your desires as to its expenditure?

You are, I think, aware of my hope that the Corporation may adopt some fundamental scheme for the development of the Cambridge property. Shapes and areas of buildings cannot be foreseen, but main lines of roads and sites can be established; and no fine general effect can be reached unless they are. This permitting donors of buildings and gates to choose their sites is fatal to general effect. Outside the quadrangle the Yard is already a jumble of badly placed buildings and roads which are first formal and then natural. To contrive a practicable scheme which might, if it were adhered to, bring some sort of order and organization into the scene will be difficult; but if the Corporation really saw the value of order and fine general effect, they would not hesitate about attempting to contrive one.

As respects planting, you know I think the outer edges of the Yard should be much more richly planted, and that with many evergreens of moderate size and many spring blooming and

autumn coloring shrubs. I can do something in this line if I may go beyond the Arboretum for plants; but I should still better like to see first the adoption of some fixed conception or skeleton-plan of the Yard of the future. Planting ought to be the decoration of some systematic fundamental arrangement: not a helter-skelter addition to no arrangement at all.

PERFECTING AN OLD CEMETERY. — The following letter is practically a report made to a member of the corporation of the Springfield cemetery on the best means of enhancing the beauty of the grounds, and keeping them appropriately beautiful, when the use of the cemetery as a burial place should come almost to an end through the sale of all the land suitable for interments. The Springfield, Mass., cemetery was among the earliest of the American garden cemeteries, and had at the beginning a very diversified surface and many fine forest trees. The advice given was conservative; yet it outlined a distinct policy for the future which would in time produce valuable results.

27 June, '91.

At your request I have studied the condition and circumstances of your Springfield Cemetery, and I now beg to report briefly as follows: —

Your ground was originally a steep-sided and branching hollow drained by several brooklets and shaded by fine forest trees. Year by year the slopes have been terraced and sold as lots; until there is now but little ground belonging to the corporation, except such as is either too wet or too steep for burial purposes. Again, such salable land as still remains in your hands is all easily accessible by existing roads, so that there is no need of planning any new arrangements on this account. In other words, the roads within the Cemetery are as numerous as they need ever be. They are not all laid on the best possible lines; but to alter their few bad lines is now impracticable because of the graves in the adjacent private lots.

After careful study I have reached the conclusion that the amount of alteration which it is still possible for you to make for the sake of improvement is very small. Most of your land is so completely occupied that you are tied down hand

and foot; while in those few parts where you seem, at first sight, to be free to act, you are in fact almost as closely hampered by surrounding conditions.

Thus the result of my study is largely negative. I do not find that there is much for you to do. The occupied parts of your land might certainly be better kept and planted. There is great need, it seems to me, of more low shrubbery, particularly in the level upland parts where the monuments stand close together, and tend to remind one of a stone-cutter's yard. Many shady spots, also, where grass fails, might better be clothed with Moneywort or Periwinkle, or even with masses of shade-loving bushes, such as Indian Currant, Flowering Raspberry, and the like. Shrubs used intelligently will add variety and interest. Among the monuments only nice sorts should appear; but on some of the steep banks a wide variety of wilder plants might advantageously be used. Much work of this sort will soon suggest itself to an intelligent superintendent, and to him I must leave it.

You will perceive that I have concluded that most of your work is to be the perfecting of the Cemetery on its present lines. In this I think you should be controlled in great measure by the evident fact that the resort to the Cemetery is hereafter to be chiefly for its quiet and peacefulness. Your new parks will draw away the mere holiday-makers. You should, I think, do all that may be possible to emphasize the retired and restful character of the place. To this end you will avoid all appearance of endeavoring to make a show. To the same end I would, if I were you, obtain and preserve in the hollows the greatest possible extent of uninterrupted turf. These hollows are too wet for graves. You have in them your one golden opportunity for the development of an effective bit of scenery of the peaceful sort. I strongly advise you not to fill these hollow glades for the purpose of providing lots. I would put in new lots in any and all of the other available places, before I would permit a single lot within the valleys. Indeed, I hope they may never be permitted there. The valleys should be gently graded at their sides. To relieve the existing likeness to railroad banks, shrubbery should be scattered along the brink of the hollow

slopes, and the moist levels of the bottoms should be preserved as rich and unbroken sheets of greensward. If this is done, the Cemetery will possess a central feature of remarkable though quieting interest and influence, — a bit of scenery upon the beauty of which every entering visitor will look with pleasure and relief.

The plan is an endeavor to indicate the form and character of these reserved lands in the hollows. Placing it over the plan of the Cemetery as it exists, every alteration that I propose will appear at a glance.

It will appear that I would do away with the cross-paths and the beds which destroy the unity of the open grass near the gate. For the same reason I would shift the main road, and I would break the stiff line of elms, where they, as I think, obscure the effectiveness of the open valley.

Similarly I would abolish the rigmarole of paths near the fountain basin. I would abandon the practice of spotting garden beds about the grass, and I would rely for pleasing effect upon the simple openness of the green framed by shrubbery on the brinks and the trees hanging from the banks above. I am convinced that this would be the happiest possible treatment of these valleys, and I hope to convince you of the same.

Near Pine Street the plan shows a straightening of the boundary road and the resulting removal of a projecting knoll which is now found there. Also the parking of a smaller and a larger triangle in this neighborhood is shown on the plan, both spots being at present unoccupied lands. These triangles I would put into grass, with the addition of some such arrangement of trees and shrubs as I have indicated.

At the main gate I would certainly set the road into the hill as was suggested when I was with you on the ground, and I would reserve a large part of the wooded bank at this point. The proposed reserved lands are colored green on the plan. I will only add that I would rather see every other inch of your land sold in lots than see one foot of these reserved areas given up to private occupation. Upon their preservation rests the effect of the Cemetery as a whole.

You will perhaps be surprised that I propose nothing more

radical or revolutionary. I can only reply that I find the Cemetery in very fair condition indeed, and endowed by Nature with an unusually interesting shape and character. Most of it is occupied. The institution approaches the limits of its growth. The people who visit it are henceforth to be chiefly of the serious-minded sort. Moreover a Cemetery is a serious place, and ought to express and awaken serious rather than frivolous emotion. For these reasons I think your course should be that which I have tried to indicate.

Lastly, let me say that after my study I find that you stand much more in need of a good superintendent than of any plans or advice from me or any architect. If I can help you at all, I think it must be through discussion and consultation with your superintendent. This is often the case upon gentlemen's private places. It is distinctly your case.

17 Oct. '91.

Selecting a Site for a College or Academy. — My dear Sir, — As you know, I am filled with enthusiasm over your comprehensive scheme for the Academy and its friends. The idea is so excellent, and its future is so far-reaching, that we ought to go slowly and carefully at the beginning, perfecting our notions of what we want to attain before we act.

What would be the ideal situation and appearance of a New Church college and its attendant colony in the climate and country of the neighborhood of Philadelphia? Without citing reasons, I think I may safely summarize an answer as follows: —

The situation should be high enough to be airy in summer without being bleak in winter. The land should slope sufficiently to drain easily, but not so much as to incommode travel over it, and cause the necessary ways to gash the hillsides. The general slope should tend southward rather than northward. The land should possess, if possible, some unity of topographic character. It should not be a jumble of unrelated slopes and shapes. It should possess some pleasing central feature, such as a sheet of water, a stream, or a valley, so that an effect of composition may be attainable. Its boundaries should be scientific, — that is, they should conform

to the topography in such a way as will tend to enhance the effect of unity. If woods or fine trees assist in framing and adorning the central scene, so much the better.

The college proper should stand upon nearly level land in a situation accessible from all parts of the colony. The buildings should be low rather than high, sober and quiet in design, of good proportions rather than rich in ornament; and they should be arranged somewhat formally, and so as to relate themselves to the principal or administration building in pleasing composition. The tributary colony of dwellings should in turn bear a similar relation to the college as its centre and the reason of its being. On favorable ground and with careful planning a most pleasing and effective result could be attained; and I believe that such a well-composed result is much more worth trying for than is anything which can be reached by sheer elaboration of design and ornament in handsome but ill-related buildings.

With this ideal in mind, let us look at the lands which I visited with you last week. [The letter describes tract No. 1, and rejects it on the grounds that the sloping parts are too steep for building purposes, the plateau too bleak, and the whole lacking in unity; and then rejects tract No. 2 also, for the reason that it "falls generally towards the northeast," although suitable in other respects.]

I think I must urge you to look farther before purchasing. I have at last obtained a copy of the U. S. Geological survey of your region, and I send you with this a tracing of a part of the same, showing roads in black, streams in blue, and 20-feet contours in red. I can see upon this sheet several parcels of land which have a promising appearance, and perhaps you will like to have a look at the few I have marked. They may indeed all prove valueless or unobtainable, yet I would investigate them if I were you. It will be well worth while to give plenty of time to your undertaking at this early stage, even if we revert in the end to either tract 1 or tract 2!

24 May, '92.

A Suburban Garden. — My dear Mrs. ——, I am happy to hear that the general arrangement about your house is a success in your eyes. You can bring the details of the garden into harmony with your wishes at any time. The ground-work is the fundamental and important thing.

Referring to my letter-book, I find that I suggested hollyhocks and the like plants along the wall of the terrace, and a long strip of mixed perennials around the circuit of the outer part of the garden. In the sunk garden we had intricate beds and box edging. It is true the edging must be defended from the adjacent grass, but just as the grass edges of the walks have to be tended and trimmed, so the grass edge next the box can be. It is only a question of care. Box can be set now, and can be had in good form from Hooper Bros., West Chester, Pa., for 20 cents a yard.

As to the contents of the trefoils, if you will be so venturesome as to attempt something a little different from the usual florist's beds, I think you can have something very pleasing, — particularly if you will establish the reserve garden you write of, from which you can bring out at any time whatever you please to decorate your terrace and sunk panel.

The sunk panel with its trefoil beds is to be looked down upon as a rule, and the trefoils should be filled with this in mind. One lobe of a trefoil might for example be filled with blue Campanula carpatica, surrounded by yellow Œnothera missouriensis: another with Lobelia fulgens growing up through Tussilago variegata: another with Ajuga dotted with Sedum spectabile. This sort of thing can be arranged for you, and the plants grown for you, by any florist who will take the trouble to be a little original and enterprising. It is not so easy as the ordinary bedding with tender geraniums; but it is vastly more interesting. I think you will have to work gradually. It is impossible to get just the right thing at once.

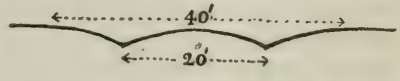
An Ohio Township Park. — The park at Youngstown, Ohio, was thus described by Charles in a note to his wife of May 11, 1891, on the occasion of his first visit: "A fine river glen with numerous side ravines and some cliffs, — a

really good reservation, and the work of a single energetic young lawyer, an enthusiast, — and he has done a fine thing." The following letter was addressed to the young lawyer: —

26 May, '91.

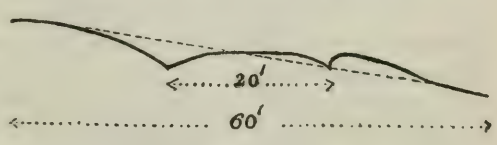
I think I can answer your specific question in a few words.

For appearance it is best to keep the roadways fairly low. To make them causeways is ugly, but is sometimes necessary on account of wet land. In ordinary situations I suppose you will remove the top-soil at any rate. This will drop the road a little, and the shaping which will follow will generally bring the crown or centre about on a level with the undisturbed surfaces at each side.



Here is a usual method. Strip off top-soil forty feet wide. If the sub-soil found in the ten-foot side strips is good enough material for road-surfacing, scrape it up to raise the roadway to the original surface grade. Then loam the side strips with some of the top-soil first removed.

In case of side-hill work, one side strip may well become a grass gutter, or if the wash is very great, a stone gutter; while the other side strip becomes the retaining bank, thus: For appearance it is very desirable to have this retaining bank on the down side; but on very steep side-hills it is of course expensive to get much of it. When the slope is thus abrupt, however, a fence will be required for safety, and this will satisfy appearances.



This beautiful park is a winding gorge, with bluffs on each side which vary from sixty to more than a hundred feet in height. A rapid stream flows through it; and within the park area several tributaries enter this stream through deep wooded ravines. Cascades adorn both the main stream and its tributaries. In the valley are two small lakes, — ponds they would be called in New England, — one having a water surface of about forty-three acres, the other of about twenty-

six. It was desirable to have a drive on each side of the gorge its full length, — about two miles and a quarter in a straight line, — and these drives, because of the winding of the gorge, would be four miles long on one side, and five miles on the other. Around the smaller lake the bluffs were so steep that the drives were apparently forced on to the heights. At the head of this lake, on the more abrupt side, the valley suddenly rose about twenty feet above the water, pushed back the bluffs, and formed a level amphitheatrical meadow of about five acres girt by wooded hills. The entrance from the water-side was by a fine grove upon the terrace; and here between the stream and the meadow was placed a pavilion with shaded pleasure grounds adjoining. Access to these grounds by boat and walks was easy; but to reach them by driveways, without leaving permanent scars on picturesque and lovely scenes, seemed at first next to impossible. The above description is taken from a letter written January 8, 1902, by Mr. Volney Rogers, the young lawyer mentioned above.

The letter proceeds: "This was one question. The other was, how to get a water drive along a portion of the smaller lake. There was an opportunity here to keep entirely on the bluffs, and bridge a deep ravine . . . but then the visitor would not reach the shore of the lake at any point by driveway, which all agreed was very desirable. Mr. Eliot worked out a plan that accomplished the desired result by the use of two long retaining-walls. . . . This access to the lake accomplished, the shore of the lake was followed quite a distance; and then the original, higher location of the driveway was reached by the 'Cascade Ravine,' a ravine unexcelled in natural attractions in any park the writer has ever visited. This solution of the lake-side problem led to the solution of the other problem. In the summer of 1891, a topographical survey and contour map were made of the entire park area; and with this map in his hands Mr. Eliot was asked to indicate the best way to carry a driveway to the amphitheatre. The next day Mr. Eliot came to me with the result of his study. He proposed to continue his lake-shore drive from the point where it reached Cascade Ravine up the main valley until farther progress in that direction was cut off by a cliff. He was now on the side of the stream opposite the amphitheatre and some distance above. Here he crossed the main stream with a bridge, returned on the opposite bank of that stream to the foot of the hill near the amphitheatre, and passed along the foot of this hill to the site of the proposed pavilion. A drive was also planned from the bridge just

THE YOUNGSTOWN GORGE—THE DRIVE ALONG THE SMALLER LAKE

mentioned, after crossing the stream, up the main valley and connecting with the principal drive on that side. A new drive through the valley was thus devised, in addition to those on the bluffs.

"These drives are now all constructed; and those who traverse them do not know to whom they are indebted for the pleasure the drives afford. The fact is that Charles Eliot is entitled to the credit above given."

A letter which Charles sent a year later to the Youngstown Park Commissioners after one of his visits to the Gorge closes thus: "Your Gorge is one of the finest park scenes of America, and deserves most careful handling; and all who work in or for it have my very best wishes."

A SEASIDE VILLAGE.

1 March, 1893.

To the Chairman of the Selectmen, and the Town Forester, Nahant.

Gentlemen, — As requested by you, I submit the following brief notes on your township as it appears to a professional designer of the arrangement of land for human purposes.

Nahant is a rock-bound and sea-girt island, about two miles long from east to west, half a mile wide from north to south, and connected with the mainland by a narrow causeway beach two miles in length. The surface of the island is irregular, the coast line is broken and picturesque, the views over the ocean and the adjacent bays are grand or beautiful according to the changeful moods of sky and sea. As nature and the early settlers left it, the place possessed a special charm for modern city-bred men, a few of whom built villas on the island as many as sixty years ago. Even to-day, when almost every part of the peninsula is dotted with buildings, something of the old charm remains; for it is fortunately impossible to mar the sky and the sea. Land surfaces, however, are very easily made ugly, and the surface of Nahant has not escaped. Indeed, if regard is had to its rare opportunities and possibilities, few places so disappoint, discourage, and alarm careful students of my profession as does the Nahant of to-day.

To put the case very briefly, it is true that while that beauty of the wild island, which first led to Nahant such men

as Messrs. Cary, Robbins, and Eliot of Boston, has been gradually destroyed by the building up of the place, no attempt has been made to secure for the township that good general arrangement, adapted to the topography and the circumstances, which is the foundation of permanent beauty and convenience in populous places. The general plan of the highways of Nahant is almost as bad as it could possibly be. The roads, except the main Nahant Road, have been laid out upon the division lines of estates; they generally end abruptly at the shore; and their straight, parallel, and rectangular courses are peculiarly ill-fitted to the varying forms of the island's surface. Moreover, most of the roads have been made very narrow — so narrow that when the increasing population has demanded sidewalks it has been necessary to make them of diminutive width, and to edge them with granite curbstones like those of city streets. Within these pinched and ill-placed public ways there is no room for those green spaces and those banks of wild Roses which would add so much to the attractiveness of the town. Moreover, these existing ways are really worse than no provision for the development of a closely built town in a handsome way. That the township must become a closely built place is admitted by all; and the question is, shall the new Nahant be an attractive and beautiful place of its kind, where intelligent people will desire to live and real estate will possess high values, or shall the town be allowed to drift into that gradual loss of attractiveness and consequent diminution of values to which its present general arrangement inevitably consigns it? For Nahant to permit her shore front to be owned by private persons and her interior ways to remain the ugly things they are is simply to bind herself hand and foot — it is to commit township suicide.

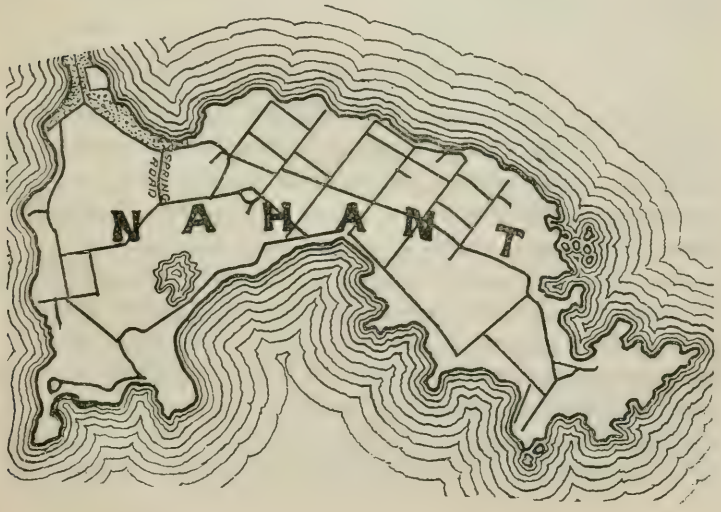
I have often been asked to perform that ineffectual act called shutting the door after the horse has been stolen; but never have I encountered a more pronounced case of this sort than that to which you invited me last summer. The road over the Long Beach, to which you called my particular attention, is not built upon the beautiful curve of the beach, but upon non-conforming and therefore ugly lines of its own.

Moreover, it is accompanied by a hideous procession of telegraph, telephone, and electric-light poles and wires. No bordering thickets of dwarf bushes and clambering vines can do away with the ugliness which has been inflicted on this road. Similarly no decorative planting in the few corners of the Nahant streets which are not gravel can hide the obvious fact that the streets are wrongly placed and wrongly shaped. Nahant is rich and strong, and whatever her voters will to do can be done. The town's case seems to me to call for radical treatment. It is for the voters to determine whether the painful but beneficial operation shall be performed now, when it will hurt and cost comparatively little, or later, when it must hurt and cost much. As palliatives for the present condition of things, I recommend: —

1st. The burial of the wires on the Long Beach, the correction of the road lines there, and the planting of a strip along each side of the road with dwarf bushes.

2d. The acquisition by the town of outlying points like Castle Rock, of beaches, and of sea front generally, so far as may be possible.

3d. The opening of shore roads to connect the outer ends of the present streets wherever and whenever such action is possible.



CHAPTER XVII

ADEQUATE OPEN SPACES FOR URBAN POPULATIONS, AND PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF COAST SCENERY

> Meantime there is one duty obvious to us all: it is that we should set ourselves to guard the natural beauty of the earth: we ought to look upon it as a crime, an injury to our fellows, only excusable because of ignorance, to mar that natural beauty which is the property of all men. — MORRIS.

CHARLES had not been in practice two years before he began to study the problem of securing for American towns and cities an adequate number of public squares, gardens, and parks. He had seen in Europe how liberal a provision of this sort was there made for the health and enjoyment of urban populations; and he had learnt that the provision of public grounds made by American towns and cities was comparatively scanty. To demonstrate this neglect of one of the most important public interests was his first contribution to the discussion of the subject. The following article, which appeared in "Garden and Forest" in October, 1888, was written in September of that year, when Charles had been in practice only twenty months: —

PARKS AND SQUARES OF UNITED STATES CITIES.

The nineteenth volume of the Final Reports of the Census of 1880, only lately distributed, completes the "Statistics of the Cities of the United States," and enables us to view the condition of 180 cities of the Union in respect to those necessities of modern town life — public parks and squares.

Two hundred and ten cities are enumerated. Of these thirty make no report concerning their public spaces, and may perhaps be presumed to own none, while forty state outright that they possess no public grounds whatever. Some surprisingly large towns appear in this latter class; for instance, Paterson, New Jersey (population, 51,000), Scranton, Pennsylvania (46,000), Wilmington, Delaware (42,500), Wheeling,

West Virginia (31,000), Trenton, New Jersey (30,000), and many smaller but bustling places like Fort Wayne, Indiana, Poughkeepsie, New York, and Topeka, Kansas. Since the Census year, several of these forty cities have taken steps to provide themselves with public spaces of one sort or another.

Turning now to the 140 cities which report one or more public grounds, we notice first the universal abuse of the word park. It is applied to every sort of public space, from the minutest grass-plot to the race-track or the fair-ground. The strict meaning of the word is completely lost. Hereafter we shall have to speak of country parks when we wish to designate those public lands which the word park alone ought by rights to describe — namely, "lands intended and appropriated for the recreation of the people by means of their rural, sylvan, and natural scenery and character."

Country parks are sometimes of small area, as when some striking glen, or river-bank, or cañon is preserved in its natural state (would this were oftener done!) — but generally an area of at least fifty or one hundred acres is required to provide a natural aspect. Smaller spaces can satisfy many of the desires of the crowded city people — can supply fresh air and ample play-room, and shade of trees, and brightness of grass and flowers — but the occasionally so pressing want of that quiet and peculiar refreshment which comes from contemplation of scenery — the want which the rich satisfy by fleeing from town at certain seasons, but which the poor (who are trespassers in the country) can seldom fill — is only to be met by the country park. If a few of the twenty-six cities, which reported themselves in 1880 as possessed of large tracts of land, have put these lands to uses for which small areas would have served as well or better — if they have given them over to decorative gardening, to statuary and buildings, or to other town-like things — they have made (unless the circumstances are peculiar) an extravagant mistake. For large open spaces close to cities are excessively costly, and one such interferes with traffic in far greater degree than do many small areas, so that no town can properly afford to own a large tract, unless for the express purpose of providing refreshing natural scenery.

The accompanying table of the twenty-six cities which reported park lands of fifty acres and upwards presents curious contrasts. The first column gives the number of inhabitants per acre of park, which is the basis of the order of the names, the other columns the population and the park acreage: —

18	Macon	13,000	720
22	Council Bluffs	18,000	600 + 104 + 90
166	Detroit	116,500	700
172	St. Paul	41,500	240
175	New Britain	13,000	74
176	St. Louis	350,500	1,372 + 276 + 180 + 158
182	Binghamton	17,500	96
222	San Francisco	234,000	1,050
280	Bridgeport	28,000	50 + 50
281	Chicago	503,500	593 + 372 + 250 + 200 + 185 + 180
309	Philadelphia	847,000	2,740
310	Baltimore	232,500	693 + 56
410	San Antonio	20,500	50
417	Omaha	30,500	73
442	Buffalo	155,000	350
508	New Orleans	216,000	250 + 175
680	Portland, Me.	34,000	50
685	Cincinnati	255,000	206 + 164
833	Indianapolis	75,000	90
907	Fall River	49,000	54
940	Allegheny	79,000	84
1019	Providence	105,000	103
1122	Brooklyn	567,000	505
1213	Albany	91,000	75
1400	New York	1,206,500	862
3424	Boston	363,000	106

Little Macon's large park was the gift of the State. It is mostly in large forest trees. Boston, at the other end of the list, boasts uncommonly attractive suburbs, which have served some of the purposes of a park; but she has lately begun work upon a real park of more than 600 acres.

Of small public grounds there appears to be an equally various provision. In New England many cities possess the remains of old town commons — for instance, Nashua (13,000) has forty acres in North and South Commons, and Newburyport (13,500) has the same; while Boston, Salem, Lynn, and other places own larger or smaller areas of like origin.

At the founding of Philadelphia, five public squares of about six acres each were carefully reserved; but the example of the founders has been woefully forgotten by the builders of the great city of to-day. Savannah has done better, for she has continued the city plan devised by her first colonists, and in 1880, with a population of 31,000, she had thirty acres in twenty-three public spaces, besides a ten-acre park and a twenty-acre parade-ground. About the worst case reported is that of Pittsburg, a city of 156,000 inhabitants, and yet possessed of less than one and one third public acres — a contrast to Buffalo (population, 155,000), which reported, in addition to the Park, fifty-six acres in the Parade, thirty-two acres in the Front, and forty-two acres in eight pieces. Compare also the following: —

Troy, New York (57,000), one acre. Richmond (64,000), sixty-five acres in five pieces.

Kansas City (56,000), two acres. Akron, Ohio (16,500), twenty-five acres in seven pieces.

Auburn, New York (22,000), one acre. Salt Lake (21,000), forty acres in four pieces.

And the remarkable case of Lawrence, Kansas (8,500), seventy-three acres in five pieces.

We have no fixed rule for the proper ratio to population of the acreage or number of public squares; but it is safe to say that while a few of our cities are well provided for, a majority are still very badly off. New York is now tearing down buildings to make room for public gardens. Philadelphia, also, is endeavoring to make up for her past carelessness. Smaller places should secure the necessary lands before the cost becomes intolerable.

A word in conclusion as to the laying out of public squares and gardens. The problem is wholly distinct from that of the country park. Here and there, to be sure, is found a small public ground of such strongly marked shape and character that it by right rules its surroundings, whatever they may be, — as the Back Bay Fens in Boston call a halt to the city structures, — but small grounds in general are necessarily dominated by the formal lines of the streets and buildings which enclose them, and they must generally be shaped to a

correspondingly formal plan. Every hope of a fine general effect hangs on the securing of a good general plan. The famous Public Garden of Boston, recently criticised in this paper, fails of fine general effect because its framework or ground plan was never thought out as a whole — as a design. The handsome and costly gardening which is to be seen there, the gorgeous beds, and the fine specimen plants, cannot be fittingly displayed — can only be promiscuously scattered as they are — so long as the ground plan of the garden remains the mongrel thing it is.

A little more than a year later, after his usual summer's visit to the coast of Maine, he wrote the following description of the natural features of that beautiful coast, and of its preëminent merits as a summer resort; but he gave one third of the paper to a statement of the way in which the inroad of humanity is destroying, or rendering inaccessible to the public, much of the wild beauty of the coast, and to the suggestion of means of averting such a calamity, or at least of preserving from degradation some of the finest scenery. The suggested means are local associations, and action by the Commonwealth. Neither of these means has been (1901) adopted in Maine, but Massachusetts has adopted both.

THE COAST OF MAINE.

From Cape Cod, Massachusetts, to Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, the broad entrance of the Gulf of Maine is two hundred miles wide, and it is one hundred miles from each of these capes to the corresponding ends of the coast of Maine at Kittery and Quoddy. Thus Maine squarely faces the wide opening between the capes, while to the east and west, beyond her limits, stretch two great offshoots of the gulf, the bays of Fundy and of Massachusetts. The latter and lesser bay presents a south shore built mostly of sands and gravels in beaches and bluffs, and a north shore of bold and enduring rocks, both already overgrown with seaside hotels and cottages. The Bay of Fundy, on the other hand, is little resorted to for pleasure. Its shores in many parts are grandly high and bold; but its waters are moved by such rushing tides, and its coasts are so frequently wrapt in cold fogs, that it will doubtless remain comparatively an unfrequented region.

Along the coast of Maine, stretched for two hundred miles from bay to bay, scenery and climate change from the Massachusetts to the Fundy type. At Boston the average temperature of July is 70°; at Eastport, at the farther end of Maine, it is 61°. No such coolness is to be found along the thousand miles of monotonous sand beach which front the Atlantic south of the Gulf of Maine; and though the coolness of the waters of the gulf precludes most persons from sea-bathing, this freshness of the air will always be an irresistible attraction to many thousands of dwellers in hot cities. Again, in contrast with the southern sea-beaches, the scenery of the Maine coast is exceedingly interesting and refreshing. The mere map of it is most attractive. Beginning at Piscataqua River, a deep estuary whose swift tides flow through an archipelago of rocks and small islands, the shore is at first made up of low ledges forming ragged points, connected by sand or pebble beaches, where farmers gather rock-weed after storms. Seaward lies a group of dangerous rocks, the Isles of Shoals. Beyond the tortuous outlet of York River and the Short and Long Sands of York, Cape Neddick and Bald Head lift high rocks toward the sea, and behind them rises Agamenticus Hill, a conspicuous blue landmark sometimes visible from Cape Ann in Massachusetts. Low and sandy coasts succeed, fronting the old towns of Wells and Kennebunk. Cape Porpoise follows, a confused mass of rocky islets, salt marshes, and tidal flats; then more long and short beaches, a lagoon called Biddeford Pool, the mouth of Saco River, barred by its washings from the White Hills, more beaches, and so to Cape Elizabeth, a broad wedge of rock pushed out to sea as if to mark the entrance to the land-locked harbor of Portland.

Thus far the coast is sufficiently rich in varied scenery — in shores now high, now low, now wooded and now bare, now gentle and now rough; first thrust seaward in rocky capes, then swept inland in curving beaches, and now and again broken by the outlets of small rivers. Cape Elizabeth ends this scenery, and introduces the voyager to a type still more intricate, picturesque, and distinctive. Casco Bay, with its many branches running inland and its peninsulas and islands stretching seaward, is the first of a succession of bays, "thor-

oughfares," and "reaches," which line the coast almost all the rest of the way to Quoddy. The ragged edge of the mainland becomes lost behind a maze of rock-bound islands, and appears but seldom where the surf can strike it. The salt water penetrates in deep and narrow channels into the very woods, ebbs and flows in hundreds of frequented and unfrequented harbors, and enters into countless hidden nooks, coves, and narrows. Sand beaches become rare, and great and small "sea walls" of worn stones or pebbles take their place. Islands, islets, and ledges, both dry and sunken, are strewn on every hand. The tides flow among them with increasing force, and the fog wraps them from sight more and more frequently as the Bay of Fundy is approached. Great cliffs are rare until Grand Manan is reached, and high hills come down to the sea only by Penobscot Bay and at Mt. Desert; but, on the other hand, the variety of lesser topographic forms is very great. In Casco Bay, for instance, the rocks trend northeast and southwest, and all the crowded islands run out into reefs in these directions. Penobscot Bay presents wide stretches of open water divided by well-massed islands, but still preserves a fine breadth of effect; and these islands differ greatly in form and character, according as they are built of hard and glaciated granite or of altered stratified rocks. The border bay of Passamaquoddy is distinguished by fine headlands, which terminate in islands, generally lower than the heads. In like manner the sounds and fiord-like rivers differ much from each other. For instance, the Kennebec River is extremely narrow, and many bold knobs of rock turn it this way and that; but the neighboring Sheepscot is fully three miles broad at its mouth, and this noble width contracts but slowly; while the Penobscot above the Narrows takes on such a gentle appearance as to be hardly recognizable as a river of eastern Maine, the general aspect of this part of the coast being distinctly wild and untamable.

Doubtless the raggedness of the rocky shore is the first cause of the almost forbidding aspect of the region, but the changed character of the sea-coast woods is a second cause. Beyond Cape Elizabeth, if capes and islands are wooded at all, it is with the dark, stiff cresting of Spruce, Fir, or Pine,

fringed perhaps with Birch and Mountain Ash. Near Kittery fine Elms and even Hickories may be seen on the open shore, but there is a gradual dying out of many familiar species as the coast is traversed eastward. Thus Holly and Inkberry, together with Prickly Ash, Flowering Dogwood, and Sassafras, are not seen near the sea north of Massachusetts Bay. White Cedar, after following the coast all the way from the Gulf of Mexico, dies out near Kittery. York River is said to see the last Buttonwoods, Saco River the last Chestnuts, and the Kennebec the last Tupelos and Hickories. Conversely, this coast has its many forerunners of the flora of the far north. While the White Pine is met with all alongshore north of New Jersey, the Red Pine first appears by Massachusetts Bay and the Gray Pine by Mt. Desert. The Arbor Vitæ is first met with near the Kennebec. The Balsam Fir and the Black and White Spruces show themselves on no coasts south of Cape Ann, and do not abound until Cape Elizabeth is passed. It is the blackness of these dwarf coniferous woods which, with the desolation of the surf-beaten ledges and the frequent coming of the fog, impresses the traveller with the fact that this is a really wild and sub-arctic shore, where strange red-men's names for islands, capes, and rivers — names such as Medomak, Muscongus, Pemaquid, Megunticook, Eggemoggin, Moosabec, and Schoodic — seem altogether fitting.

The human story of the coast of Maine is almost as picturesque and varied as its scenery. This coast was first frequented by stray French fishing vessels, and first scientifically explored by Samuel de Champlain, whose narrative of his adventures is still delightful reading. Fruitless attempts at settlement followed, led by French knights at Saint Croix, by English cavaliers at Sagadahoc, and by French Jesuits at Mt. Desert; all of them years in advance of the English Colony of New Plymouth. Then followed a long period of fishing and fur trading, during which Maine belonged to neither New France nor New England, and a genuine border warfare was the result. Two rival Frenchmen also fought and besieged each other in truly feudal fashion at Penobscot and Saint John. Again, while the long French and Indian

wars lasted, this coast saw more fighting. The older settlements west of Cape Elizabeth were sacked several times, and even the English stronghold at Pemaquid was captured; but the forest allies of the French Baron Saint Castin were beaten in the end. The numerous French names for points on the eastern coast bear witness to the long French occupation; as for instance Grand and Petit Manan, Bois Bubert, Monts Déserts and Isle au Hault, and Burnt Coat, apparently English, but really a mistranslation of the French Côte Brulé.

No Englishmen settled beyond Penobscot until after the capture of Quebec; and when they did, they, as Yankees, had to take part in still more fighting in the wars of the Revolution and of 1812. The settlers first fished and hunted, then cut hay on the salt marshes and timber in the great woods, and in later years took to ship-building, and later still to stone-quarrying and ice-harvesting, and, near Rockland, to lime-burning. These works are still the business of the coast. Even hunting is carried on at certain seasons in the eastern counties, where deer are still numerous. All the large Pine and Spruce of the shore woods have been cut; but Bangor still sends down Penobscot Bay a fleet of lumber schooners every time the wind blows from the north; and as for fishing, fleets of more than two hundred graceful vessels may often be seen in port together, waiting the end of a storm.

It was about 1860 that what may be called the discovery of the picturesqueness and the summer-time healthfulness of the coast of Maine took place. Only the beaches of the western quarter of the shore were at first occupied by hotels; but when the poor hamlet of Bar Harbor leaped into fame through the resort to it of a few well-known landscape painters, it became evident that the whole coast was destined to be a much frequented summer resort. At present, York, Kennebunkport, Biddeford Pool, and Old Orchard Beach, together with the Casco Islands, Boothbay, Camden, Mt. Desert, and Campobello, are a few of the more populous neighborhoods; but summer hotels are now scattered all along the shore, and colonies of summer villas of all grades of costliness occupy many of the more accessible capes and islands. Thus there are many cottages at York, and the

islands near Portland are fairly covered with cheap structures. Squirrel Island in Boothbay is another nest of small houses, and Bar Harbor is a summer city surrounded by a multitude of very costly and elaborate wooden palaces. The finest parts of the coast are already controlled by land companies and speculators, while the natives' minds are inflamed by the high prices which the once worthless shore lands are now supposed to command.

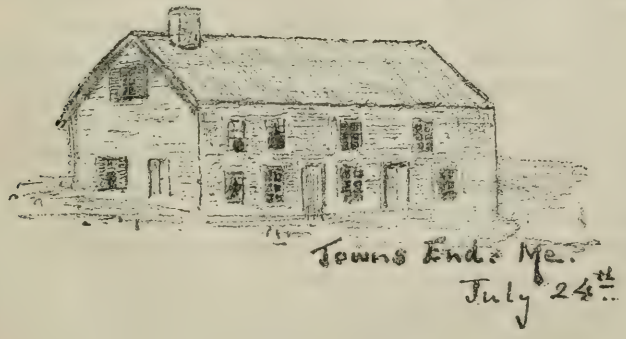
The spectacle of thousands upon thousands of people able to spend annually several weeks or months of summer in healthful life by the seashore is very American and very pleasant; and the impartial observer can find but two points about it which are in any considerable degree discouraging or dangerous. The lamentable feature of the situation is the small amount of thought and attention given to considerations of appropriateness and beauty by the builders and inhabitants of the summer colonies of the coast. Indifference in these matters works ill results everywhere, but nowhere is lack of taste quite so conspicuous as on the seashore. Both corporations and individuals are guilty on this head. More than one booming land company has hastily divided and sold its rough ledges in rectangular lots, whose lines bear no relation to the forms of the ground, so that houses cannot be well placed. The squalid aspect of the public parts of these settlements, the shabby plank walks, and the unkempt roadways are other causes of reproach. The houses themselves, if cheap, are too often vulgarly ornamented, and if costly, are generally absurdly pretentious. Even the government, which has lately been rebuilding many of the lighthouse-keepers' dwellings, has substituted for the simple, low, and entirely fitting structures of a former generation, a thin-walled and small-chimneyed type of house, such as is common in the suburbs of our cities. One of these perched on a sea cliff is an abomination, and might well have illustrated the mournful remark of a recent writer in "The Atlantic Monthly," who pointed out that American indifference to beauty cannot be caused by the newness of our civilization, for when this was still newer we built both more appropriately and picturesquely than we commonly do now. Again, in the treatment of the ground about

their houses, the millionaires of Bar Harbor are quite as apt to err as are the humbler cottagers of Squirrel Island. Smooth lawns, made of imported soil, and kept green only by continual watering, furnish a means of displaying wealth, but they cannot be fittingly united with scenery which is characterized by rough ledges and scrubby woods. On this rough coast level grass will please when it is joined to a house and enclosed by walls. In the open ground it can hardly ever be in keeping. Similarly incongruous are flower beds scattered over rocky and uneven ground, set between the trunks of Pitch Pines, or perched on the tops of whaleback ledges; and yet such things are common sights at Bar Harbor.

The real danger of the present situation is that this annual flood of humanity, with its permanent structures for shelter, may so completely overflow and occupy the limited stretch of coast which it invades, as to rob it of that flavor of wildness and remoteness which hitherto has hung about it, and which in great measure constitutes its refreshing charm. A surf-beaten headland may be crowned by a lighthouse tower without losing its dignity and impressiveness, but it cannot be dotted with frail cottages without suffering a woeful fall. A lonely fiord shut in by dark woods, where the fog lingers in wreaths, as it comes and goes, loses its charm whenever even one bank is stripped naked, and streets of buildings are substituted for the Spruces and Pines. A few rich men, realizing this danger, have surrounded themselves with considerable tracts of land solely with the intention of preserving the natural aspect; and at least one hotel company, by buying almost the whole of the wild island of Campobello, has saved for the patrons of its houses a large region of unspoiled scenery. The readers of "Garden and Forest" stand in need of no argument to prove the importance to human happiness of that refreshing antidote to city life which fine natural scenery supplies, nor is it necessary to remind them that love of beauty and of art must surely die, if it be cut at its roots by destroying or vulgarizing the beauty of nature. "Men cannot love Art well until they love what she mirrors better," says Mr. Ruskin.

The United States have but this one short stretch of Atlan-

tic sea-coast, where a pleasant summer climate and real picturesqueness of scenery are to be found together. Can nothing be done to preserve for the use and enjoyment of the great unorganized body of the common people some fine parts, at least, of this seaside wilderness of Maine? It would seem as if the mere self-interest of hotel proprietors and land-owners would have accomplished much more in this direction than it yet has. If, for instance, East Point near York, or Dice's Head at Castine, or Great Head near Bar Harbor should be fenced off as private property, all the other property-owners of the neighborhood would have to subtract something from the value of their estates. And, conversely, if these or other like points of vantage, or any of the ancient border forts, were preserved to public uses by local associations or by the commonwealth, every estate and every form of property in the neighborhood would gain in value. Public-spirited men would doubtless give to such associations rights of way, and even lands occasionally, and the raising of money for the purchase of favorite points might not prove to be so difficult as at first it seems. The present year should see, all up and down the shore, the beginning of a movement in the direction here indicated. In many parts of the coast it is full time decisive action was taken; and if the State of Maine should by suitable legislation encourage the formation of associations for the purpose of preserving chosen parts of her coast scenery, she would not only do herself honor, but would secure for the future an important element in her material prosperity.



CHAPTER XVIII

THE TRUSTEES OF PUBLIC RESERVATIONS

Doch der den Augenblick ergreift
Das ist der rechte Mann.

GOETHE (*Faust*).

HAVING finished in January, 1890, the series of articles on Old American Country-seats, Charles wrote on the 22d of February a letter to the Editor of "Garden and Forest" which bore the title "The Waverley Oaks," but was really a plan for preserving fine bits of natural scenery near Boston, and for obtaining an adequate number of properly distributed open spaces for the use of the public.

THE WAVERLEY OAKS: A PLAN FOR THEIR PRESERVATION FOR THE PEOPLE.

Your recent editorial on the Waverley Oaks, with its plea for the preservation of the charming scene in which they stand, prompts me to lay before you an imperfect outline of a scheme by which, not the scene at Waverley only, but others of the finest bits of natural scenery near Boston, might perhaps be saved to delight many future generations.

But first a few words on another pressing problem. It is everywhere agreed that a great and growing population, such as now inhabits Boston and her widespreading suburbs, should, for its own best health, provide itself with all possible open spaces in the form of public squares and playgrounds. Boston (including now the various municipalities which surround her) is far behindhand in this matter. Large areas outside of the old city are wholly unprovided with public open spaces; and while the various municipalities which compose this larger Boston continue to be fearful of spending money for the enjoyment of their neighbors, there can be

little hope for much improvement. The difficulty arising from the conflicting interests and desires of these many towns and cities delayed the construction of a proper sewerage system for the suburbs, until the danger and the scandal which the lack of such a system caused fairly compelled the State to create a metropolitan drainage commission, with power to plan and to build a complete main drainage and to assess the cost thereof upon the towns and cities benefited. It looks now as if the acquisition of a suitable number of well-distributed open spaces must wait for the appointment of a similar commission. Meanwhile the available open ground is being rapidly occupied, and Boston, like New York, may yet be compelled to tear down whole blocks of buildings to provide herself with the needed oases of light and air.

But a crowded population thirsts, occasionally at least, for the sight of something very different from the public garden, square, or ball-field. The railroads and the new electric street railways which radiate from the Hub carry many thousands every pleasant Sunday through the suburbs to the real country, and hundreds out of these thousands make the journey for the sake of the refreshment which an occasional hour or two spent in the country brings to them. Within ten miles of the State House there still remain several bits of scenery which possess uncommon beauty and more than usual refreshing power. Moreover, each of these scenes is, in its way, characteristic of the primitive wilderness of New England, of which, indeed, they are surviving fragments. At Waverley is a steep moraine set with a group of mighty Oaks. At the Upper Falls of Charles River the stream flows darkly between rocky and broken banks, from which hang ranks upon ranks of graceful Hemlocks. These two remarkable scenes have been described in "Garden and Forest;" and I shall name no others, though several are well known to all lovers of nature near Boston. One is the solemn interior of a wood of tall white Pines — the tree the forefathers blazoned on their flag. Another is a Pine grove on a group of knolls in the bend of a small river, where it first meets the tide and the salt marshes. Still another is a hillside strewn with great boulders, and commanding, by a bowl-shaped hol-

low of the hills, a distant view of the ocean and its far horizon. At present all these beautiful scenes, excepting such as are included in the Franklin Park and the adjacent Arnold Arboretum, are in private hands; and many of them are in daily danger of utter destruction — some of the finest spots have been destroyed within the last ten years. Most of them lie outside the municipality of Boston proper. They are scattered in different townships or along the border lines, and only an authority which can disregard township limits can properly select and establish the needed reservations.

The end to be held in view in securing reservations of this class is wholly different from that which should guide the State Commission already suggested, and the writer believes this different end might better be attained by an incorporated association, composed of citizens of all the Boston towns, and empowered by the State to hold small and well-distributed parcels of land free of taxes, just as the Public Library holds books and the Art Museum pictures — for the use and enjoyment of the public. If an association of this sort were once established, generous men and women would be ready to buy and give into its keeping some of these fine and strongly characterized works of Nature; just as others buy and give to a museum fine works of art. Indeed, the association might even become embarrassed, as so many museums are, by offerings which might not commend themselves to its directors.

Purely natural scenery supplies an education in the love of beauty, and a means of human enjoyment at least as valuable as that afforded by pictures and casts; and if, as we are taught, feeling for artistic beauty has its roots in feeling for natural beauty, opportunities of beholding natural beauty will certainly be needed and prized by the successive generations which are to throng the area within ten miles of the State House. As Boston's lovers of art united to found the Art Museum, so her lovers of Nature should now rally to preserve for themselves and all the people as many as possible of these scenes of natural beauty which, by great good fortune, still exist near their doors.

On the day this letter was printed (March 5th), Charles set to work to get such an association established, although he

was much occupied with plans for private places. His first steps are described in the following letters to Professor Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, and Mr. George C. Mann, President of the Appalachian Mountain Club: —

March 5, 1890.

My dear Professor Sargent, — What think you of making an attempt in the direction indicated by my letter to G. & F.? (I assume you have seen the letter; if not, you will see it soon.)

I am one of the Council of the Appalachian Mountain Club. I propose to try to get ten of the best men in said Club to invite to meet with them at the Club-room another ten or more men from outside for the purpose of discussing ways and means of accomplishing the establishment of an association, or board of trustees, with power to hold such "bits" of scenery near Boston as may be given into their keeping.

I think I can get of the Club members, A. Agassiz, T. W. Higginson, Edward C. Pickering, S. H. Scudder, and so on — and of outsiders should ask Dr. Walcott, yourself, and other names that will occur to you.

The meeting should talk over the various ways of attempting such an organization. I think it should be modelled after the Art Museum — and consist of a board of trustees to be composed say of the Director of the Art Museum and the Director of the Arboretum; with a representative from the Horticultural Society, the Agricultural Society, and the Appalachian Club — for instance. These trustees would be also a board of directors, with power to accept or refuse gifts of lands, and so on.

This scheme would require a small endowment fund to pay small expenses (the reservations must be accepted only when offered with a fund for maintenance); or perhaps an organization having a membership which should elect the trustees and supply an annual income for office expenses would seem more suitable to some persons. These are problems which would come up at the proposed meeting.

The President of the Appalachian Club is the only man

beside yourself to whom I have yet suggested this scheme — so if you cannot think well of it, it is not too late to give it a fatal dose.

If you do think well of it, let me hear from you at your convenience. . . .

March 5, 1890.

My dear Mr. Mann, — I have in my head a scheme for an attempt at preserving some of the finest bits of Nature near Boston. I want, if possible, to interest you in the scheme, my idea being that it might be well to interest perhaps a dozen of the more distinguished Appalachians, who might then call a meeting of another dozen or so outsiders — men like Professor Sargent and Francis Parkman. . . . I open the subject by a letter to "Garden and Forest" which will appear this week; and if you happen to be in town within a day or two, I hope you will come to see me here. . . . Meanwhile, can you call to mind ten Appalachians who would make good fathers for such a scheme? Higginson, Scudder, and Fay might perhaps be three. I should like to have them hail from different suburbs. . . .

Ever since his return from Europe Charles had taken a strong interest in the affairs of the Appalachian Mountain Club; he had been elected a member of the Council, and had commended himself to the leading members of the Club by disinterested and effective service in connection with the publication by the Club of an excellent contour map of the country about Boston. He was therefore in position to secure the coöperation of the officers of the Club in his new enterprise. Professor Sargent and the President of the Club having given prompt approval (Mr. Mann called at Charles's office on the same day that the above letter was written), Charles immediately took counsel with an intimate friend and frequent companion in country walks, who was a lawyer, and on March 8th drew up the following statement of reasons for the action he proposed, to be presented to the Council of the Club as a suggestion of preliminary action: —

8 March, 1890.

Whereas — it is everywhere agreed that it is important to the education, health, and happiness of crowded populations

that they should not be deprived of opportunities of beholding beautiful natural scenery.

Whereas — the cities of Massachusetts are continually growing both in number and in population, so that it is increasingly needful, and at the same time increasingly difficult, for the inhabitants of said cities to obtain the peculiar pleasure and refreshment which the contemplation of natural scenery alone affords them.

Whereas — many scenes near the cities of this State, which once possessed uncommon beauty and refreshing power, have been despoiled within the last ten years, while many scenes of similar value are at the present time in similar danger.

Whereas — it is highly probable that individuals and bodies of subscribers would gladly purchase scenes of this valuable character for dedication to the use and enjoyment of the public, provided they were fully assured that their intentions in so doing would be lastingly respected, and the lands presented by them carefully preserved for the purpose just recited.

RESOLVED — that in the opinion of this Council, the facts above recited call for the creation by the State of a Board of Trustees endowed with power to hold real estate in any part of the Commonwealth for the purpose already set forth. . . .

This paper was not adopted by the Council; but served as a clear statement of the objects Charles had in view.

The Council met on March 10th, and appointed Messrs. Eliot and Mann a committee "to draw up an invitation to societies and individuals to meet and consider a plan for preserving natural scenery." The next day Charles prepared the following circular letter, and on the 12th began sending it to influential persons who he thought would be interested in the project.

March 11, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR, — In view of the recent and the threatened destruction of some of the most beautiful scenes within the State of Massachusetts, it is suggested that it would be well to procure from the legislature a special act creating a Board of Trustees with power to hold lands free of taxes in any part of the Commonwealth for the use and enjoyment of the public.

It seems likely that the existence of such a board, into whose keeping lands might be committed, would stimulate individuals and bodies of subscribers to obtain possession of bits of scenery here and there, while men who happened to own suitable lands would occasionally pass them to the Trustees by will. It is further suggested that the Trustees had best be appointed in part by the Governor of the State (as is the case with the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital), and in part by certain designated societies and corporations (as is provided in the act of incorporation of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts). Such societies as the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Essex Institute, and perhaps the various colleges, should be represented in the Board of Trustees; and each Society should pledge itself, on first naming its representative, to pay into a common fund say $100 a year for five or ten years in order thereby to form a nucleus for the endowment of the Trust — an endowment which would be increased by individual benefactors.

Funds for the maintenance of particular reservations would have to be provided at the same time that lands were given.

If you are interested by these suggestions — they are no more than that — will you not kindly inform me of your interest, and at the same time send me the names of persons belonging in your part of the State who ought to be invited to a conference which it is proposed should be called in Boston some time in May. I should also be glad to be informed of the name and address of the secretary of any society or institution, other than those I have named, which in your opinion should be represented in the proposed Board of Trustees.

Encouraging answers at once began to come in from persons living in different parts of the State, and representing different occupations. Almost immediately it became clear that the precise work to be done was to give effect to a public sentiment already in existence. Many persons had seen the urgent need of preserving from imminent destruction this or that beautiful scene; many had suggested, or even persistently advocated, the preservation of particular pieces of wild nature

which had thus far escaped destruction. Thus, Elizur Wright, the eminent insurance actuary, had for nearly twenty years (1867–1885) made well-directed and patient efforts to enlist the interest of nature-loving individuals, and of the towns of Malden, Medford, Winchester, Stoneham, and Melrose, in a large tract of woods, rocks, marshes, and ponds lying in those towns, and since known as the Middlesex Fells; and these efforts had really borne fruit; although his ends were apparently far from attainment at the time of his death in 1885. Mr. Wright also foresaw that great parks would be needed for the dense population occupying Boston and the country immediately around; and in 1867 he used these prophetic words: "If Boston makes a park that will only do for the present municipality of that name, a larger Boston will soon have to make another."

When Mr. H. W. S. Cleveland of Minneapolis, the oldest landscape artist in the country, who was in early life thoroughly acquainted with the vicinity of Boston, read in "Garden and Forest" Charles's letter of March 5th, he at once wrote to him as follows: "I was rather surprised that you made no mention of the Middlesex Fells as a desirable locality for preservation. I do not know its present condition; but it formerly comprised very picturesque scenes and much fine wood. I remember once spending most of a day there with George S. Hillard, when he was President of the Massachusetts Senate (some thirty years ago),[1] and urging upon him the preservation of a large area there either by the State or the City." Indeed, the love of beautiful scenery, or of particular scenes of natural beauty, had long been cherished and had become widespread; but it was helpless. It had not been given an organized body and an executive hand. Nevertheless, strong influences had been at work towards preservative action. The artistic and financial success of Central Park in New York City had taught all large American municipalities an invaluable lesson. Since 1875 Boston had been developing a park system within her own boundaries, which more and more commended itself to the popular mind. The Commonwealth had adopted in 1882 a general law providing for the laying out of Public Parks by towns and cities within their own limits. In the vicinity of Boston, the weekly excursions of the Appalachian Mountain Club to places interesting for their scenery, or their historical associations, had made many persons familiar with the places and scenes which ought to be preserved, and with the destruction already

[1] Mr. Hillard was a member of the Senate in 1849–50.

wrought by the rapid and unguided growth of the suburbs. In the publication of the same Club entitled "Appalachia," Mr. Roswell B. Lawrence had printed in 1886 an excellent account of the Middlesex Fells, accompanied by a map showing the paths and wood-roads, the hills, brooks, swamps, and ponds of the whole district, and rehearsing the arguments in favor of public ownership. The Lynn Woods on the north of Boston afforded an admirable example of a great public forest (2000 acres) obtained by the coöperation of public-spirited citizens with the municipality. A few journalists, chief among whom was Mr. Sylvester Baxter of Malden, had written frequently and earnestly about the park needs of the million people within twelve miles of the State House, and had pointed out the opportunities for effective action, and the obstacles which prevented it. These sympathetic writings had helped to form an expectant public opinion on the subject. Finally, the genius of Frederick Law Olmsted had gradually been informing cultivated Americans concerning the nature and uses of public reservations.

In anticipation of a meeting of the Council of the Appalachian Mountain Club on April 2d, Charles wrote out on March 30th what he called a "Preservation Scheme." It was his habit to go to any meeting, in the work of which he was strongly interested, with something already well considered and put into writing, in order to supply a definite basis for discussion, and a preliminary framework for action by the meeting. This habit was a thoughtful and helpful one; it gave evidence that he had studied the subject, and undoubtedly added to the influence which his quiet but persuasive speech gave him in all meetings of committees or boards for the discussion of subjects he had at heart.

At a meeting of the Council of the Appalachian Mountain Club on April 2d, it was unanimously voted "to add Mr. Lawrence to the committee, and that the committee call a meeting of persons interested in the preservation of natural scenery and historical sites in Massachusetts; and that fifty dollars be appropriated for the purpose of such meeting." In this vote historical sites appear as well as scenery; hitherto, scenery only had been mentioned.

Charles now had a good piece of machinery in his hands, and he promptly set it in motion. In a week the Committee adopted a preliminary letter, a letter of invitation to the proposed meeting, and part of a statement of the reasons for the creation of a Board of Trustees with power to hold lands for the use and enjoyment of the public. The preparation of

lists of addresses of persons to be invited to the meeting was a considerable labor; and Charles did most of it with his own hand. The membership of the Historical, Antiquarian, Horticultural, Natural History, and Village Improvement societies, and of the College Faculties in the State served as a basis; but many names were added on the recommendation of interested persons to whom Charles had written asking for lists. (See Appendix II.) April and May were Charles's busiest months; but he found time for "Preservation work." Not content with sending out about two thousand copies of the following invitation, he personally wrote to many influential persons whose presence he thought would be especially valuable, and made all the arrangements for officers and speakers at the meeting, and for letters to be read there. From May 19th to May 24th he gave all his time to preparations for the meeting on the 24th. Mr. Mann, the president of the Appalachian Club, was frequently in helpful consultation with him in April and May.

APPALACHIAN MOUNTAIN CLUB,
9 PARK STREET, BOSTON, May 10, 1890.

DEAR SIR, — At a meeting of the Council of the Appalachian Mountain Club held on Wednesday, April 2, 1890, it was unanimously —

Voted, That Messrs. Eliot, Mann, and Lawrence be a committee to call a meeting of persons interested in the preservation of scenery and historical sites in Massachusetts.

In accordance with this vote, you are hereby invited, with friends who may be interested in the subject, to take part in a conference to be held in Boston, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boylston Street, at 12 o'clock, on Saturday, May 24, 1890. Hon. Henry H. Sprague will preside, and among those who will either attend the meeting, or send letters, are Governor Brackett, General Francis A. Walker, Dr. O. W. Holmes, Colonel T. W. Higginson, Mr. Francis Parkman, and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted.

Please use the enclosed postal-card to inform the committee whether or not they may expect you.

You are also requested to examine and consider the statements and proposals of the circular which accompanies this letter, and if you cannot attend the conference, you are respectfully urged to communicate your opinions and sugges-

tions in writing to Charles Eliot, 50 State Street, Boston, before the day of the meeting.

AN OUTLINE OF A SCHEME FOR FACILITATING THE PRESERVATION AND DEDICATION TO PUBLIC ENJOYMENT OF SUCH SCENES AND SITES IN MASSACHUSETTS AS POSSESS EITHER UNCOMMON BEAUTY OR HISTORICAL INTEREST.

There is no need of argument to prove that opportunities for beholding the beauty of Nature are of great importance to the health and happiness of crowded populations. As respects large masses of the population of Massachusetts, these opportunities are rapidly vanishing. Many remarkable natural scenes near Boston have been despoiled of their beauty during the last few years. Similar spots near other cities of the Commonwealth have likewise suffered. Throughout the State, scenes which future generations of townspeople would certainly prize for their refreshing power are to-day in danger of destruction. Unless some steps towards their effectual protection can be taken quickly, the beauty of these spots will have disappeared, and the opportunity for generous action will have passed. Scattered throughout the State are other places made interesting and valuable by historical or literary associations; and many of these also are in danger.

What public or private, general or local, action in aid of the preservation of fine natural scenes and historical sites will it be best to attempt under existing circumstances in Massachusetts? This is the problem which will be the subject of debate at the conference called by the Council of the Appalachian Mountain Club; and it is only for the purpose of provoking discussion that the Committee which has been authorized to call the meeting makes the following proposals: —

1. The establishment of a Board of Trustees to be appointed as follows: Some to be named in the act of incorporation: their successors to be elected by the full Board as vacancies occur. Some to be named by the governing bodies of several designated incorporated societies, such as the Massachusetts Historical Society, the Essex Institute, the Appalachian Mountain Club, etc. Some to be appointed by the Governor and Council.

2. The Trustees to be empowered to acquire by gift from individuals, or bodies of subscribers, parcels of real estate possessing natural beauty or historical interest, and to hold the same, together with funds for the maintenance thereof, free of all taxes.

3. The Trustees to be required to open to the public, under suitable regulations, all such parcels of their real estate as lie within the limits of those towns and cities which may provide police protection for the same.

4. The Trustees to be prohibited from conveying real estate once accepted by them, except to towns and cities for public uses.

In order to effect the creation of this proposed Board of Trustees, the Committee suggests: —

5. The appointment by the meeting of May 24 of a Standing Committee of twenty-five, to be provided by the meeting with a working fund, and empowered —

a. To draught and present to the General Court at its next session an act of incorporation.

b. To correspond with societies and individuals for the purpose of deciding upon two or three parcels of suitable real estate which, with endowments for maintenance, may be offered to the Trustees immediately upon their incorporation.

c. To secure subscriptions to an endowment fund with the income of which the Trustees may meet their general expenses.

In further preparation for intelligent and productive discussion of the subject, Charles informed himself about the statutes or acts under which most of the existing national, state, and municipal reservations were held, such as the Yosemite and Yellowstone Parks among national reservations, Niagara and the Adirondacks among state reservations, Montreal, Belle Isle (Detroit), and Lynn Woods among municipal reservations. He wished to be familiar with the precedents on the subject; and in a few weeks he made fortunate use of the information he had acquired.

The meeting took place as appointed. The following account of the meeting written by Charles is taken from his "First Annual Report of the Trustees of Public Reservations:" —

About one hundred persons were present, representing most parts of the State. Hon. Henry H. Sprague, President of the State Senate, presided, and Mr. William Clarence Burrage, Secretary of the Bostonian Society, acted as clerk. Mr. Mann, of the Committee of Arrangements, gave an account of the four hundred cordial letters received from persons who were unable to attend the meeting. The letters from Governor Brackett, Mr. Whittier, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Francis Parkman, and other well-known persons were heartily applauded by those present. Mr. Eliot followed with a statement of the reasons which led to the calling of the meeting, and after mentioning the occasional special Acts by which the General Court has authorized the preservation of a few remarkably interesting monuments, such as the Old South Church in Boston, he advocated the establishment of a central Board of Trustees, as follows: —

"This necessity for special Acts, combined with the trouble involved in organizing special societies and boards of trustees, naturally discourages and hinders those who might otherwise do much for the cause we have at heart. I say those who might do much, because I believe that this worthy cause of ours, like most other noble causes, must, under our democratic government, be fostered in its beginnings, at least, by the individuals who may be interested in it. Some day, perhaps, the State may create a commission, and assume the charge of a large number of scattered spots, to be held for the enjoyment of the people. But that day is not yet. Those of the people who feel and know the great value of such reservations must first prove their value by actual experiment; in other words, by opening many such places and managing them for the public good.

"The way our committee would propose to do this must now be clear to you all. Scattered throughout the State are many thriving historical and antiquarian societies, and many other associations which may be grouped as being interested in the world out-of-doors. Some of these societies have already accomplished the saving of memorable or striking spots. The Essex Institute has purchased the great boulder in Danvers called Ship Rock, the Old Colony Historical Soci-

ety owns Dighton Rock, and the Worcester Natural History Society owns a part of the shore of Lake Quinsigamond. Many others would like to do something of this kind, and more would like to, if the way were easier. Let these societies, with all individuals who may be interested, unite in asking the legislature to establish one strong Board of Trustees, to be empowered to hold for the benefit of the public the desired sort of property in any part of the State. There seems to be no need of any new society or association: what is needed is concerted and coöperative action on the part of the many interested existing societies. Such action can probably effect the creation of the Trustees, who will in turn facilitate and stimulate the acquiring and giving of the desired scenes and sites. The necessity for zealous local action will not be done away with: it will be provided with a definite end for which to work."

Mr. J. B. Harrison, of Franklin Falls, N. H., made an appeal for prompt action of some sort, in view of the fact that population is increasing at a tremendous rate, while the space which is open to it grows less and less. He dwelt more particularly upon the future of the seashore, and the general physical and moral suffocation which must attend the exclusion of the coming multitude from the free light and air, without which no people can exist. A day or two later one of the most influential of the Boston newspapers said of this address: "It touched upon the most vital concerns of the people and coming generations. It was the most forcible and most wisely and wittily spoken address, without any sort or shadow of exception, which has been delivered in Boston in several years."

The chairman next called for remarks from the floor, and the Hon. Leverett Saltonstall, Professor C. E. Norton, and Judge William S. Shurtleff followed one another with stirring speeches. After some further discussion, a vote was passed asking the chairman to appoint a committee "to promote in such ways as may seem to it advisable the establishment of a Board of Trustees to be made capable of acquiring and holding, for the benefit of the public, beautiful and historical places in Massachusetts." This committee, after adding to

its members by election, organized itself for work as follows: —

Henry P. Walcott, Cambridge, Chairman; George Wigglesworth, Boston, Treasurer; Charles Eliot, Boston, Secretary.

Francis A. Walker, Boston; Sarah H. Crocker, Boston; Marion Talbot, Boston; William C. Burrage, Boston; C. S. Rackemann, Milton; George C. Mann, Jamaica Plain; L. Saltonstall, Chestnut Hill; F. L. Olmsted, Brookline; C. S. Sargent, Brookline; Moses Williams, Brookline; Sylvester Baxter, Malden; Elizabeth Howe, Cambridge; William S. Shurtleff, Springfield; Joseph Tucker, Pittsfield; Christopher Clarke, Northampton; Richard Goodman, Lenox; Franklin Carter, Williamstown; George Sheldon, Deerfield; Henry M. Dexter, New Bedford; Henry M. Lovering, Taunton; George R. Briggs, Plymouth; J. Evarts Greene, Worcester; Henry L. Parker, Worcester; Philip A. Chase, Lynn; W. C. Endicott, Jr., Salem; John S. Brayton, Fall River.

Another and better piece of machinery was now at Charles's disposition. The new committee met within a week, Charles preparing with Mr. Burrage, the secretary of the meeting, the letters of notification, and making beforehand studies of circulars to be issued in the name of the new committee. On June 5th the chairman of the committee, Dr. Henry P. Walcott, appointed a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Greene, Olmsted, Williams, Wigglesworth, and Eliot, to prepare a scheme of organization for the proposed Board of Trustees. Charles attended to the correspondence of the sub-committee, called their meeting, draughted their report, and consulted with the members who could not attend the meeting. On July 17th the sub-committee reported to the whole committee an organization for the proposed Board of Trustees, and advised the establishment of a companion board with the powers of a Board of Visitors. (See Appendix III.) This report was referred to a new sub-committee on legislation consisting of Messrs. Shurtleff, Parker, and Williams. In August two circulars, written in the first instance by Charles, were freely sent out with the request that they be brought to the attention of the people throughout the State. The first circular was intended for posting; it rehearsed the facts about the appointment of the committee and their purpose to ask

the legislature to establish a Board of Trustees capable of holding lands for the use and enjoyment of the public, and ended as follows : —

The Committee desires to hear from the officers of all societies which may wish to send Delegates to the proposed Board [of Visitors], and also from the officers or members of any societies which may see fit to assist the Committee by adopting resolutions favoring the establishment of the proposed Board of Trustees for public places.

The Committee hopes to be informed of all movements now on foot looking to the opening to the public of any beautiful or historical places, as also of all lands which it may be desirable and possible to obtain for the proposed Trustees. Letters may be addressed to the nearest member of the Committee, or to the Secretary, Charles Eliot, 50 State Street, Boston.

Lastly, the Committee requests all persons who may feel interested in this attempt to facilitate the preservation of natural scenery and of historical memorials to send contributions for this purpose to the Treasurer of the Committee, George Wigglesworth, Esq., 89 State Street, Boston. If the working fund can be made large enough, the work of the Committee can go on prosperously; otherwise it must languish.

The second circular recited the reasons for the establishment of the proposed "Trustees of Public Reservations," gave a list of existing reservations, some national, some state, and some municipal, and others established by corporate or individual action, and then described as follows the proposed action of the committee, and the reasons for it : —

It is proposed to establish in Massachusetts a corporation to be called the "Trustees of Public Reservations." It is proposed to give these Trustees the power to acquire, by gift or purchase, beautiful or historical places in any part of the State, to arrange with cities and towns for the necessary policing of the reservations so acquired, and to open the reservations to the public when such arrangements have been made. This Board of Trustees should be established without further delay, and for the following reasons : —

(1) Because the existing means of securing and preserving public reservations are not sufficiently effective. Every year sees the exclusion of the public from more and more scenes of interest and beauty, and every year sees the irreparable destruction of others.

(2) Because, if it is desirable to supplement the existing means of securing and preserving the scenes in question, no method can be found which will more surely serve the desired end than that by means of which Massachusetts has established her successful hospitals, colleges, and art museums: namely, the method which consists in setting up a respected Board of Trustees, and leaving all the rest to the munificence of public-spirited men and women. When the necessary organization is provided, the lovers of Nature and History will rally to endow the Trustees with the care of their favorite scenes, precisely as the lovers of Art have so liberally endowed the Art Museums.

(3) Because a general Board of Trustees established with power to accept or reject whatever property may be offered it in any part of the State will be able to act for the benefit of the whole people, and without regard to the principal cause of the ineffectiveness of present methods, namely, the local jealousies felt by townships and parts of townships towards each other.

(4) Because the beautiful and historical Commonwealth of Massachusetts can no longer afford to refrain from applying to the preservation of her remarkable places every method which experience in other fields has approved. The State is rapidly losing her great opportunity to ensure for the future an important source of material as well as moral prosperity.

Newspapers throughout the State were informed of the doings of the committee, and made frequent favorable mention of the project. Mr. Sylvester Baxter, a member of the committee, had access to influential newspapers, either as an editorial writer or a correspondent, and had been for many years warmly in favor of any and all measures which promised to secure for the future dense population of Boston and the vicinity the benefits of public reservations, large and small. He lost no opportunity of furthering the new project. Charles had the firm belief that parks ought to be created and main-

tained in the moral and physical interest of the great popular majority of a democratic community; and he therefore welcomed every means of commending public reservations to the goodwill and favoring care of the great mass of the people.

The autumn was filled with active professional labors; but as a new session of the legislature approached, Charles's mind turned again to "Preservation work." Having learnt that Judge Shurtleff, the chairman of the sub-committee on legislation, was in Europe, he wrote as follows to the next member of the sub-committee: —

11 Dec. '90.

H. L. Parker, Esq.

My dear Sir, — Judge Shurtleff being in Europe, you are the senior member of our sub-committee on the preservation of beautiful and historical places — our legislation sub-committee, I mean.

I hope you will allow me to call upon you some day before Xmas. I want to hear your view of the situation, and your opinion as to the form of our petition to the legislature — if petition it should be.

I suppose that having obtained a draught of a bill, the general committee should meet and approve the same, and then address a petition to the General Court — but I hope you can name an hour in the middle of the day or afternoon some time next week when I can find you.

As to a bill, I find the following old bills are interesting reading: —

Massachusetts General Hospital . . .	Feb. 25, 1811.
Pilgrim Society	Jan. 24, 1820.
Mission Park Association	Feb. 16, 1857.
Museum of Fine Arts	Feb. 4, 1870.
Pocumtuck Valley Association	May 9, 1870.
Standish Monument Association . . .	May 4, 1872.
Longfellow Memorial Association . . .	May 23, 1882.
Greylock Park Association	April 15, 1885.

I append the following not because I have any notion it is anywhere near right, but only to set the ball rolling a little: —

Sec. 1. —— and their successors, are hereby made a body corporate by the name of The Trustees of Public Reservations, for the purpose of acquiring, preserving, and opening

to the public beautiful and historical places within this Commonwealth, with the powers and privileges, and subject to the duties, set forth in all general laws which now or hereafter may be in force relating to like corporations.

Sec. 2. The said corporation may take and hold by grant, gift, devise, or purchase such real estate as may seem worthy of preservation, and such personal property as may be necessary or convenient to promote the objects of the corporation.

Sec. 3. The said corporation shall not sell, convey, grant, mortgage, or lease any real estate accepted and owned by it (except that it may sell the same when it is compelled so to do by the exercise of eminent domain on the part of the Commonwealth or other authorized power).

Sec. 4. The personal property held by said corporation, and all such real estate as it shall cause to be opened to the use and enjoyment of the public under suitable regulations, shall be exempt from taxation in the same manner and to the same extent as the property of literary, benevolent, charitable, and scientific institutions incorporated within this Commonwealth is now exempt by law.

This is, it seems to me, "lowest terms." If we must introduce State representatives and a Board of Delegates, they must be added.

It appears in the last sentence of this letter that Charles himself did not care to have any Board of Delegates or Visitors. At the third meeting of the general committee, held January 31, 1891, the sub-committee reported a draught of an act of incorporation which was approved by the committee. Thereupon a petition praying for the passage of the act was signed and addressed to the General Court, the name of one person from every county in the State, except Nantucket, being inserted in the act. It fell to Charles to procure the assent of the persons named in the first section of the act. Most of those whom he asked to serve gave their consent, and the list of names was deservedly an influential one with the legislature.

The measures taken to interest large numbers of persons in the undertaking proved to have been effective; for when a hearing was held on the proposed act before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, on March 10, 1891, hundreds of

persons attended the hearing, and the speakers in favor of the act were numerous. Charles, however, left as little as possible to chance. Four days before the hearing he sent a circular invitation to be present to all the persons who had expressed to him decided interest in the undertaking — about seven hundred in number. At the hearing, he stated the purpose of the committee in asking for the proposed act. On March 14th he wrote to the members of the committee appointed at the meeting of May 24, 1890, and to the proposed incorporators, asking them to write in favor of the bill to members of the House of Representatives.

The act passed both Houses without difficulty, and was approved by Governor William Eustis Russell, May 21, 1891.

Thus was accomplished within fifteen months the undertaking about which Charles wrote so modestly to Professor Sargent on the 5th of March, 1890. The qualities which brought this quick success were capacity for rapid and yet accurate work, persuasiveness, and good judgment about both men and measures. The personal quality of the officers and members of the corporation created with the title Trustees of Public Reservations was remarkable. Senator George F. Hoar, General Francis A. Walker, Professors N. S. Shaler and Charles S. Sargent, Mr. Philip A. Chase of Lynn, Mr. Frederick L. Ames of North Easton, and Mr. Leverett Saltonstall of Newton were among the original incorporators, and Dr. Henry P. Walcott, chairman of the State Board of Health, President Franklin Carter of Williams College, Mr. Charles H. Dalton of Boston, Mr. William C. Endicott of Salem, and Mr. Augustus Hemenway of Canton were among those soon added to the Board. The selection of persons was well adapted to commend the new Board and its undertakings to the people of Massachusetts.

While the act was on its easy passage through the legislature, Charles made a short address on the evening of May 9th before the Advance Club of Providence on "The Need of Parks." The whole address, as he subsequently wrote it out for publication, is given here; because it reveals the underlying convictions which induced Charles to give so much of his time to the advocacy of various measures for providing squares, gardens, beaches, and parks — the best means of out-of-door enjoyment — for the masses of the urban population. He was a genuine democrat; and he wanted the democracy to have every chance of attaining a real well-being.

THE NEED OF PARKS.

Very naturally the American Colonists gave little thought to parks. Only where their captains were extraordinarily far-sighted was any action taken to provide permanent open spaces in their towns. Philadelphia possesses to-day four considerable public squares placed symmetrically by William Penn in a plain which has now become the heart of the city. Savannah has twenty-three small squares, for unlike Philadelphia she has continued the excellent city plan devised by her founder Oglethorpe. Boston has her Common. These and the like exceptions only prove the rule that our predecessors gave small thought to parks. I ask now — why should we? Why should we tax ourselves for parks? Can we afford the expense, and is this the time to provide them? Let us see what answers can be found for these questions. To this end we must glance for a moment at the progress of population and civilization here in New England. After our ancestors had conquered the woods and the Indians, they settled down in numerous scattered villages of farmers, each with its meeting-house, inn, store, and blacksmith shop. Every little neighborhood, almost every separate farm, was sufficient unto itself, — supplied itself with the necessaries of life, raised its own crops, and made its own shoes, clothes, boats, and carts. In every village lived people of refinement who visited about the country, read good books, and were the leaders of the people. Providence was once such a village, and New England was made up of the like. Gradually the seaport villages, with their natural advantages for commerce, drew away from the inland communities. Trade became the source of fortunes. Trade began to draw men from the country to the seaboard. Then suddenly came the railroads. By their help many interior villages became trade centres, where labor was in demand, where countrymen found they could gain more than their farms had ever offered them. Then followed the rise of manufacturing. The first mills were operated by men and girls from the farms. Beside every considerable water power rose towns, as by magic ; and where water power proved scanty, coal hauled by the railroad took its place.

From farming through trading to manufacturing. Such has been the story of all the considerable New England towns of to-day.

And what of the inconsiderable places, — the places which have remained rural? They have been steadily losing population: As soon as a town becomes large enough and rich enough to provide itself with water and sewers, and lighted streets, and the multiplied conveniences which are only to be found in towns, — as soon as this is the case, it begins to draw in people from the surrounding country as by a mighty magnet. And this is only natural and proper. As the intelligence of the people is wakened, their thirst for congenial society, and for books, music, and art, grows importunate. Even those who resist these attractions of the town, and continue to live in the country, are compelled to depend upon the town. Their children probably take the train to school. They purchase everything, from hats to boots, in the town. Their very flour and meat is probably delivered to them from a Chicago car at their railroad station.

A curious thing is the disgust of the country-bred for the country, after they have once tasted the exciting town life. The girl who stands all day behind a dry-goods counter will tell you she would rather starve or faint in the city than go back home. Even the wretched beings of East London, whom General Booth is trying to move to clean and fresh country quarters, assure him that they will run away back to town as soon as they get the chance.

Now it has been the fashion to attribute the depopulation of the country districts of New England to the opening of the cheap and fertile lands of the West; and this undoubtedly is in a measure true. But what shall we say when we read, as we do in the returns of the new census, that many of the rural counties of fertile Iowa have lost population in the last ten years; that the same thing has been going on in other fertile parts of the country; that New York State, above Harlem River, outside the towns of 10,000 inhabitants, has lost 13,000 people? Evidently the causes of the depopulation of the country districts and the great growth of the cities lie deep. To me they appear to be inherent in the progress

of our race, — to be permanent elements in that which we call the progress of civilization. In England the six largest cities add as many persons to their population in any given period as the rest of the nation, counting all the other bustling towns; and the same is true in all the highly civilized parts of Europe. It is evident that modern civilization is to have its home in cities, in cities of vastly greater population than any the world has yet seen.

If this be so, — if "the further progress of civilization is to depend mainly upon the influences by which men's minds and characters are affected while living in great cities," — with what zeal should we not endeavor to make these influences such as shall be elevating? If this be so, — if the human race is destined to be more and more closely crowded into towns and suburbs — with what seriousness should we not endeavor to make these towns and suburbs as decent, as healthful, and as refreshingly beautiful as possible? Our race has already learned by sad experience that this crowding into cities is attended by grave dangers. It is well known that the average length of human life is very much less in the town than in the country. Disease is more prevalent in town than out. Cholera infantum, that fearful scourge which in August and September kills our young children by the thousands, is preëminently a town disease.

And physical ills are not the only ills of town life. Our cities are our hotbeds of vice and crime. The herding of the very poor in city slums breeds a degraded race. The lack of opportunity for innocent recreation drives hundreds to amuse themselves in ways that are not innocent. The tremendous competition for the opportunity to work breeds that discontent, and anger, and despair, which lead to anarchy, and feed the fires of that volcano under the city which the alarmists tell us is so soon to break forth. Even if the volcano does not belch forth, civilization is not safe so long as any large part of the population is morally or physically degraded; and if such degradation is increasing in our great towns (and who will say that it is not?), it is plainly the duty and the interest of all who love their country to do what they can to check the drift.

This question is squarely put to us: Shall the forces of darkness, the forces which drag men down, the forces which push men into the arms of ignorance, sin, and death, be allowed a free field in our cities, or shall they be opposed at every point and even routed, if it be possible, from their strongholds by the forces of enlightenment and progress?

Gentlemen, who are to be the captains of the army of light here in Providence, if not yourselves? Our cities can be saved to civilization only by the vigorous and united action of their citizens. There exists no outside power which can help you. The future of your city and the happiness or misery of the thousands upon thousands who are to succeed you here, lie very largely in your hands. Can there be any question as to what your course should be? Are you not bound by every consideration of honor and of financial interest to do for Providence everything that modern science has discovered to be of value to the physical, moral, and financial prosperity of large cities? How can you any longer ask: "Can we afford this or that public improvement?" If the experience of other cities has scientifically proved that certain improvements are sources of physical and financial advantage to the cities which introduce them, you cannot longer afford to do without them. Already you vote to tax yourselves severely for police, light, paving, sewers, scavengers, and a host of other costly public agencies, because you are convinced that the public health and safety require these things. You know that these things are necessary to the preservation of that civilization upon which your own prosperity and that of your neighbors and successors must be based.

Now I think I can prove to you in a very few words that just as you can no longer afford not to tax yourselves, let us say for pure water, so you can no longer afford not to tax yourselves for pure air and open spaces.

Any city physician will tell you that air-poisoning kills a hundred human beings where food-poisoning kills one; yet you pay for food inspection, and do little or nothing to provide your crowded quarters with fresh air. All authorities on the diseases of children prescribe fresh air and plenty of it for cholera infantum. Says Dr. Bell of Philadelphia:

"The restorative effects of fresh air are strikingly evinced in the relief procured by many hundreds of children every summer by simply crossing the Delaware River in the ferry-boats once or twice a day." Dr. Clark of Boston says: "A few hours' exposure of a child on a mother's lap or in a basket or carriage, to the freshness of a park, will produce a sleep such as never follows opium, chloral, or ether, and will yield a chance for health such as no drug can give." Philadelphia had long been a healthy city, but in 1874, when the death rate dropped to the extraordinarily low figure of 19.3 per thousand, Dr. William Pepper reported as follows: "This very favorable result is largely due to the abundant and cheap water supply, and to the opportunities given even the very poorest citizens for the enjoyment of pure air in Fairmount Park. The extent to which this is valued by the citizens may be inferred from the fact that the park was visited in 1874 by 11,000,000 persons."

Similar reports are constantly appearing from the sanitarians of the large towns where parks have been established. All are agreed that convenient playgrounds must be opened for the children and open-air parlors for their parents, if a decent physical standard is to be maintained; and all are agreed that where these are opened, a visible improvement is the result. And the improvement is not physical only. The removal of the children from the crowded streets to the quiet playgrounds, and the gathering of the neighbors from their narrow homes into the neat public squares when the labor of the day is over, has worked in many places something like a moral revolution. Whoever has visited even one of the numerous public squares of Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, and has there watched the bearing and behavior of the common people, will ever afterwards be an earnest advocate of public gardens. London has converted almost a hundred small open spaces — many of them ancient graveyards — into children's playgrounds and old folks' resting grounds. Even New York has waked to the vital importance of providing accessible breathing-places for a crowded population, and is spending this year the second million of dollars out of an appropriation of ten million, which is to be expended in ten years in purchasing small open spaces in her crowded wards.

Doubtless the necessity is less imperative in Providence than it is in New York or London, but it will soon be upon you, and you will never be able to obtain these outdoor parlors as cheaply as now. It is very poor economy of human life, it is very poor economy of money, to postpone their purchase any further. "Nothing is so costly," it has been well said, "as sickness, disease, and vice; nothing so cheap as health and virtue. Whatever promotes the former is the worst sort of extravagance; whatever fosters the latter is the truest economy."

And now every argument that has been thus far adduced bears with at least equal force upon the question of the country park — or the public park proper. In the town squares and boulevards, men and women will find fresh air and shade and decent surroundings for their hours of sociability, and safe playgrounds for the children, and fresh nurseries for the babies. But there is an important element in human nature which the town square cannot satisfy. This is that conscious or unconscious sensibility to the beauty of the natural world which in many men becomes a passion, and in almost all men plays a part.

When you who are prosperous, as this world goes, move your families to the seaside or the mountains for the summer, it is not wholly for the fresh air and the freedom that you go. Whether you realize it or not, it is largely for the sake of the subtle influence which skies and seas, clouds and shadows, woods and fields, and all that mingling of the natural and the human which we call landscape shed upon human life — and the life of childhood and youth in particular. This is an influence which is almost indefinable; but it is very real. It is best understood by the poets, and has been sung by them ever since the Greeks invented that delightful phrase — the spirit of the place. It is an influence which has a most peculiar value as an antidote to the poisonous struggling and excitement of city life. Whenever a busy man is over-worried, the doctor prescribes the country; and when any of us are brought into depression by care or trouble, our cure is the sight of our chosen hills.

This if we have money wherewith to fly the town; but if

we have none of that valuable commodity to spare, what can we do when the thirst for the hills burns in us? If we walk through miles and miles of brick and mortar, or through other miles of wooden suburbs, we may be at last rewarded by a glimpse of a woodside or a meadow; but it is ten to one that the sign "No Trespassing" confronts us when we reach the fence. Very naturally the farmer regards us as a pest. We tramp home again sadder and wiser boys and girls, and if our cup of life is not seriously soured, it is not because the fathers of our city have tried to make it sweet.

Gentlemen, the providing of what I call country parks to distinguish them from squares and the like is as necessary for the preservation of the civilization of cities as are sewers or street lights. As our towns grow, the spots of remarkable natural beauty, which were once as the gems embroidered upon the fair robe of Nature, are one by one destroyed to make room for railroads, streets, factories, and the rest. The time is coming when it will be hard to find within a day's journey of our large cities a single spot capable of stirring the soul of man to speak in poetry. Think of what this will mean for the race, and start to-morrow to secure for your children and your children's children some of those scenes of special natural beauty which I trust are still to be found within a reasonable distance of this hall. For the purposes of the country park a tract of land upon which Nature herself has framed a scene of beauty is always to be desired. To buy a commonplace piece of territory, when anything more effective is obtainable, is a sad waste of opportunities. Similarly it is a waste of money to make a large park merely an enlarged copy of a town square. The tax-payer's money is worse than wasted if it is spent in the large area of the park for anything which could be equally well obtained within the small area of the square or garden. The square is the place for decoration, for monuments, for ribbon gardening. The park should be kept free from town-like things. Indeed, if park scenery is not kept free from decoration, or if the works which make it possible for the public to enjoy the scenery without harming it are not devised with religious regard to the promptings of the spirit of the place, the highest usefulness and main pur-

pose of the park are frustrated. The large area and the large cost of the country park cannot be justified, if its simple but lofty purpose of providing refreshing scenery is lost sight of.

Gentlemen, these are all very obvious considerations, and yet they are very seldom regarded in practice. As yet but few of our communities own sufficient land for the making of a country park. Much of what is owned is, by nature, either dull or ugly. Much that was originally interesting has been spoiled by the mistaken zeal of the park commissioners in charge. The number of really great and noble American country parks may yet be counted on the fingers. Montreal has her Mount Royal, a lofty and craggy hill behind the city, most interesting in itself, and commanding from its jutting cliffs superb views of the St. Lawrence valley. Detroit has her Belle Isle, a low and long green island, clothed with an open forest, and surrounded by waters bearing the concentrated commerce of the Lakes. Baltimore has her Druid Hill, where the deer browse in soft, shady glades. Minneapolis has the gorge of the Mississippi. Lynn has two thousand acres of woods and ponds, and rocks which overlook the ocean. Such are some of the characteristic types of landscape which a few wise American cities have made free to all the world. May Providence soon follow her younger sisters!

Charles was immediately made Secretary of the new Corporation, and three years later Chairman of the Standing Committee. During the summer of 1891 he draughted the by-laws of the Trustees, — a matter requiring study and foresight, — and obtained the contributions which enabled the Trustees to meet their expenses, and to employ Mr. J. B. Harrison temporarily as their agent. He also coöperated with Mr. Harrison in his researches. He was careful to submit to the other members of the Standing Committee all papers which he drew for the committee, and was always ready to revise and rewrite his first draughts in accordance with their suggestions. He wrote the first three annual reports of the Standing Committee (always with the advantage of criticism from his colleagues), reports which went far towards determining the permanent policy of the Trustees and their early functions.

The Trustees had important matters before them in the very first year of their existence. A beautiful tract of diver-

sified woodland in Stoneham, containing about twenty acres, was offered to the Board, but could not be accepted until a fund of $2000 had been raised by public-spirited persons in Melrose, Malden, and Medford to ensure its maintenance and protection. This is the Virginia Wood, so named in memory of a daughter of the giver, Mrs. Fanny Foster Tudor, formerly of Stoneham. This first gift to the Trustees had, therefore, a memorial purpose; and two others, out of the six gifts thus far (1901) received by the Trustees, have had a similar purpose. They answer a question asked by Charles in his First Annual Report for the Standing Committee of the Trustees, — "Is not a religiously guarded, living landscape a finer monument than any ordinary work in marble or stained glass?"

Many spots and buildings were suggested to the Trustees as desirable for preservation; but the Board was obliged to answer such suggestions in the manner indicated in the following passage from the report just cited: —

All these places and many more are doubtless worthy of preservation in the collection of Massachusetts landscapes and memorials which this Board has been empowered to establish and maintain. On the other hand, this Board does not possess either the money or the authority to enable it to snatch real estate out of the hands of anybody. Like the trustees of a public art museum, this Board stands ready to undertake the care of such precious things as may be placed in its charge. It exists "to facilitate the preservation of beautiful and historical places in Massachusetts," by providing an efficient and permanent organization through which individuals and bodies of subscribers may accomplish their several desires.

Another passage from the same report describes concisely certain fruitful activities which he recommended to the Trustees and personally superintended.

In addition to the sympathetic study of the several suggested projects just mentioned, the Committee has from the first given serious attention to certain broad questions from which it found itself unable to escape. Massachusetts, as a whole, is shamefully lacking in open spaces reserved expressly for enjoyment by the public. The mountain-tops of the in-

VIRGINIA WOOD — HEMLOCK KNOLL

terior, the cliffs and beaches of the seashore, and most of the intervening scenes of special beauty are rapidly passing into the possession of private owners, who hold these places either for their own private pleasure, or for the profit which may be reaped from fees collected from the public. Moreover, as population increases, the final destruction of the finest remaining bits of scenery goes on more and more rapidly. Thus the prospect for the future is in many ways a gloomy one, particularly upon the seashore and in the neighborhood of Boston.

Impressed by these considerations, the Committee determined to take action in four directions: first, to thoroughly investigate, and then to publish, the present facts in respect to the provision of public open spaces; secondly, to collect and publish the laws of Massachusetts which permit, or otherwise affect, the acquisition and maintenance of public open spaces; thirdly, to call together the numerous park commissioners and park committees of the metropolitan district surrounding Boston, in the hope that mutual acquaintance may encourage coöperative action in the taking of land for public open spaces; fourthly, to ask the legislature of 1892 to institute an inquiry into the whole subject.

The first action determined on led to the preparation of two admirable reports by Mr. J. B. Harrison, the first on "The Public Holdings of the Shore Towns of Massachusetts," and the second on "The Province Lands at Provincetown." These two valuable papers were published in the Appendix to the First Annual Report to the Trustees. The second action led to the compilation and publication in the same Appendix of all the Massachusetts statutes relating to public open spaces. The third and fourth actions led to the creation within two years of the Metropolitan Park Commission, as will be hereafter set forth in some detail. Thus the Trustees of Public Reservations became immediately, through Charles's inspiration, an instrumentality for public service outside of its original field.

The report of their agent, Mr. Harrison, on the Province lands led the Standing Committee of the Trustees to petition the legislature of 1892 for better management of the State's large domain (more than 4000 acres); whereupon the legislature directed the Trustees to investigate the con-

dition of the lands in question, make a map of them, and report in 1893. The Standing Committee of the Trustees did this unexpected and troublesome piece of work, and filed their report in January, 1893. Charles personally examined the lands,[1] gave the directions for the making of the map, decided on the photographic illustrations for the report, arranged a hearing at Provincetown before the Committee, and finally wrote the report. Two passages in this paper are especially interesting because of their clear and vigorous descriptions of the physical nature of the Province lands and their condition.

As to the physical nature of the Province lands, the facts are these: The highlands of Cape Cod terminate abruptly at High Head in the township of Truro; north and west of this point the remainder of Truro and the whole of Provincetown is a region of sand dunes bounded by beaches, the curves of which enclose a perfect harbor at the very extremity of Cape Cod. There is evidence that the tides and waves have built one beach after another, each further north than the last; and that the so-called Peaked Hill bar is a new beach now in process of formation. The sand dunes of the old beaches, as they were one by one protected by new beaches to the north, gradually became clothed with the surprisingly beautiful vegetation which adorns them to-day; while the hollows between the ridges, each of which was in its day a race run, have gradually been filled, as the race run is now filling. Many of these hollows among the sandhills contain fresh-water

[1] The out-of-door part of the work he thoroughly enjoyed — witness this note to his wife, August 7, 1892: "My one hour of harbor and three hours of ocean voyaging yesterday were smooth and pleasant; and my afternoon of tramping was full of interest. Marshes skirted by steep hills of bushes, narrow hollows in the hills crammed full of Ink-berry, Huckleberry, and Bearberry, wider openings containing green meadows of grass or rushes, and patches of deep-blue water, and around and outside of all, the shining, threatening sand dune, piled so high in some places that it looks as if the next gale would upset it upon the trees and ponds and bushes at its feet! I tramped round the edge of the dunes at the west all yesterday afternoon — a good deal of hard walking — and having got halfway round the whole affair, I cut for supper by an old road through the centre of the wooded region. I am trying, you know, to get sufficiently familiar with the lay of the land to be able to direct a surveyor as to what we want done here. . . . It is a glorious day." . . .

ponds, the shores of which support a charming growth of Tupelo, sweet Azalea, Clethra, and the like ; and in the shelter of the ridges, and even upon their crests, grow Oaks, Maples, Beeches, and Pitch Pines. The layer of surface soil upon the hills is nowhere more than three or four inches deep ; but the underlying sand is wonderfully retentive of moisture, so that this peculiar terminus of the cape presents in its uninjured parts a more verdurous landscape than the main body of the outer cape can show.

There follows this passage a comprehensive statement of all the previous legislation on these lands, none of which had fulfilled its purpose. The report proceeds : —

What manner of destruction is going on meanwhile in the rear of the village of Provincetown the pictures herewith submitted will serve to show. Half of the Province land is already a treeless waste. The commissioners of 1825 reported to the General Court that this desert was the result of the stripping of vegetation from the seaward sandhills. We find to-day that, once the mat of plant-roots is removed from a windward slope, the northwest gales cut into the wounded places and proceed to undermine the adjacent plant-covered slopes. The sands blown out of such places are dumped in the lee, in the nearest hollow, burying the trees and bushes and stifling them to death. Once rid of the trees, the sands are drifted by the winds like snow. The beach grass planted by the government seems to have stayed the destruction of the ridges in some measure ; but the wheels of carts continually crossing the sand-drifts in the direction of the worst gales soon broke the grassed surface so that the wind got hold, " blew out " great areas, and dumped the sand in such steep drifts in the edges of the woods that many cart-paths became impassable, so that new routes were sought, where the operation was repeated. Within the Province lands the grassy Snake Hills and the wooded ridge called Nigger Head have bravely withstood the gales without serious change since Mayor Graham surveyed the field in 1833–35 ; but between these two points the winds have made great havoc. Wooded knolls have been cut in two, ponds filled up, and much wood-

land buried. East of Nigger Head and towards Eastern Harbor, beyond the bounds of the Province lands, the changes have been even more violent. Several salt creeks have been wholly filled up, and former sand ridges levelled, so that the hulls of vessels on the ocean are now visible from the harbor.

The report recommended that the Province lands should be placed in charge of the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners already established, and that this Board should appoint a paid superintendent, and fix the amount which may be annually expended by him. These recommendations were adopted by the legislature, and have resulted in an improved condition of the State's large domain.

In 1892 Charles wrote and issued two circulars on behalf of the Trustees, the first of which was intended to induce persons to put lands or money into the hands of the Trustees, while the second asked for information about existing open spaces in Massachusetts cities and towns, available for public recreation. The valuable information procured through this second circular was printed in good statistical form in the second annual report to the Trustees. This table provides a firm basis for comparisons which later generations may institute in 1922, 1952, and so forth.

The annual reports to the Trustees of Public Reservations record the successive gifts made to the Board, and the measures taken to carry out the memorial purposes of some of the gifts; but they also offer suggestions as to the further use of the Trustees by intending givers of reservations for public enjoyment, and they repeatedly discuss the defacement of natural scenery, highways, and parkways, by obtrusive advertisements. The legislature, in response to representations made by the Trustees, has begun to repress this offence, but has not yet (1901) made up its mind to give the public effective protection. One of the most interesting and widely applicable suggestions is the following from the report of 1896: —

Much of the most charming and most easily destroyed scenery of Massachusetts is found along the banks of ponds and streams; and the Committee believes it would be for the advantage of the Commonwealth if narrow strips of such water-side lands could be secured by interested and generous citizens and given into its charge for safe-keeping. Many such strips are found between country roads and streams or

THE PROVINCE LANDS—THE EDGE OF THE NAKED SANDS

THE PROVINCE LANDS—A SAND DRIFT FILLING A LILY POND

ponds; and many other strips of similarly useless but beautiful land are to be found bordering roads in rocky or steep places. Nothing could more directly help to keep the State a pleasant and beautiful place to live in than such preserving of the most interesting parts of the local roadside scenery. Such strips, as well as hill-tops, ravines, bits of seashore, and any remarkably beautiful spots, will always be gladly taken charge of by this Board, provided some little money to form a maintenance fund comes with each gift.

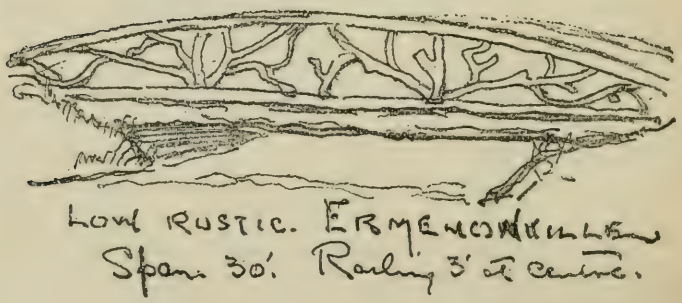
It was a gratification to the Trustees of Public Reservations, and especially to Charles, to learn that the organization of this Massachusetts Trust in 1891 had contributed to the creation in 1893–94 of a similar association in England under the title of "The National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty." The English Association already holds more properties than the Massachusetts Trust, and is in receipt of a much larger income from money gifts and annual subscriptions. Yet the English Association says (1899–1900): "It is essential to the success of the Trust that its funds should be very largely increased." In like manner, large permanent funds are the great need of the Massachusetts Trustees of Public Reservations.

The Trustees hold (1901) 431 acres of land, in six tracts, — Virginia Wood, now a part of Middlesex Fells Reservation, Mt. Anne Park, the highest point in Gloucester, Goodwill Park in Falmouth, Rocky Narrows on the upper Charles River, Governor Hutchinson's Field in Milton, and Monument Mountain in Stockbridge and Great Barrington, — and these are all valuable possessions for the present and future generations; but as Charles wrote in the Annual Report to the Trustees for 1893, —

if Massachusetts possesses no such richly historical treasures as will gradually pass into the keeping of the English Board, she does possess a great wealth of beautiful, though now threatened, natural scenery, and an interesting, though rapidly disappearing, store of archæological and historical sites, such as Indian camps and graves, border forts, and colonial and literary landmarks. Your Board is empowered, and is fully prepared, to assume the legal title, and, if need be, the whole care of such places. It remains for those who really desire the preservation of these places to come forward to their rescue at once.

In some remarks which Charles made at a meeting held by the Trustees at Northampton on the 31st of May, 1895, to promote the acquisition of Mt. Tom as a public park, a passage occurs which clearly indicates what he hoped individuals, or families, or bodies of subscribers might do for the Commonwealth through the Trustees: —

In Massachusetts the variety of these choicest local scenes is very great. One is the curving beach of a tiny cove of the sea, enclosed by granite headlands. Another is itself a headland, or a rugged bit of the ocean bluff of Cape Cod. Another a lily-pond set in an amphitheatre of woods. Another a wild ravine, or a quiet grove, or a hill-top, or a strip of land between a highway and a lake. It often happens that a public road follows a stream, or the shore of a pond. The pleasantness and beauty of the way consist in the appearance and disappearance of the water amid the foliage. How easily is this pleasantness destroyed, — how easily and how cheaply it might be permanently preserved! Those strips and bodies of land which ought to be thus held in trust for the enjoyment of all are seldom of much value to their owners. They are too steep or too rocky for agriculture, too inaccessible for house-building.



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